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The Life of  
Marie Moulton Graves Hopkins

*Beloved Wife of John Henry Hopkins*

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The Story of  
Their Life and Work  
Together

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, S.T.D., D.D.

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To Bertha M. Weeks,  
with much appreciation  
of our fellowship in  
the Church of the Redeemer,  
Chicago!

from  
John Henry Hopkins.  
Chicago. Epiphany - Feb. 1937.





THE LIFE OF  
MARIE MOULTON GRAVES HOPKINS



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MARIE MOULTON GRAVES  
At the age of two and one-half years

*The Life of*  
**Marie Moulton Graves Hopkins**

*Beloved Wife of*  
*John Henry Hopkins*

AND  
THE STORY OF THEIR LIFE AND WORK TOGETHER

BY  
THE REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, S.T.D., D.D.

Rector Emeritus of The Church of The Redeemer, Chicago

Written at Grand Isle, Vermont  
A. D. 1932 and 1933

*DEAR READER: The author of this book asks the privilege of presenting this copy to you in appreciation of your friendship and sympathy. He will be additionally grateful for just a line, telling him that you have received it. His address is Grand Isle, Vermont.*

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1934

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1934

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IN MEMORIAM

IN DEEP GRATEFULNESS TO GOD FOR THE MANIFOLD  
BLESSINGS OF OUR LIFE AND WORK TOGETHER, THESE  
MEMOIRS ARE WRITTEN IN HER MEMORY.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

AMEN

7599p





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## FOREWORD

How SHOULD these memoirs be written? In the third person, or in the first?

This paramount question faced the writer at the outset.

He recalled a facetious comment which caught his eye in his early years. A well known General of the Northern army had announced that he would write a history of the American Civil War. "The price of steel rails will rise," remarked the commenting friend. So, to steady the steel market, the third person was chosen for the first two-thirds of this, the author's first attempt at book making. He slipped into the first person, however, for the remainder, merely in the interest of variety.

Here and there, all through the book, he has followed the unquestionable example of St. Luke in "The Acts of the Apostles," by an occasional "we" passage, for all of which he craves the indulgence of kind friends.

This little volume, the life story of Marie Moulton Graves Hopkins, is at once an expression of gratefulness to God, and an effort to endow her memory. It has been published as an humble gift to many of her friends. All that the amateur author asks, as he expresses his thanks to any friend who will read it, is that such friend may please offer a prayer for him and for her. She was very fond of the beautiful "Gladstone Prayer," which is printed on a following page in the form selected in publishing a special edition of its rich and devotional petitions.

J. H. H.



## THE GLADSTONE PRAYER

### *A Prayer for Her*

O LORD, the God of spirits and of all flesh, in Whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever shape or condition they be: we humbly beseech Thee for her, whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest.

Lord, vouchsafe her pardon and peace, joy and consolation, strength and refreshment, in Paradise: in the companionship of saints, in the Presence of Christ; in the ample folds of Thy great love.

Grant that her life may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity.

If she hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of any of us, we pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore her, that she may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell her, O Lord, we pray Thee, how much we love her, and miss her, and long to see her again.

And if there be ways in which she may come vouchsafe her to us as a guide and a guard, and grant us a sense of her nearness in such degree as Thy laws may permit.

May her prayers for us and ours for her blend and mingle before Thy Divine Majesty.

If in aught we can minister to her peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep us from every act which may deprive us of the sight of her as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days has come.

Pardon, O Lord, whatever is amiss in this, our prayer, and let Thy will be done, for our will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.





THE BEGINNINGS:  
BURLINGTON, VERMONT



## CHAPTER ONE

ON NOVEMBER 21, 1861, a baby girl was born in the little town of Hamilton, New York. She had a round face, big blue eyes, and was destined to have black hair, and a vivid "school-girl complexion." She received the name of Marie Moulton at her baptism. Her father was the Rev. Gemont Graves. Her mother was Maria Moulton Graves. Her father was the Episcopal Rector in Hamilton. Little Marie's ancestors on both sides stretched way back into English history.

The Graves clan is a very large one, in this country, and far back in the story of the mother country the clan had also many members. The Moulton family goes back at least to the time of William the Conqueror. DeVaux, mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's writings, was an able supporter of William, and there is a legend that some share of the family's ancestry can be traced to Alfred the Great.

However true all this may be (and there are many data supporting its findings), the Moulton family is well represented in American Colonial history. The Lakes, the Dudleys, the Mathers, the Goodyears, and others, whose rosters include Colonial Governors, as well as patriots who fought in the Revolutionary War, were all more or less directly responsible as ancestors for the birth of this little girl on November 21, 1861.

The Rev. Gemont Graves was born in Ira, Vermont, and with the exception of his residence in Hamilton, New York, and later, in Cambridge, New York, his entire ministry was spent in the diocese of Vermont. The name of George is a favorite one with all the Graves's and at first it was proposed to call him "George." Some, however, wanted the name "Vermont" to be attached to him in some way. So it was decided to take the first two letters of "George" and the last syllable of "Vermont," and thus the name "Gemont" was coined, given, and received.

The little girl's mother was also born in Vermont. Members of the Moulton family settled that part of the state which is near Randolph, Bethel, and Royalton. One of her forbears, while searching in the early days for new land for his growing family, found the site of what is now Bethel, Vermont. He slept in the open one night, while prospecting, and there came to him the celebrated dream ascribed to Jacob in Genesis. He saw the Ladder, and the Angels, in his dream. When he awoke, he said, "This place shall be called Bethel," and so it is called, unto this day.

The little girl's father and mother were to be blessed with six other

children all of whom, save little baby Ernest Collins Graves, have lived to full maturity. Of this, more later on.

Marie Moulton, the eldest of the seven, received her first name likewise, as a kind of compromise. Her father wished to call her "Maria," after her young and wonderful mother. This, however, was changed at the mother's request, to another form of "Mary," and "Marie" was selected as the attractive compromise.

The young clergyman soon returned to his native state and diocese, and during the early years of his ministry he was sent to a number of the parishes and mission stations of Vermont. Thus little Marie had memories of Northfield, Middlebury, Arlington, and other towns, as her years began to accumulate.

In Arlington, where she lived from the age of eleven to fourteen, she became very religious. The fact of drought always affected her deeply. The parched land, browned grass, and shrunk streams all appealed strongly to her sympathies. There was a meadow behind the Rectory. And there was a large flat rock in its midst. One day her mother, while taking a "constitutional" in the pasture, came upon a little pile of dried fruits, flowers, and such like. Questioning her eldest child, she finally drew from reluctant lips the admission that these offerings were placed there by herself as a sacrifice, in the hope of bringing rain to the thirsty land!

From Arlington, where her father conducted a day school in which she was a proficient pupil, the family moved to Winooski Falls, Vermont, in order that the children might have the advantages of the Burlington schools, so close at hand. The two cities join each other. Father Graves took charge of the Church's mission in Winooski, and Marie by this time had advanced to the position of organist of the little chapel.

The Burlington high school at once became the center of her every ambition. She threw herself into the studies with the utmost ardor. Always of keen mental calibre, and unusually well grounded in Latin, especially, from the excellent training she had received at her father's hands in Arlington, she went at once to the head of her class, and took extraordinary marks. One whole month her average was 99 5/10 plus.

Her class graduated in 1880, and she was the valedictorian. The exercises took place in the Winooski Avenue Congregational Church, and her oration was built upon the inspiration which she had received from studying the architecture of Cologne Cathedral. "Gothic Architecture" was its theme.

During her high school course she did a large amount of collateral reading in literature. She was gifted with a "reviewer's eye," and could take in a whole page at a glance. Later on, when she was a public school teacher in the Winooski or Burlington schools, she became a devotee of

the Fletcher Free Library, and a trusted friend of Miss Sarah Hagar, the able librarian. One result was that she read nearly all of the best fiction contained in the entire library, and a great deal of the best poetry as well. While in the high school, she had actually read the whole of Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, a feat which, as is well known, puts one, in matters literary, in the same class of achievement occupied in golf by those who make the first hole "in one," or in fishing, by those who "land their tuna," or in music by those who play a score of Beethoven's sonatas in one program from memory.

The modest dwelling in Winooski called "the Mansion Home" was the family's abiding place for a while. Eight souls and bodies filled it well. The children, named as follows, in order of birth, Marie Moulton, George, Lillian Carol, Harmon Sheldon, Charlotte Williams, and Dudley Chase, were all endowed with good health, bright minds, and eager wills. They established a family one-ness which has been most unusual, and which has lasted throughout the subsequent years in a very remarkable manner. "A Family is a Unit," so runs the adage over the fireplace in their community house at Grand Isle, Vermont, the unique summer home of which more will be written later in these memoirs.

It was found wise, after a while, to move nearer to the Burlington high school, so Father Graves and his growing brood went to the frame house at 329 Colchester Avenue, while his work as a Missionary took him to Milton, Fairfax, Georgia, Buck Hollow, and Underhill, in turn, the family residing thus in Burlington, while he was away for the week-ends holding his services.

After graduating from the Burlington high school, at the age of nearly nineteen, Marie Moulton was invited to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graves, in New Haven, Connecticut.

This was a great experience. Burlington was at that time a snug little city of about 15,000 population, nearly one-half being French Canadians who worked in the large mills. And these were the largest places that Marie had lived in during her entire life thus far.

To exchange these for a city large as New Haven, and to enter into the social life of a young girl whose cousins were students at Yale, was in truth most interesting, exciting, and at times thrilling. Gifted, enthusiastic, and unspoiled, she avidly entered into all the available variety of manifold activities, and enjoyed it all to the full. Periods of real homesickness not unnaturally formed a background, but the whole year in New Haven was an expanding and deepening period in her development.

A Missionary's daughter, however, must face the solid facts of limited income. Vermont as a diocese probably compensated her mission clergy as well as did most dioceses, and those were days when a dollar



had some real value. Yet the task of bringing up and supporting a family of eight on \$1,000 a year or less, and that not always promptly paid, simply demanded that every child should go to work as soon as possible. So, in spite of her brilliant work in high school, it was found impossible to continue Marie's studies in college, and she went to work as a school teacher in the Burlington public schools. The salary, even with the comparatively large purchasing power of the dollar at that time, was pitifully small. Of course she lived at home, and was thus relieved from the burden of paying board and rent, yet the \$225, which she received for the school year, seems today to have been a miserly proposition on the part of the school board, and the generous taxpayers who elected it.

At first she taught in the Pomeroy school, where she served as assistant in the intermediate department. This school was located in a somewhat sparsely settled portion of Burlington, and the walk from her home was a long one. Of course her ability, her thoroughness, her keen sense of humor, her firm but reasonable discipline, her conscientiousness and high sense of responsibility, won at once the attention of the officials of the school board. Soon she was promoted to the Pine street school, where she was assistant in the primary grades. Some two years or more were spent in this school, located possibly a long mile from her home at 329 Colchester Avenue. Then her promotion came when she was sent to the Falls school, near Winooski, quite close to her home. Her brothers tell dramatic stories of trudging through the snowdrifts early in the winter mornings, to light the fire in the frigid building, thereby earning the munificent reward of one dollar per week. She could also tell many tales of her struggles with the children of the French Canadians and other nationalities, whose parents worked in the mills that provided Winooskians with their livelihood.

Her final promotion in Burlington came when she was assigned to the principalship of the Main street school, where there were only grammar school children, and where she was in full charge of an entire floor. Her salary had been raised until it was \$450 a school year. Always confronted with the dire need of ready money at home, where the increasing expenses of a growing family strained to the utmost the slender income of the Missionary's stipend, she saved from her limited salary steadily, year by year, until, at the time of her marriage, nine years after she began her work as a teacher, she had over \$600 in the savings bank. It would be difficult to exaggerate the rigid economies and the unflinching self-denials which she unhesitatingly faced as a matter of course, in order to feel that there was a fund accessible in case of any emergency that might attack the family.

One year of these nine was spent away from Burlington. Her uncle, the Rev. William H. Collins, was the Rector of the Episcopal Church

in Brattleboro, that most picturesque and thriving little city in the southern part of Vermont, and he secured for her an invitation from the Brattleboro school board to become the teacher of drawing in all their schools. She at once accepted, and her home for that year was the Rectory. The astonishing element in this new departure was that she had never taught drawing, and she couldn't draw! Yet she was such a born teacher, and understood the principles of her profession so clearly, that she made drawing the most successful study that year among all the children of Brattleboro, and the children became, not only so enthusiastic, but so proficient, that the Congregational Minister (one of the leading exponents of public opinion in Brattleboro) called distinct attention to the value of her work, so that the proficiency of the children under her care might be more widely known among the parents and other adults. She was put to many a shrewd shrift to avoid drawing something for the children themselves, as pupil after pupil would come to her with their autograph albums begging her to write in the books and to adorn the pages with something from her gifted pencil! She never "gave herself away," as the phrase goes, and she rightfully felt that she was not engaged by the Brattleboro people to draw, but to teach drawing. And in this she was most successful.

She greatly enjoyed her life at the Rectory that year. Her uncle was well read in history, as in other branches, and she devoted much of her leisure time to reading English history. All of Hume, all of Macaulay, and all of Froude, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, and Boswell's *Johnson*, she read thoroughly, with that swift eye and retentive memory, and at the table she and her uncle would discuss the scenes and characters day by day, as she met them in these well known pages.

In Brattleboro, as in Burlington, Marie Graves was a great favorite in the social life of the young people. Extremely good-looking, and carrying her head like a queen at all times, she was a good dancer, and in conversation she shone with sparkling brilliance, wit, humor, and incident. She joined the "Junior Friends in Council" in Burlington, this being the title of a very select literary club of unmarried women, and her papers were always anticipated with keen interest. Her unusual technique in swift reading, which enabled her at will to swing through the pages of a work of fiction at a tremendous pace—often running through an entire novel in fifteen or twenty minutes, and yet, at the close, describing the plot and the gist of the principal scenes accurately—made it possible for her to cover a wide range of subjects and data. All of this she heartily enjoyed, as a background of recreation and interest, in the midst of the hard and monotonous work of teaching.

Her year as a teacher of drawing in Brattleboro being completed, Marie returned to Burlington. Her family had moved from the home

at 329 Colchester Avenue, to the two-storey and basement frame house at 96 Colchester Avenue.

Once more in Burlington, Marie found her time well occupied by a variety of duties and opportunities. Her regular work of teaching of course absorbed most of her time and strength, but she entered into other phases of the city's activities as well. In Church circles she took the important position of head of the primary department in St. Paul's Sunday school, and one Christmas, when a generous parishioner gave the Rector money to be expended for presents and the like at Christmas, Marie was selected as the person to handle this sum, to make purchases and to distribute the presents. Occasionally she would impress her young brothers and commandeer their evening-time in part, as when she would be invited out for some evening gathering in midwinter, and at the orthodox hour of 10 or thereabouts, would have the boys call for her with their sled, on which they would draw her home through the snowy sidewalks or streets. The boys often spoke of the privilege of this kind of escort at family gatherings in later years.

Among her most ardent admirers was a young college boy, some two months her senior in age, who had been one of the audience at the graduation exercises of her high school class in the June of 1880, and had been deeply impressed by her magnetic and brilliant beauty, as well as by her dramatic and poetic grace as she delivered her valedictory on that occasion. Later, on her return from her year at New Haven, when Carl Zerrahn of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society was struggling with an amateur chorus in the Howard Opera House (trying to teach his untrained singers in three days of rehearsal to give a public performance of "The Creation" Oratorio) said young collegian was doing his best at an afternoon rehearsal, among the basses, when Marie walked into the Opera House, after school hours, to listen to the three-cornered strife between Zerrahn, the singers, and the score. As she walked down the center aisle of the Opera House, said college boy was completely fascinated by the way she carried her head, and by the laughing defiance of her brilliant eyes. He lost his place in the score—so Zerrahn exclaimed, at any rate.

Still later, that same winter, there was one of those dancing parties which Burlington's socially-disposed folk were wont to arrange in those days, under the leadership of Louis Turk and others, when, in order to meet the demands, they had to call on the college boys to help by attending. This particular dance was held in December at the old American Hotel, in the big dining room of the hotel.

Marie was one of the young ladies present. It was no easy achievement to secure her as a partner, so much was she sought for at any party, but this young junior of the U. V. M. (the University of Vermont)



succeeded, in spite of all the other fellows. That evening settled the future for him. There had, of course, been "dances many and girls many" during his college years, but this splendid thoroughbred of a girl, keen, quick, dashing, handsome, well-read, a lady to her beautiful finger-tips, simply swept him up into a fascinated elysium from which he never escaped.

Outside of recitations and a certain amount of preparation for their exactions, the rest of his college course centered around Marie Graves, and it is probable that he absorbed a very large proportion of her available time. There were long evenings at her home—not so long, of course, as was wished for by her caller, for her excellent father had an almost superstitious reverence for the orthodox hour of 10 P.M. as the proper time for eviction.

Then there were buggy rides, and, in the gay old winter time, cutter rides, just as often as the necessary one-dollar-and-a-half could be scraped up from the remnants of the college boy's allowance of cash. And in the warm evenings of spring, summer, and early fall, there were walking trips galore down College street to "Shambo's" row-boat livery at the foot of said street. (His real name was Archambault!) And many were the row-boat excursions on beautiful Lake Champlain, especially on moon-lit nights. Of course there were many dances, and the school-ma'am and the college boy were usually the first to arrive and the last to depart.

Then there were evenings at St. Paul's Church, where the collegian was the organist, and where he would open the "north door" with his own key, and no one else was admitted save the Ideal of his dreams, while he played on the organ for her benefit only. Sometimes the music was of his own crude but vividly-meant composition. Sometimes he played as he never played at any other times!

He wrote music for her own delectation. One waltz was entitled "Don't Step On My Toes." He wrote a song called "Morn, Noon and Night," both the words and the music, and dedicated it to her. Her sister Lily sang it for years, though it was never published. They studied German conversation together during his senior year. He took it as an extra, entirely outside of his college studies. He found that he was so thoroughly beaten by her, when it came to their studying together, that it was a mighty stimulus to his best endeavor even to try to keep partially in line.

Of course he had no monopoly of the time and attention of so brilliant and popular a young lady as Marie Graves. One tragic day he spent by himself all alone, while he knew that she was taking a long drive and boating excursion with one of his competitors for her favor. It was a very long and wretched day for him, but he fancies that she

rather enjoyed the experience. Another dismal and solemn occasion was a sleigh-ride and dance to "Dunbar's," just outside Winooski. A lot of the young people had clubbed together for this winter night of social pleasure, and Marie went with John Henry. At midnight the orchestra (three pieces!) took the opportunity when the dancers were enjoying modest refreshments, to get gloriously drunk, so that they couldn't play any more. The consequence was that poor John Henry was impressed as substitute pianist, and he had to play all the rest of the night while Marie danced with Frank Crandall, and a lot of the other boys! The party broke up between 5 and 6 A.M. That was another sorrowful experience for him, which he really thinks that the young lady rather enjoyed. It appealed to her keen sense of humor.

Her family were friendly and considerate to John Henry, though at times some of the plans they suggested were not crowned with glittering success.

One such plan, carefully elaborated by Marie's sister Lily, turned out to be at best but a moderately brilliant affair. It was novel enough to have succeeded, however. It was nothing less than that, one Christmas morning (it was the last Christmas of the college boy's Burlington home-life), he should rise very early, and in some way make his way to 329 Colchester Avenue (it was a good two miles from his father's home, in South Burlington, where he resided during his junior and senior years at the University of Vermont), and should hide behind the front door of said 329, so that when Marie descended before breakfast to open her "stocking" of presents, he should be there, on hand, unexpectedly, as a kind of an animated Christmas card.

He carried out his part of this unusual performance literally and punctually. Those were the good old Protestant Episcopalian days when the Christmas service was at the orthodox hour of 11 A.M. on Christmas Day, so there had been no Midnight Mass and no early celebration to distract his attention from Lily's well-laid plan. He rose at what seemed to him a rather unearthly hour, walked through whatever weather the Vermont December chose to provide on that Christmas morn, and carefully hid himself behind the said front door of the Graves residence at 329 Colchester Avenue. In due time the Queen of the affair descended for the interesting ceremony of opening her presents, and her surprise was as complete as her very mild acquiescence. She took the position that it was not altogether proper for a young man to invade a young lady's home so early in the morning. In which exceedingly decorous decision she was undoubtedly quite correct. The somewhat crestfallen youth never forgot the lesson he learned at an early hour on that particular Christmas Day! His long acquaintance with Lily, in after years, gave him many opportunities to enjoy many other and much more

successful schemes which her busy and fertile brain so often planned both for pleasure and profit. He also acquired a keen realization of what Marie felt at any time to be proper or the reverse.

And so the happy months of his senior year sped far too swiftly to their climax at the Commencement in mid-June. Burlington, one of the most beautiful cities in the world (so exclaimed no less an authority than one of America's leading literary men, years ago), is at its best in June, and the atmosphere of romance, not unmingled with sadness, which dominates the closing weeks of almost every senior's year, was keenly realized by both of these young people to the full. Every available minute not commandeered by school duties on her part and by studies, fraternal society affairs, and church organ appointments, on his part, was devoted by them both to each other. He considered that they were engaged, fully and unfailingly, to be married. Marie, though two months or so younger than John Henry, admitted the engagement, but the future was to show that he had not at that time matured sufficiently to win the utter and complete devotion which she eventually found it possible to bestow upon him. This was no fault of his, and the limpid honesty of her character surely showed that it was no fault of hers. They were both young, in their twenty-second year, when the train steamed out from the shabby old railroad station at the foot of College street, and his journey to far-off California had actually begun.

There were the usual uncertainties in his mind, during senior year, as to what his future work should be. Law was suggested. The ministry was also urged by his relatives, but he felt no call at that time to its life and work. Business opened, in a way. His uncle, Col. Isaac Doolittle, was working for the Standard Oil Company in Pennsylvania, and offered him an opportunity to learn a part of the oil business. Then his uncle, Caspar T. Hopkins of San Francisco, offered him an opening in his office, the head office of the California Fire Insurance Co., and said that if his young nephew showed sufficient capacity and industry, he would place him on the road as a "special agent" in three years, with income enough for him to marry, if he so desired. So, a week after Commencement, John Henry and Marie bade each other goodbye, and he started for California.



CALIFORNIA  
NEW YORK  
BURLINGTON  
OUR WEDDING





## CHAPTER TWO

THOUGH THESE PAGES are her biography, rather than his, yet, in the sequel, since their lives have become so intertwined, these references to his career may not be out of order. After ten days in Chicago, visiting, he went first straight to Minnesota, where he worked as a farm hand on the big wheat farm of his distant cousin, Thomas C. Hawley, near Lake Park, on the western boundary of Minnesota. There were three sections, and the young graduate from college handled pitchforks, curried horses, and drove the bull rake, during haying, harvest, and "thrashing" seasons, which occupied three months or more of the summer and fall.

Marie wrote often to him during those first months after his departure from Burlington and home. It was four miles of a walk from the farm at Lake Park to the little railroad station and post-office on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and he would willingly add the eight miles of walk to his day's work if he could but bring back to the farm one of her letters.

As for her, her life went on in the routine channels of teaching school, living at home, reading voraciously everything she could lay her hands on in the way of books, largely from the Fletcher Free Library, and now and then entering into some gatherings socially among her Burlington friends. One of these years between John Henry's leaving for California and his return, four years later, she spent, as has already been described, in Brattleboro. Some of the available young men in Burlington paid her some attentions during these four years, but for the most part she followed the steady rule of a tireless worker, absorbed in her profession of teaching, and occupied amply at home amid the circumstances of a group of five younger sisters and brothers, all of whom were very much alive.

When John Henry finally reached San Francisco, in October, 1883, and entered the fire insurance office of the California Fire Insurance Company, of which his uncle, Caspar T. Hopkins, was the president and the founder, he lived with his uncle and aunt, in San Francisco. His letters to Marie were frequent, and told of his many new experiences amid the unaccustomed ways and doings of young people in that free and easy, wide-open, and largely Godless city.

Then there came over their mutual attachment and relationship one of those strange misunderstandings, which sometimes attack conscientious and able young people even of the highest standards. He was only about

two months older than she was. He matured rather slowly, as it eventuated, for he had always lived at home, and his contacts with the outside world had been few and superficial. True, he at once began to "learn things," among the twenty clerks who worked in the office, and within a year after he first became a clerk, his uncle was able to persuade the board of directors of the company to let him buy out the California's agency in Oakland, which had been supporting a young married man for some time previous. Yet, after about two years or more of his absence, Marie somehow felt so uncertain that she wrote a letter, which he afterwards destroyed, and which he understood to be the breaking of their engagement.

It was a body blow to him, and the less said now about it all, the better. He was as deeply attached to her as ever, and never, during those two long years when they did not correspond, did he run across a fine-looking young woman with anything like a round face and blue eyes, that he did not realize from the depths how impossible it was for him to think of anybody but of Marie as the guiding star of his life.

Since this is a chronicle of her, rather than of him, it must be briefly stated what befell him during those two or three years before their engagement was renewed. He applied himself to his little business with unstinted energy. He found a dozen ways of earning money, in small sums, including his fire insurance agencies, which soon after his Oakland life began, in the fall of 1884, added the Oakland agency of the Aetna Fire Insurance Company to that of the "Old California," as it was called. He joined a dozen different groups, including the Odd Fellows, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and for these he played the organ at lodge meetings sometimes three nights a week. He played at the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland (then the largest church of that denomination west of Chicago), for three and one-half years without missing a Sunday service, morning or evening. He gave organ lessons; copied music; loaned small sums of money at good interest; sold railroad tickets on commission, and the like, and finally, when he left California, in August, 1887, he had supported himself, and had saved \$3,000, which he had in the savings bank.

He joined the "Athenian Club" of Oakland, for social purposes, and during his last year on the coast he gave a good deal of spare time to the society of a younger set, some from Oakland and some from San Francisco. One of his club members, a Dr. Southard, an oculist, proved to be one of his greatest benefactors, for the doctor, noticing John Henry's eyes one night at the club, suggested that he come around to the office and be measured for glasses. During two years the ex-college boy's eyes had been so weak that he read only four books, and had about decided that he could do no more studying of any kind. Dr. Southard



found one eye nearsighted and astigmatized, and the other fairly normal. The new glasses (his first ones) soon restored to him the great world of books.

Little by little, he became convinced that he ought to sell out his business and go east to the General Theological Seminary and to devote his life to the holy ministry. There was no one with whom he could consult personally, except by correspondence, and his Uncle John Henry Hopkins ("the Great") was of special help to him at this important juncture. One week he became so troubled as to what was his duty that he closed his desk, took his high Columbia "wheel," and spent six days at Monterey, three of them at the beautiful Hotel Del Monte, trying to think it out. One of those days he spent all alone in a yacht on San Francisco Bay, using part of the time to write a long letter to his favorite uncle, John Henry, who at once urged him to come to New York that fall. He demurred, and said that he wanted to have a better year in business first. That last year was the best of his four, and so, in August, 1887, he turned his face eastward, and that September he entered the class of 1890, at the General Theological Seminary, rooming at No. 5, Pintard Hall, his room-mate being (now) the Rev. William W. Love, from Macon, Missouri.

He felt that he was not engaged to Marie, that he could offer himself to the Church absolutely, at the close of his course, for any work for which he might be considered fit. All the time, of course, she owned the bottom of his heart, though they had not written to each other for two years or more. When he reached the seminary, he found that many of his classmates were engaged, and that fact took deep root in his thinking. He went to his father's home in South Burlington, for the vacations, and soon became convinced that he could not live without Marie.

At the U. V. M. Commencement Ball, in June, 1888, she wouldn't look at him, very naturally, and he rarely passed the Billings Library in after years without recalling his poignant feelings as he stood in the gallery and watched her brilliant face while she chatted and danced with some other man.

The upshot of it all was his utmost plea that they might renew their engagement, and one happy Sunday evening, on July 8, 1888, as he went up to "96" Colchester Avenue after playing the evening service in St. Paul's Church, she said the mighty "Yes" which meant to him, in all the varied years that followed, more than any words which he can find or can command could attempt to describe. He has always loved Henry Smart's music to "Hark, Hark, My Soul," because that was the chief hymn that was sung at that eventful Sunday evening's service.

He was then in his 27th year. The rules of the General Theological

Seminary in New York decided that any student who married during his course should be dropped from the seminary at once.

So the wedding could not take place until his course was completed. This took effect in June, 1890. And on Tuesday afternoon, a beautiful day in June, at 4 o'clock, in St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Gemont Graves officiating, Frank Camp at the organ, and the church crowded with people, the wedding was solemnized. They had made their Communion together early that morning at the little Trinity Chapel in Winooski, a custom which they maintained on their wedding anniversaries through all the years of their busy lives together, until after their retirement.

Their wedding was a notable event in the social life of Burlington, though there was no reception after the church service. There were about one hundred wedding gifts, including a check for \$500 from the California friend of John Henry's who had been Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of "Nob Hill," San Francisco, but who was Mrs. Edward F. Searles of New York and Great Barrington, Massachusetts, at the time of the wedding. Few Burlington brides, up to that date, had received one hundred wedding presents, and none had deserved them more than did Marie M. Graves, on that happy morning of the 10th of June, 1890. St. Paul's Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the family foraged widely in gathering them, the day before. John Henry's "best man" was his classmate of the General Theological Seminary, Charles E. Deuel, and, as has been stated, he invited his favorite cousin, Frank E. Camp, of Washington, District of Columbia, to play his old organ for the service. Marie's attendant was her sister Lillian. There were no bridesmaids.

The Bride and Groom left the church a few minutes after 4 P.M., and drove around Burlington and its environs until it was time, after changing to traveling dress, to take the steamboat *Vermont* for Plattsburgh, about 5 P.M. At the wharf there was a goodly gathering of kith and kin, and the forward deck of the steamer was soon covered with rice and old shoes, Marie's athletic brothers, Harmon and George, being dangerous shots with the shoes. The deck hands were careful to come around for their tips, after the boat had started, for they had quite a bit of work to clear away this debris!

The happy couple had of course told no one of their destination on their wedding trip, but the Windsor Hotel in Montreal was the first stopping place. Thence they took the Saguenay River trip, which lasted several days, as John Henry had misdirected their trunk, and they had to wait for it at "Ha Ha Bay" for four days, in a little fishing club's hotel. Now that part of Canada has become very popular as a summer resort, and there are fine hotels and the like. All the same, there was great charm in that part of the country in June, 1890.

NEW YORK CITY:  
CALVARY CHAPEL



### CHAPTER THREE

NEW YORK CITY was their final destination, for John Henry had accepted the invitation of the Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee to become the Assistant at Calvary Chapel on East Twenty-third street, and to begin his work there at the conclusion of this wedding trip. Calvary parish was the scene of his extra-seminary work during the last two years of his seminary course, for he was the superintendent of the Chapel Sunday school during those years (700 scholars and teachers), and he had also played Calvary Church's organ from Advent to Trinity Sunday, during his senior year. He looked forward with great eagerness to introducing his Bride to his Calvary parish friends, and to her probable pleasure in enjoying the opportunities of the big city, socially and culturally, through these acquaintances.

The wedding trip brought them leisurely from Canada to New York, via the water route through Lakes Champlain and George, and the day boat down the Hudson. They reached Calvary Church's parish house, where they were to reside during the summer, late one evening, about the first of July, and their first experience of the way in which a great city eats up people's time, and causes them serious inconvenience, came promptly to their attention. They arrived on Saturday night, and their trunks were not delivered until very late on Sunday! So the Bride was separated from her wardrobe, and could not make her appearance at Calvary Chapel arrayed as she had planned, for their first Sunday in their new home.

One rather remarkable item in this arrival, however, was of a different character. John Henry, during his California life, had become acquainted with Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of the Pacific Railroad millionaire, and she had moved to New York during his seminary course, having married Edwin F. Searles, her architect. They were very good to the young student, and he was often their guest in their Opera box, and at other times. Mrs. Searles wanted to send Marie a wedding gift. She drew a check for \$500 and mailed it to Marie at Calvary parish house. It was sticking out from under the door-way, where the carrier had left it that afternoon, when the bridal couple drove up from the Hudson boat, and John Henry rescued it at once. A special guardianship must have watched over that important letter, thus left on a doorstep, and as a result, their New York apartment, tiny though it was, was furnished amply with the prettiest and most attractive purchases



that New York could supply to a most careful and discriminating buyer. They thanked Mrs. Searles most warmly for this generous and unexpected kindness.

The hot summer in New York passed quickly and pleasantly. They found good board near-by for about \$5 a week apiece, and they camped out in the parish house until the Rector returned from his vacation trip to Europe. The full schedule of parish activities began about the end of September.

New York in summer, as everyone knows, supplies its millions who cannot flee to summer resorts, with varied weather. Fairly cool days and nights give place to such torrid temperatures that Nebuchadnezzar's "burning fiery furnace" is almost sighted in the offing. Calvary Chapel people had to stay at home, for the most part, though there were two weeks of "fresh air" outings for many of the tenement house mothers and their children. The parish owned a summer home at Carmel, on a small lake, about fifty miles north from the city, and the chapel choir of boys, young women, and young men had the first of these summer outings. It fell to the lot of the new Assistant to take charge of this choir outing, and accordingly Marie and John Henry arrived at Carmel in due time, to find that they had indeed a live "job" on their hands.

One of the traditions of the chapel was that the new Assistant, whoever he was, should be "initiated" by the young choir men as soon as possible after his arrival. So John Henry was surprised at his writing, early one evening, by four of his young friends, who grabbed his arms and legs in order to "bump" him against the nearest tree. He saw his opportunity in the sunburn which adorned the wrists of his captors, and he at once grabbed said wrists and twisted them so effectively that he was promptly dropped to the ground and escaped his "bumping." Marie, however, was not subjected to any "initiation," but received from the young people and the older ones as well the utmost courtesy and deference that they were capable of offering.

There were several events during that summer which stand out in the memory. One was the day's trip to Coney Island, when they were the guests of the Hon. Everett P. Wheeler, who showed them all the outstanding features of this celebrated amusement resort, including some really magnificent fireworks. The sequel, however, was not so amusing. John Henry was due to take the Tuesday evening "Temperance meeting" at the parish Galilee Rescue Mission on East Twenty-third street, and, owing to this excursion to Coney Island, he had had no time for special preparation for his address to the broken hoboos who comprised the congregation, and whom the mission was endeavoring to induce to take "the pledge" for at least a week at a time. In his opening sentences the young Deacon made the rash statement that there were

occasions when a person might legitimately "take a drink," and then he spent the rest of his time floundering about in the attempt to show that these occasions could not possibly apply to any of his auditors. Candor obliges one to state that the sermon was not very effective as a "pledge" inducement. On the way back to their apartment the young Bridegroom asked his Bride what she thought of the sermon. Very promptly and honestly she replied that it was "the poorest sermon she had ever heard," which was of course true. The credit was partly due to Coney Island that time.

Another experiment in sermons rather amused this keen but friendly critic. Sunday evenings in a New York summer are not usually noted for great spiritual enthusiasm or zest. So, with a rashness born of inexperience, the young Deacon announced that he would place a "question box" at the door of the chapel, and that he would answer all questions and preach from all texts placed therein, said plan to feature the evening hours of worship. Amazement followed the opening of some of the questions, but the climax was reached when a little wizened-up woman, who lived way up in the Eightieth street district, asked that the following text might be preached from on the following Sunday evening: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?" The theological fledgling did not know where to find said text, but his concordance helped him out, and he brazenly stood up on the following Sunday evening and "made a stab" at the situation. His Bride took back her comment on the Coney Island Temperance address, and declared that it was a gem compared with this Sunday evening message. The "question box" was soon removed, and never was replaced so far as John Henry knows. But whenever, in after years, this verse from Isaiah happened to issue from the lectern, even in the middle of a Lenten service, unseemly mirth would always spread over the lady's face, much to the discomfiture of her spouse who would be solemnly reading, and the only self-defense that could be employed was the rather desperate method of erasing that verse from the lectern Bibles in all of his subsequent parishes.

Calvary Chapel not only had a large Sunday school of tenement house girls and boys, but also a Chinese Sunday school held on Sunday afternoons. This was a widely popular piece of Church work in New York in those days, but the first set of teachers was largely composed of young girls, so many of whom fell in love with their pupils and married them that the edict had gone forth, shortly before the arrival of Marie and John Henry at the chapel, that none but older women and married women should be allowed to teach these Orientals. Each Chinese man had one teacher, and each session lasted one hour.

Marie's pupil was named Ah Wing, and she labored industriously

to teach him to read a little English and to become slightly familiar with the Gospels. He was not altogether a tractable pupil, and when he felt like it he would object by saying "tsoo hart," and accordingly by quitting. Yet she persevered, and when Christmas time came she was richly rewarded by presents from this celestial, who turned out to be quite affluent as well as generous.

A year or more after they had moved to Chicago, they returned to New York for a short visit, and somehow Ah Wing found out that they were in the city, and when they went to Calvary Chapel for service he was there, darting through the crowd surrounding Marie after service, and grasping her hand while he enunciated "How do," "Good-bye" in the same breath, and then fled. They never saw him again.

One of Marie's neighbors in the Chinese Sunday school was a lady who dressed in black, came in a carriage, and evidently was a woman of wealth. She took a great fancy to Marie, and one Sunday quietly asked her to come to her home for luncheon during the following week. On reaching a large residence on the north side of Madison Square, Marie was admitted by a gorgeous butler in full uniform, and found that Mrs. Parsons had her ancestral rose garden in the rear yard, and was the hostess to Senators and Governors, and men like the Honorable Roscoe Conkling (then Senator from New York at Washington). On this occasion she had invited a number of young brides to meet Marie, who was one of the principal guests of the luncheon. It was a kind attention, which proved doubly notable in their brief year in New York, in that it was the only one of its kind which Marie received.

This fact was a severe and biting disappointment to John Henry, for while he was busy making his 1,500 calls among the wretched tenements where his people had to live, he had hoped that his Bride might be taken up by the ladies of Calvary Church, and shown some of the social attentions which are so lavish in New York. He made a great mistake as to this, for had he accepted his Rector's invitation to be the Assistant at Calvary Church, instead of at the chapel, the sequel would most probably have been totally different. He asked the Rector, however, to send him where he pleased, since six of his classmates in the seminary had done just this to their Bishop when offering themselves for missionary work in Idaho and Wyoming. He had joined this "Wyoming club," but the death of his father in 1889 made him feel that he ought not to go so far west. The Rector, of course, sent him to the hardest place, and least conspicuous, and should not be blamed for this decision. Perhaps the conditions were beyond anyone's control in busy New York parish life, but the disappointment to John Henry about Marie and her treatment in Calvary parish was keen, especially as he himself, while organist of Calvary Church during his senior year, had



been a frequent guest at the Rectory, and had received many attentions of kindness from the Church people. So he cancelled his original plan of devoting five years to this tenement Assistant work in New York, and accepted the call to Chicago at once, when it came at the close of the year.

Meantime, Marie endeared herself to the chapel people in a most remarkable manner. She taught in the Sunday school, as well as in the Chinese Sunday school. She went to all the entertainments that she could attend, and made herself indispensable to many of the organizations of women.

One of these was a touchingly beautiful and devoted work, carried on for years by these over-worked, poor, and obscure tenement-house mothers and home-makers. It was the "Blackwell's Island" committee, and the work was to go every fortnight, for the bulk of an entire afternoon, to Blackwell's Island, to the island's poor house for women, with tea, milk, sugar, and breadstuffs, and to serve tea to these poor women, who never tasted sugar in their tea except when this committee arrived in their ward. It usually took one whole year to get around this immense establishment once, so anyone can imagine the hearty greeting which awaited the Calvary Chapel women when they made their cheering appearance in the bleak and gloomy wards of the almshouse. One of the chapel clergy usually went with the party. They were often met at the wharf by "John the Horse," a poor fellow belonging, it was said, to one of New York's excellent families, but who was mildly and harmlessly insane, believing himself to be a horse. He carried a bunch of hair with him, which was his "tail," and he whisked it daringly at times, as he trundled a little cart to carry the supplies for the chapel committee to the various wards of the almshouse.

On New Year's Day, in that distant time, people still made "New Year's calls," and late in the afternoon Marie and her Deacon were invaded in their tiny apartment by all the men and women of the chapel choir. It was a most friendly invasion, and the guests not only filled all the chairs, but sat in rows on the floor. This apartment on Lexington Avenue, near 34th street, consisted of four rooms, a hall-way, and a bathroom, and the whole affair was just twenty-two feet square. The rent was \$22 a month, and they went out about three or four blocks for their meals, to a well-kept boarding place near Fourth Avenue. They had what they had calculated would be a sufficient supply of cocoa for their anticipated number of New Year's callers, but when the entire adult portion of the large choir swooped down upon them, John Henry at once slipped out, with the largest pitcher in the apartment, to canvass the neighborhood for more cocoa. Had it been beer, there would have been no difficulty in finding an abundant supply close at hand. But being

cocoa, he foraged for some time before he discovered a restaurant which had any at all. He bought out the entire supply on hand in this accommodating eating-house, and returned, somewhat out of breath it must be confessed, to their choir-filled home, where Marie was already making everyone enjoy all the unusual features of their very real but very limited basis of hospitality.

One of the salaried workers connected with this large parish was a Mrs. Foster, whom the newspapers in New York used to style "the Angel of the Tombs"—the "Tombs" being the horrible city prison. She was a devoted Churchwoman, of wide and ready sympathies. She took at once a great fancy to Marie, and one of the very few dinner parties of their New York life was arranged by her suggestion and influence. Marie found herself seated at this dinner by a young Stock Exchange broker, and it was, probably, the first time she had ever had an evening's conversation with this particular brand of guest. They of course began to talk about the Exchange, and, as there had been a recent flurry, which, however, could scarcely have been called a panic, Marie said that she wished she knew when there would be a panic, for she would like to go down to the visitors' gallery and see the excitement. The gentleman at once replied that if she would only let him know when there would be a panic, he would gladly give her \$50,000. Needless to say she never received his check.

The young people's little apartment was rented "with steam heat from October till May," but the lease did not specify that there would probably be little or no heat, on that floor, until about 10 A.M., in really cold weather. So then they bought a kind of a small stove, a contraption planned to help them out in the morning. The thing devoured all the oxygen in the apartment with great and eager speed, and left them in no very welcome plight for the advent of the snapping and gurgling steam at 10 A.M. each cold morning. John Henry's work carried him to the parish house and chapel right after breakfast, daily, as a rule, though he did some of it at home; but neither of them was apt to forget their struggles with the heating problem on cold mornings. Their landlady was a French "corsetière," who became so fond of Marie that she made for her a very ornate and expensive corset, which only in part, however, atoned for the lack of honest-to-goodness steam before 10 A.M. on cold mornings.

While they were in a good neighborhood, they of course could not choose their own immediate neighbors. One of them was Delmonico's head chef. One evening he had a jollification, to which he invited sundry and various members of his craft from different parts of New York and vicinity, and the neighbors had but little rest that night, for the chefs kept it up in emphatic and vocalized style way into the "wee sma' hours."

The landlady apologized for this, but said nothing about the 10 A.M. arrivals of steam on cold mornings. Her tenants accepted this feature of their residence, and made the best of it.

John Henry had told Marie often of the delights of German Opera, during the last year or two of his seminary course, and she had looked forward with great anticipation to hearing some of this great music. One night they went to "Tannhauser," and it was one of the poorest performances of the whole season, or of any season. He was deeply disappointed, and so was she. In fact she said frankly that she did not find many features of New York that surprised her. She thought she would see great crowds on the streets. This, of course, was true only in spots. As a matter of fact the only sight which they beheld during their first year together which really enthralled Marie was the American Falls at Niagara, which they saw on their trip to Chicago in June, 1891.

For John Henry had already made up his mind that he would not feel bound to stay five years in Calvary Chapel. He was fond enough of his colleague, the Rev. Benjamin Brewster, and devoted to his Rector, Dr. Satterlee. Strange to say, in after years, when there was an election of the Bishop of Maine, the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Brewster, then Missionary Bishop of Western Colorado, received just one vote more from the laity of Maine than John Henry did. John Henry had been elected by the clergy. The fellow workers in Calvary parish life were the friendly rivals in this election, and Bishop Brewster finally won.

John Henry had always wanted to work somewhere in the west. His four years on the Pacific Coast, in his little business life, had taught him much. And if he could not go to Wyoming with his classmates, he felt that he could accept the call from the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, formerly Minister-in-charge of Calvary Chapel, and then Rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, to go with him to St. James's Church, Chicago, as his first Assistant, at \$1,800 a year and rooms. The salary in New York was \$1,000 a year without rooms, though the salary question did not figure to any extent in the decision. So, in June, 1891, after almost exactly one year as Deacon in Calvary Chapel, and after being advanced to the Priesthood by Bishop Potter, in the chapel of the General Theological Seminary, in the Trinity Ordination season, Marie and he packed up their belongings, and bade good-bye to New York. With the exception of brief visits, which were rare, they saw nothing of New York City for thirty-five years after their departure. John Henry's last call in New York was in a tenement house, on a poor sick woman of Calvary Chapel's congregation.



CHICAGO:  
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH





## CHAPTER FOUR

THE CALVARY CHAPEL PEOPLE were loath to have Marie and John Henry go, and in their real though limited way they bade them "Godspeed." The sister of the young organist of the chapel held a reception for them in her apartment, and there were real "good-byes" from all their fellow workers.

The young people had written much to each other during the last year of their long and varied engagement. Marie had written every day to John Henry, and he had written twice every day to her. These letters were very precious to them both, and they were determined that no future generations should ever possess any of them, or make fun of them. These letters must be destroyed. So they were all packed up in a big box, and expressed to Burlington, Vermont, where a few days were to be spent in the home of Marie's parents, on the way to Chicago. The plan was to await some moon-light evening, and to rent one of "Shambo's" row-boats, as they so often had done during John Henry's college days, and to row to the beach near Rock Point, and there to burn the letters in a beach fire, while the moon looked on approvingly.

Alas! for the "best laid plans of mice and men" and young married people! It rained hard every evening during their visit. So they packed up the letters again, and expressed them to Chicago. Once in that whirling maelstrom of activity, all thoughts of getting time for any such carefully planned destruction of the scores and dozens of letters seemed utterly futile. Finally, at the close of their first Chicago year, as they were preparing hurriedly for a brief vacation trip to the East, in the month of June, 1894, Marie suddenly thought of the letters, and on a very hot day, in their apartment's kitchen in St. James's parish house, she stood for more than an hour or two before the kitchen stove, gradually shoving these letters, handfuls at a time, into the rather unwilling maw of the lighted stove, until at last they were all successfully burned, and the ashes cast into the garbage pail. It was not very sentimental, but it was effective.

So loyally did these two stay by each other, year after year, that it was nearly twenty years after their wedding day before they were even once separated from each other far enough for either of them to write a letter to the other. That rather tragic time for them both came when Marie's strength gave way, while they were "on the road" as Missionary field secretary and wife. They were traveling through the "Fifth

Department," as it was then styled in the crude nomenclature of our polyglot Church. It is now entitled "the Province of the Mid-west" and includes, as of yore, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. John Henry had to take Marie back to Vermont, and to leave her with her parents for six weeks, while he returned alone to his travels in the Mid-west. For these weeks they resumed their daily letters to each other, and, when that period was past they never had further occasion to write to each other for the following twenty-two years, which brings this chronicle of their life together up to date. Except for those six weeks, they were never away from each other for twenty-four hours at any time, during their entire married life. When the invitations came to either of them to leave home, for any conventions or speaking engagements, or the like, if they could not afford to go together they declined the invitations. They did not start out on this principle, but the first five years came and went without any separation, and they then set out to see how long they could continue to stay together, without any dereliction, or neglect of unquestioned duty. The above record was the result.

When the invitation came to go to Chicago, that wonder-city was quivering with even unwonted verve and life, inasmuch as a short time before they arrived it had been decided that "the World's Columbian Exposition" should be held in Chicago instead of in New York. There were about one million inhabitants in Chicago and suburbs at this time, and the city was thus small enough to be a complete unit. And every individual of the whole million was tense with interest and preparation as the great Exposition's beautiful "White City" in Jackson Park gradually rose from the lagoons and levels of the South Side. It was a wonderfully inspiring time to begin any kind of work in Chicago.

St. James's Church, Cass and Huron streets (the "mother church" of the Episcopalians in Chicago), was socially and financially the leading congregation of the diocese, and one of the most conspicuous groups of Christian people in the whole Middle-west. Most of the directors of the "World's Fair" sat in the center aisle of this church. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew started in its men's Bible class. Every seat of its 1,200 was rented and usually occupied. Four hundred men were usually present at its mid-day Sunday service. Its "boy choir" was one of the institutions of music-loving Chicago. Fifty men or more came regularly to its Tuesday evening Brotherhood meetings. Its women were to be found on most of the boards of managers of the leading social and charitable organizations of Chicago. *Town Topics* used to say that "if one wanted to be in 'society' in Chicago, in those days, one had to live on the North Side, go to St. James's Church, and sit on the Rumseys' steps." Marie and John Henry "sat" on these parishioners' "steps," and



on many others also. They thus found themselves suddenly transported from the tenement-house atmosphere of poorer New York people, to this kind of a brilliant, dominating, well-dressed and well-fed, tremendously busy, creatively enthusiastic, and in many cases internationally known people, at the supreme hour of said people's zeal and aspiration. It was a change so exhilarating and challenging that their every nerve tingled with zest, and each day brought new opportunities for every atom of their ability and devotion.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, the Rector, gave them the most generous welcome as his co-workers. John Henry dated back to the large-hearted kindness of his chief, during the rest of his own life, as a model to be followed as far as possible when he, too, had to select and to utilize the nine Curates of his subsequent ministry. But to Marie the St. James's opportunity was even more unusual, for the Rector frankly told John Henry at the start that Mrs. Tomkins was so much occupied with her duties as wife and mother, with a large group of young children to care for, that she simply could not have any time or strength for parochial work or connections, and that Marie must please hold herself in readiness to serve as the "Rector's wife," by representation, should the parishioners so desire. This very large opening was further emphasized by the special fact that Mrs. Vibbert, the wife of the previous Rector, had thrown herself unreservedly into the parish life, had been dearly beloved by all the women, and so had created a position which someone had to fill. And Marie filled it, with a brilliance, a skill, an untiring charm and winning leadership which made the twenty-three months in St. James's parish, in 1891, 1892, and part of 1893, unquestionably the most remarkable period of their life and work together, in many ways. Had it continued for very long, John Henry would have been completely spoiled, and even Marie's poise and able self-discipline might have wobbled a little at times.

There was nothing too good for them, in the hearts of these kind and generous St. James's people. Invitations of every social kind poured in upon them, especially upon Marie, even beyond their power to accept. Favors were lavished constantly. There were scores of homes, all through this select residential portion of Chicago, where they could have rung the doorbell at 5 P.M. any afternoon, and have been immediately urged to stay for dinner, unless there happened to be a set "party" expected, with a definite number of guests. Several families asked them to live with them. Marie would go out for some afternoon engagement, and on returning to her suite of rooms would find an expensive set of furs hanging on the doorknob, with a friend's card inside. One family in the parish was well acquainted with the proprietor of the most expensive hotel in New York City. On learning that the young clergyman and his wife were

planning a brief vacation in the east, this generous family insisted that the tourists should be their guests at this "Hotel Savoy" while in Gotham. Four days had been thus enjoyed when John Henry casually enquired from the hotel clerk the price of the rooms. He learned that rooms and board were costing twenty-five dollars a day! An immediate departure was scheduled!

Marie took hold of the parish work from the start. She taught a large Bible class of women on Sunday mornings. She was at first an Associate of the large and flourishing Girls' Friendly Society of the parish, where between 100 and 200 members were enrolled, and finally she was placed in full charge of this large organization as the secretary. A fine group of young married women, such as Mrs. James L. Houghteling, Mrs. H. B. Butler, Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, and others, organized a "Mothers' Meeting" at St. John's Chapel, on Clybourn Avenue. This was a mission of St. James's parish, with a Sunday school of 500, and a complete list of parish activities, Fr. Irving Spencer, the other Assistant of the parish, being in charge under the Rector. Marie assisted in this work also. In fact she began her experience as a platform speaker by making addresses to these poor women, who came to this "Mothers' Meeting" with their sewing as guests of the ladies from St. James's Church. These ladies provided the materials on which the mothers sewed, and also made the weekly meeting a social affair for the mothers by refreshments, etc. This audience was an exacting one, for if any speaker did not hold their very undisciplined attention, they at once began to talk freely to each other in no uncertain volume of voice. From this definite beginning as a speaker, Marie went on, with great rapidity, until she became, before her Chicago life was very far along in its number of years, one of the most effective and accomplished speakers in the diocese, if not in the city, among the women. In fact John Henry, who heard her often, said habitually that he had never heard any woman who could approach her, excepting one, and that was Maud Ballington Booth. She increased her repertory of lectures, year by year, until she had a list of over one hundred addresses on literary, historical, and biographical themes, all of which she gave without manuscript, and only from notes. During the nine years, later on, when she was the president of the Chicago diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, her annual addresses at the great meetings of the women (sometimes 700 in attendance) were models of literary charm. She worked over them with intense ambition and skill, until each was polished like a gem. More, later on, about the literary side of her varied and successful life.

And so the life at St. James's went on, each day and evening crowded with activities of many kinds. "Thursday evenings" in their suite of rooms in the parish house soon became largely attended gatherings of

young people. Music was a central feature, and John Henry rented not only a piano, but a good reed organ, and the young people who came supplied not only vocal but instrumental music as well. One particularly interesting evening comes to mind, when a violinist, as well as several pianists and some singers, dropped in for this informal social gathering. Someone went to the piano, John Henry went to the organ, the violinist also tuned up, and someone else sang, and the performance of Gounod's "Ave Maria" which resulted was one which would have graced a fairly pretentious musicale programme anywhere. Of course there were other occasions, such as when a decidedly "chickenish" tenor among the young men would insist upon bringing more than one song, and when a young woman with a thin neck that was almost hollow, and which contained a tremendous alto voice loud enough for Opera, would also provide with great liberality a number of songs. But these incidents were accepted as a matter of course, and none but pleasurable evenings in the large living room are recalled.

The suite was the whole second storey of the four storey building which Miss Kirkland had used as her private school building for many years, and the living room alone would hold sixty guests. The tiny apartment in New York stretched its contents out about to the breaking point, to cover all this space, but Marie's genius for furnishing rooms was fully equal to the demand, even when supported by the limited purchasing power of John Henry's salary. This, as has been stated, was \$150 a month, with almost no expense for rent, light, and heat. They shared in the parish house total for these items, and the parish treasurer generously felt that their share for one whole year was only \$50, which fact helped us mightily with the purchase of furniture needed for this large apartment.

There seemed no end to the remarkable testimonials to Marie's popularity in St. James's parish. One night there died an elderly lady, who lived in a large house, and her family simply gave the whole household of fine furniture to Marie, for her to use or to dispose of as she felt inclined. She took for her use a handsomely carved black walnut sideboard, and one or two other pieces of furniture. She gave some to the Rector for his large Rectory, and how she disposed of the remainder this chronicler fails to remember. During all of their lives, however, that unusual gift was witnessed to by their keeping and using the black walnut sideboard, which finally reached the summer bungalow on Grand Isle, and abides there at this writing.

And so the busy and varied life in Chicago went on, week after week, being at first entirely *couleur de rose*. It seemed too good and too exhilarating to be true, or to last. And, sad to relate, it did not last.

As the first year of their St. James's life drew towards its close, John



Henry became very seriously disturbed in spirit. His well-meaning, tireless, and able Rector had said to him, in the preliminary correspondence, "Come out to Chicago with me, and we will build up a Calvary parish in Chicago." The Rector meant one thing by that phrase, and John Henry thought that he meant another. Dr. Satterlee, Calvary's great and deeply religious Rector, once had told John Henry and his classmates of the long and patient work which had gladly been done in deepening the Churchmanship of that very conservative New York congregation. It took, for instance, eight years of systematic planning in order to place permanently the Cross on the re-table of Calvary's Altar. And so on. Dr. Tomkins, on the contrary, resolved to reduce St. James's Churchmanship from the standard which his predecessor, by long patience, had established, to the somewhat lower standard that at that time obtained in Calvary Church. For instance, at the close of this first year, Dr. Tomkins commanded the vested choir to refrain from "turning eastward" at the Glorias and Creeds. He himself had never so turned, all during this first year, and John Henry, determined to be outwardly respectful and loyal in action, also refrained from this accustomed act of reverence. When, however, the Rector stopped the choir from such expression of worship, a situation was developed which was serious. The item by itself was very small, but its meaning ran deep. Eight calls had come to John Henry during these few months at St. James's, from various parishes in the Middle-west, and he had courteously declined them all by return mail. But, as the second year advanced, on the Rector's return from his vacation in England, and in the whirl of affairs during that extraordinary fall before the World's Fair (1892), St. James's parish began to rumble, and grew restive and divisive. The younger portion of the large congregation (nearly 1,000 communicants in all, by that time), who had been prepared for confirmation by Dr. Vibbert, resented the lowering of even the smaller expressions of worship, and, as is often the case in such troubled times, turned away from the Rector and towards his very much embarrassed Assistant. Since John Henry's whole introduction to Chicago was due to Dr. Tomkins, this precipitated a situation which caused deep anxiety and much pain, probably on both sides.

To make the long and unhappy story short, as Lent and Easter, 1893, drew nigh, John Henry felt that he and Marie ought to leave Chicago as soon as possible. Neither of them could even go downtown to Marshall Field's without encountering some of St. James's people, and at once there would begin on the part of the parishioner an attempt to have a conversation about some sermon, some word, or some deed of the Rector's, either for or against, and every such attempt was, of course, silenced just as soon as possible. For six months John Henry made

no calls on the distinctive parishioners of St. James's, but confined his pastoral activities to the Girls' Friendly shop-girls, and the young men in the boarding houses of the North Side.

Bishop McLaren took a hand in all of this trouble by inviting a very attractive eastern Priest to come to St. Chrysostom's Mission, on the North Side (then a tiny affair in a little building on North Clark street), and soon scores and dozens of the younger set of St. James's people left the old parish, joined St. Chrysostom's, made it a parish at once, soon built a larger church on Dearborn Avenue (near Lincoln Park), and depleted St. James's accordingly. This occurred just about the time that John Henry and Marie re-opened correspondence with Trinity parish, Atchison, Kansas, whose first call had been immediately declined. Bishop McLaren worked hard to keep them in Chicago, but they felt that honor compelled them to go as far away from Chicago as they could in order not to be complicating factors in the Rector's environment. As a matter of fact the Rector himself left in about a year, making his Chicago experience a matter of three years, with such disastrous effect upon the membership of St. James's parish that the fine old parish never fully recovered its strength or its position in the diocese. At least this was still largely true forty years afterwards.

Before leaving the chronicle of their first glimpse of Chicago, however, there are several other items which deserve special mention. One is Marie's help to John Henry in copying his Sunday afternoon sermons for him. He was probably the poorest penman that was ordained to the Episcopal ministry during his entire generation. He inherited most of the defects of writing which had handicapped his parents, neither of whom were very graceful handlers of the pen, and he added several queeresses of his own which had never before been used in the history of illegibility. The result was that after he had written out a sermon he couldn't read it, and the effect upon the 4 P.M. Sunday congregations at St. James's was not altogether edifying.

John Henry worked hard over his sermons from the start. He would write out the first draft in pencil, and then would go over it with his thesaurus and dictionary at hand, to select as many improvements in synonyms as possible, and to shorten the sentences that were too long. He usually began on Mondays, and finished this first draft, with corrections, some time on Tuesdays. Then Marie would be good enough, in her beautiful, clear and flowing penwomanship, to copy it out on sermon paper. Then he would devote the rest of the week to reading it over so often that he could deliver it from the pulpit with but few glances at the manuscript. Marie continued this very great help until she had copied out five hundred sermons for him. By that time he had acquired sufficient technique to dispense with the labor of writing it all out, and he

thenceforth spoke from notes only. These, by deep and severe discipline, he managed to write out with sufficient clearness to enable him to read at least their outlines as he stood in the pulpit. Thus, after some years, Marie's labors in this direction were no longer needed. This emancipation came to her during their life in St. Joseph, Missouri.

She paid a heavy price, far too heavy, for this great kindness to her unworthy husband, for she got the evil reputation, somehow, of being the composer of these sermons, instead of their copyist. One of the gossipy Bishops (far from Chicago) in later years met one of Marie's family, and accused Marie to her of being the author of John Henry's sermons! This was probably the worst libel ever visited on her, for if she couldn't write any better sermons than these she was to be pitied. John Henry had to exercise all of his self-control for years not to smash that particular Bishop with a letter of his own composition, written in long-hand by himself. This would have been dire punishment, and might have been fatal, so John Henry never wrote the letter, and when he chanced to run across said Bishop unexpectedly at a convention in later years, he forced himself to be polite to him, at as great a distance as was even remotely conditioned by courtesy. Such creatures ought not to be elevated to the Episcopate, even by the aberrations of those exceedingly inept gatherings, the average diocesan conventions of the Episcopal Church.

Another item of their first Chicago life concerns John Henry more than Marie, but this chronicle, while strictly a biography of her, and not of him, finds their lives so intertwined that such an item may not be out of place. It was the "hold-up" which nearly killed John Henry by St. James's Church, one Sunday night in January, 1893. The Rector was out of the city, and had requested his Curate to give the Sunday evening confirmation lecture on "Christian Love" to the class then being prepared, and to take the evening service which followed. The young Priest was going over to the church, alone, of course, about 7 P.M., when, just as he neared the north transept of the church, he was accosted by two men and commanded to "hold up his hands." He at first thought that a couple of the choir men were fooling with him, as he was on very good terms with them all, but he was soon undeceived, for he suddenly found himself looking down into the barrel of a revolver, and two darkies were advancing upon him with force. Foolishly he resisted them, grabbed the end of the revolver, and began to kick. They began to sand-bag him on the head. He yelled loudly for help, and as suddenly the two "stick-ups" turned to flee while the windows of the neighbors' homes began to be raised. As the men turned to run one of them fired his revolver, missing John Henry's head by a small margin, and chipped off a bit of the wall of the church near the basement transept entrance. They had pounded the derby hat on John Henry's head pretty



well to pieces before they left, though he went into the church and gave his lecture as well as he could do under the circumstances. By the time that the evening service opened, his head was so swollen that appearance before the congregation would have been highly improper. So a stray clergyman, happening to come along just in time, was impressed into action, and the congregation escaped the sermon that evening.

A great deal of fuss was made over the event in the newspapers on account of the social prominence of St. James's parish, and Marie often regaled many of her friends with her own account of the conversation between the young Curate and his "shooters": "'Not tonight,' said the young Curate, as he backed up against the church and kicked one of the darkies in the stomach," etc., etc. However, aside from her very deep and real gratitude, and his too, that he had not been killed or seriously wounded, the only letter that he received (and there were many) which did him any good was one from his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. W. E. McLaren, who, in a brief line, hoped that the narrow escape would "be of some spiritual benefit to him." This was the only letter which made him think, and it succeeded. For all the subsequent years of their Chicago life, John Henry paid an annual visit to that end of St. James's Church, and offered a very real though silent thanksgiving for his escape.

There is another item, about Marie's Chicago life at this time, which should also be mentioned. It applies not only to Chicago, but it held good in New York, and it held good throughout all their work together as Rector and wife. She always attended every regular Sunday service, wherever they lived. This included the weekly early morning Holy Eucharist, and the mid-day service, and that oft-neglected hour of worship, so far as the average Episcopalian communicant is concerned nowadays, the Sunday evening service. John Henry often urged her earnestly to go to other churches, now and then at least, for some of her Sunday services, but she never did this unless he went too. She stood his poor notices and his poorer preaching, and all the rest, year in and year out, and whenever he did manage to preach a sermon which she thought was better she encouraged him by telling him of her approval. This was always to him the greatest of stimuli, of course. He felt sorry for her, to insist upon such limitations of her time and opportunities, but she never flinched, and always was in her pew before the hour of service. This, of course, had a deep effect upon the congregation. She was always missed, and greatly so, whenever she was not present, though these occasions were rare, and only occurred when, as has been said, she accompanied John Henry to some other parish where he had been invited to preach for some brother Priest. She began this splendid record when they were in Calvary Chapel, and she kept it up wherever they were, save only on those very rare occasions when a severe cold



would keep her at home. Her health was something superb, all through their life work together—until the shadows began to gather—though she often worked beyond her strength, and grew very tired. John Henry told her at the outset that she need not feel the slightest obligation to undertake any regular work in their parish life, but she paid no attention to this, and always took a very strenuous part in all or nearly all the work carried on by the women in every parish where they lived.

As nearly as this chronicler can recall, she never spent a whole 24-hour day and night indoors or in bed during all their working years together. She was most abstemious in her diet. Never did she drink tea or coffee, and when women began to smoke she never smoked! Nor did she ever drink wine during the years before (or after!) the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment, not even in their Missouri parish, where, according to the customs of the Southland, it was common for women of culture and refinement to include light wines in their list of beverages. Nor was she even a devotee of the soda fountain. In their hot evenings, while in Missouri, many a time did John Henry disappoint the eager-eyed drugstore clerk by sailing up to the fountain and ordering *one* lemon phosphate! So Marie was almost always in her place at church, and many a time did the faithful women of the various congregations comment upon this fact. She always wanted to sit far forward, and when the traditional "Rector's pew" did not provide this location, she chose one which did.

Another experience of their Chicago life deserves recording here. John Henry made a pastoral call one day, at the close of their first year at St. James's, upon a young man in the parish who had the measles. The result was that John Henry, who had never had this sickness, came down himself with this unexpected illness, and for the usual number of weeks had to lie in bed, in a darkened room. Marie devotedly read aloud to him, hour after hour, and nursed him through the weary weeks successfully. Even his rather weak eyes showed no after-effects. And she stood good-naturedly the affectionate gibes and jeers of the young people of the parish, as they asked her how her husband was going to get through his "second summer," and how he liked his toys. For as has been said he had never had this infantile disease before.

Marie also tended him successfully as he recovered from falling down the stairs near the parish's mission in "Little Hell," at which time he succeeded in dislocating his left collar-bone. The street level in that part of Chicago had been raised several feet, for drainage purposes, but the back yards of the poorer neighborhoods had not been also elevated. Opening a door which he thought led into one of the rooms of the mission, one evening, John Henry found, when he reached the bottom of the stairs and his shoulder-blade was out of joint, that there was some

distance between the street level and that of the bottom. His left arm was weak for years, and when, forty years afterwards, he had an attack of severe neuritis following a major operation, it was this same left arm and hand which bit him with this entertaining anguish, for several months. So Marie had some experience of home-nursing during these vivid twenty-three months in St. James's parish, Chicago.

One dreadful day the women of the parish swooped down upon the old Kirkland School building with that wholesale onset that a bunch of able women organize when setting up a big bazaar. The benefit object this time was the Day Nursery of the parish. Marie's pretty rooms were devastated by all sorts of tables and booths, and their dining room was appropriated by the table committee, so that they were quite ejected and homeless during the bazaar and its preparation time. This they stood stoutly and loyally, but the climax of the strain occurred at dinner-time on the day of the bazaar. They had to go out to North Clark street to find a bit to eat at some hash-house which was not a saloon (there were a few such in that neighborhood at that time), and as they left their home-apartment, they saw a South Side "Deb" and a North Side "Dude" occupying their own two seats at their own charming dining-table. A wave of bitterness, revenge, sadness, jealousy, and several other criminal instincts swept into John Henry's heart, and made him pass strong comment on bazaars in general as features of parish life!

One of the philanthropic frills with which some of the well-dressed of those days tickled the fringe of the Labor-and-Capital problem was a society called the "Fruit and Flower Mission." Marie joined it at the request of some of her young friends. One of the distant excursions which this group occasionally achieved was to go out on the train to Dunning, a few miles from the heart of Chicago, where the County (Cook County) had the dreary buildings of the County Poor House, and other such institutions, such as the Insane Asylums, etc. The Poor House would be their destination, and these young people would bring out quite a load of fruit and flowers to distribute, as far as the goods would go, among the men and women of the big Poor House. There would be about such an excursion, for these carefully brought up debutants and their young friends, something of the peculiar atmosphere, not untinged with a kind of romance, which obtains to slumming parties, etc., among the benevolently curious and inexperienced. Marie went along with these young people once or twice, during her brief stay with the St. James's people. On one occasion she somehow became separated from the rest of the company, while they were distributing oranges, etc., among the hordes of hungry men who were loafing around the Poor House, and John Henry, who accompanied this excursion, was very much alarmed, for when he found her she was in the midst of a fierce

and very rough crowd of these men, who tried to get more than each one's share of the fruit from her basket. She was standing them off, single handed and alone, and for a time, until she was rescued, she might have been in real danger. She had no fears, however, and rather enjoyed the experience. John Henry after that tried to find some excuse for keeping her safe in Chicago, when the philanthropic youth of the North Side felt inclined to tickle the fringe of the poverty problem with their fruit and flowers.

And so their first term in the wonderful city of Chicago went on its keenly vivid way. It was a thrilling time with everybody, for, as has been said above, the great World's Fair was being prepared for, and the whole world had its eyes on the young and vigorous city. There were only about a million inhabitants in Chicago at that time, as has been said, and the city was not so large but that some kind of unified feeling was possible. Marie lived to see Chicago grow until there were some 3,500,000 inhabitants, and the mammoth place had outgrown many of its earlier possibilities of fellowship and unity.

The young people entered with all their zest into everything that came across their horizon, and they in after years looked back upon these twenty-three months at St. James's Church somewhat as one does to a delightful college course, which cannot come again, or to some long holiday of keen pleasure and carefree enjoyment, which they knew could not last in this very real and burdened world. And the Chicago of those pre-World's Fair days was something so very unusual that it, too, could not last.

The whole city tingled with eager hope and anticipation, and its leading people threw themselves into this great enterprise with whole-souled devotion and unstinted zeal. The Fair's directors, most of whom, as we have said, were pew-holders in St. James's center aisle, were ready for any emergency. One memorable night they rose from bed at 1 A.M., and stood at their respective telephones, until right then and there they organized a new bank, to take care of the funds of the various and frightened foreigners who brought their exhibits to the Exposition.

John Henry ran down to the "Auditorium" one evening, after teaching his Sunday school teachers' class their weekly lesson, and there he found possibly 6,000 singers, crowding the great theatre to its top-most seats, all singing the "Hallelujah Chorus," as they rehearsed for the opening of the Mechanics' and Arts' Building, which held 125,000 people on that subsequent occasion. One thousand men filled the big stage, and when they thundered out "King of Kings," on high D for the basses, the great pipe organ accompanying, with its 125 stops all drawn, was completely drowned out except its deep 32-ft. pedal bass pipes. And when the whole immense chorus swelled to the climax of



Handel's wondrous inspiration it was a thrilling moment never to be forgotten by those who were present. And this was only a passing incident, which was scarcely noticed, in the hurricane of deeds that prepared Chicago to welcome the world in 1893.

It really took courage to leave Chicago at such a time, if anyone could have honorably remained. Marie stood by John Henry to the last nine hole, as she always did, but it cost her an indescribable tug at heart to turn away from such a pulsing, stimulating, garlanded life of all kinds of activity and privilege, and to go five hundred miles farther into the unknown West, to Atchison, Kansas, their first parish as Rector and wife. Four times did John Henry have to go to Bishop McLaren before the Bishop would give him his letter dimissory to the Bishop of Kansas. Some leading members of St. James's Vestry came down to Marie's large living room one memorable night, after a Vestry meeting, and said to John Henry, "It will be to your advantage to stay on here, and not to go to Atchison." There is no denying that this was one of the most terrible temptations that ever attacked him, and yet Marie backed him up without an instant's hesitation in his further resolve that honor compelled him to leave Chicago as soon as possible. This they felt to be obligatory in order, as has been said, that he and Marie might not complicate the thickening situation which was already closing in around the Priest who alone had invited them to this unprecedented opening in the great and throbbing city. Bishop McLaren offered John Henry an independent cure in his diocese, and said to him, "There are seventy-five letters now on my desk from clergy who want to enter this diocese. If you go away now you may never have another opportunity of working here in the Church." Yet duty was clear, to both Marie and her husband. Of the eight calls which had come during their St. James's term, Atchison's was the only one which was open at the time when they finally became clear in their minds about the absolute necessity of going away from St. James's and Chicago. So one night in Lent they went to Atchison, Kansas, and they spent the next day and the day following in that little city of 15,000 inhabitants, looking over the parish which had called them, and trying to see whether or not they could find work enough there to make them feel that their time was well spent in accepting the call.

They stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Blish, of the hardware firm of Blish, Mize, and Silliman, and Mr. and Mrs. Blish received them with warm hospitality, as did all the other Atchison people whom they met during their brief visit. They returned to Chicago with somewhat sinking hearts, it must be confessed, for the contrast between that quiet little river town, one-half of whose people were colored people, and the great, rushing city of Chicago was something poignant.

In addition to this, the contrast between the little Trinity Church building and St. James's large and handsome structure was also great. And the contrast between the general atmosphere of Atchison, which was at the time in the "doldrums" (since Kansas City to the south, about fifty miles away, was then striding to its brilliant prosperity and growth as the metropolis of the Missouri Valley), and the enthusiastic optimism of Chicago was something almost stifling. And, for John Henry, the contrast between Trinity Church's unvested quartet choir which sang only on Sunday mornings and not at all at the afternoon service, and the splendid "boy choir" of St. James's Church with its fifty voices, its noble volume, and its large repertory under W. T. Smedley at the head as director, and Peter Lutkin at the fine old Johnson organ, was something which gripped his heart.

When they returned to Chicago, Dr. Tomkins, who possibly began to see that there might be some handwriting on the wall before long, spoke to John Henry very frankly, after one service, as they two were alone in the sacristy, and asked him on what terms he would be willing to remain. John Henry at the time had not had sufficient experience with this poor world to realize that this was a tremendous concession on the part of so strong and able a man as Dr. Tomkins. Promptly the reply came: "If, Dr. Tomkins, you would be willing to direct the choir to resume their orientating at the Glorias and Creeds during the services, I will stay on." This may seem but a trifling matter upon which to hinge such a decision, but it symbolized accurately the fundamental differences between the older Priest and the younger, as these centered at and radiated from the Altar and all that it means. For one instant it seemed that the Rector would yield. Then, with a great effort, he pursed up his lips and shook his head. He, too, saw that this small item in the regular worship of the parish symbolized the deep gap which in truth separated at that very time these two men, and they shook hands and parted.

Dr. Tomkins went on his way, with but few changes, for the next forty years, and in spite of his splendid personality and wide personal influence he found the Church leaving his Churchmanship completely behind, even in the legislation which succeeded in passing the General Convention's ordeal of compromise. John Henry went on his more limited way, deepening in his own grasp of what it all meant, until he finally found himself Rector of a parish in Chicago (The Church of The Redeemer) which placed the Altar at the very center of everything, with Daily Celebrations and, at times, with almost a complete adornment of worship, with lights, vestments, incense, acolytes, and some of the best music in the diocese. And he lived to see the Churchmanship, which at that early day had dawned upon him rather vaguely, become the only really hopeful and promising feature of the Church's life, in England

as well as in the United States. So this parting of the ways which kept Dr. Tomkins in St. James's for at least another year, and which sent Marie and John Henry 500 miles out into a discouraged little city and a country diocese in "bleeding Kansas," was really a very significant experience for both of these Priests. What it meant to Marie she never said, in her pluck and splendid loyalty, but it was only her wonderful strength of character which carried her through, and enabled her to make the best of a most unexpected situation.

Their last Sunday at St. James's was Easter Day, April 2, 1893. It was, of course, a most difficult day for them both, and for their many friends. It is most likely that it was a trying day also for good Dr. Tomkins and his many more friends in the parish. The afternoon service was really so remarkable in many ways that it should be chronicled as a distinct event in their St. James's life. John Henry had learned this Easter festival for Sunday schools from Dr. Satterlee, his Calvary Rector in New York City, and he devoted a great deal of time and effort during this Lent to making it a success in every possible way. There were 1,000 children in the Sunday schools—St. James's, and St. John the Evangelist's on Clybourn Avenue—each school numbering about 500 scholars, teachers, and officers. The mission school classes were to be brought to Cass and Huron streets in large busses, and Father Spencer, the parish Assistant in charge of St. John's, saw to that part of the extensive programme. There were three choirs—St. James's, the vested male choir of St. John's, and a mixed choir of men and women who sang at the regular mission evening service which Dr. Tomkins instituted at St. James's. John Henry had organized a parish orchestra in St. James's, which was taught every other week by one of the first violinists of the Thomas Orchestra, John Henry under his direction conducting the alternate weekly rehearsals. He scored for this orchestra all the Easter carols sung at this Sunday school festival, as part of the preparation. He hung long ropes across the entire basement of St. James's, and from these he suspended sheets of butchers' paper, each bearing the name and number of one of the dozens of classes in the two Sunday schools. He wrote on cards for each class the name of the class in front and also the name of the class behind each one, in the three processions which were to enter the church by the three aisles. One serious difficulty was that there were only two doors of exit from the basement of St. James's, where the classes formed into these three processions, and one of the processions had to cross one of the other two on the sidewalk along the church on Huron street, as the classes formed the processional. There were many ushers, and each one had to be carefully instructed by letter as to just what his duties would be upstairs in the church. Each class was to have three officers among the children.



One was to carry the class banner. A second was to carry the class offering for Missions. The third was to carry a pot with an Easter lily in it, and these three delegates were from each class to start for the west door and vestibule of the church at the announcement of the Offertory carol. There they were to be formed into a long procession, which was to approach the chancel, class by class, leaving with the clergy who were to be in the Sanctuary the lily as well as their offering of money. Each delegate was to return to his or her own class at once from the chancel. There were so many of these delegates that the long center aisle of St. James's was completely filled with the children and their lilies. It was a most beautiful sight, as they all at once started for the chancel. For many years afterwards John Henry could close his eyes and see in memory that long aisle, filled with the bobbing lilies, and the very much excited children. Of course the church was crowded at this service. Another detail of preparation which involved a great deal of time and work was the arrangement by which every class, after the service was finished, was to send its lily-delegate back into the church to receive the flower and then to take it, escorted by the whole class, to someone who was sick, in home or hospital. John Henry wrote seventy-five letters in preparing for this unusual service, and the preliminaries were so thoroughly understood by everybody thus addressed and concerned that there was no confusion, and the three choirs, orchestra, and three processions started only five minutes late, *viz.*, at 3:05 P.M. instead of 3 P.M., the appointed hour.

In after years John Henry attended many services for the children of the diocese of Chicago, but in thirty years of subsequent experience in the big city he failed to recall any service at Eastertide which had so many features, and which required such unstinted preparation. It was his "good-bye" to the city and diocese which had enlisted the complete enthusiasm of both Marie and himself for those unprecedented twenty-three months at St. James's.

The choir came up to their apartment on East Huron street near Cass one evening before their departure for Kansas, and gave them a fine serenade. The Sunday school gave John Henry a very fine leather armchair, which remained in constant service throughout all their subsequent movings, and finally graced the living room at "Twenty Acres," Grand Isle, Vermont. The ladies of St. James's gave Marie a beautiful silver "egg" filled with gold pieces. The Vestry signed a handsomely engrossed set of resolutions, among which was one line about "rightly dividing the word of Truth." This occasioned some debate, as was afterwards learned, but was carried by the majority, and the minority very graciously made it unanimous. The newspapers gave a good deal of space to the whole affair because of the



social prominence of the parish, of course, and so Marie and her husband closed their three years of experience as Curate and wife, in New York and Chicago, and set forth as Rector and wife in Atchison, Kansas, 500 miles west of Chicago. Had anybody told them, three years before, that they would find themselves as far west as this, and in charge of such a parish, after their years in the two largest cities of the nation, they would not have believed it. They went out "not knowing whither they went" so far as experiences were to realize. They braced themselves for what they felt was duty. And in the sequel they found such an overwhelming amount of joy, blessing, opportunity, achievement, variety, and stimulating coöperation, that they were simply amazed, as well as most grateful.

Their furniture was packed and sent *via* the Santa Fe Railroad, and they themselves went by the night train from Chicago, starting on Easter Wednesday night, April 5, 1893. They found a striking coincidence six years later, as they arrived back in Chicago on the morning of April 6th, Thursday morning, 1899, when John Henry took up his duties as Rector of The Church of The Epiphany, on Chicago's great West Side.



ATCHISON, KANSAS: TRINITY PARISH  
OUR FIRST PARISH AND RECTORY



## CHAPTER FIVE

SO ON THURSDAY MORNING, in Easter Week, April 6, 1893, these two young people woke up in Atchison, Kansas, and were once more the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Blish, whose house overlooked the "big muddy" Missouri River and the freight yards of the railroads which entered Atchison. The comfortable house was located high on a bluff, for Atchison is built on two bluffs, and occupies also the valley between them.

The North side is the more populous, and the South side, where were located the church and the Rectory, and where Mr. and Mrs. Blish and many other parishioners of Trinity parish lived, also stretched up a long hill to the top of the bluffs by the bank of the swirling river. Eight rather long blocks formed the street from the bottom of the little valley up the hill to "T" street, where the old Rectory stood at number 416 (the present Rectory is on the other side of the city), and as many blocks ran the other way from Commercial street, the chief retail and wholesale street, which stretched for a mile or more from the Missouri River straight west to West Atchison.

In the early days of the Western trek, Atchison shared with Leavenworth (twenty miles further south), and St. Joseph, Missouri (twenty miles further north, and on the opposite side of the big river), and also with Omaha, still further north, the business of shipping goods from the East and South to the West, and of supplying the men and women and their families who settled up the West and the Far West, with their needs, as well as supplying the needs of western storekeepers through the jobbing houses which grew up along the big river in these thriving cities. For some years previous to the arrival of our young Priest and his wife, however, the competition of Kansas City, Missouri, fifty miles below Atchison, had sapped a good portion of the trade which had built up the Kansas towns, and Atchison in 1893 was accordingly almost stationary in business and in population. All the same there were many thrifty families, and it was estimated that one thousand people from Atchison visited the Chicago World's Fair, which is a large proportion, especially considering that one-half of the city's 15,000 population consists of colored people, who were mostly poor people. The place was originally settled for the most part by families from central New York and parts adjacent, so that the thrift and the intelligence and the general outlook upon life which marked the New Yorkers (out-

side of New York City) fashioned the atmosphere of the thriving Western shipping-point.

Another feature which is unusual in the West even at this day was that the membership of Trinity Episcopal Church included a very large proportion of the leading men and women of the city. They sent their children to Eastern schools, or at least five hundred miles further east, to Illinois and other central states—and a more wholesome, delightful, and intelligent set of fine young people Marie and John Henry have never found in any parish of their varied experience. Again, Trinity parish was then one of the largest in the diocese of Kansas, being exceeded in numbers only by those in Topeka and in far-off Wichita, at that time. Two of Trinity's previous Rectors were elevated to the Episcopate, namely, Bishop Leonard, the second Bishop of Nevada and Utah, and the immediate predecessor, Bishop Francis Key Brooke, the first Bishop of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Both of these elections were by the House of Bishops, to the Missionary Episcopate. Trinity's Rector was expected to give time and attention to some diocesan interests such as the diocesan Board of Missions, and usually went to the General Convention of the National Church. He also taught in the Kansas Theological Seminary, at Topeka, during the sessions of that rather makeshift organization.

All of these and several other opportunities to enter into the extra-parochial life of the Church were eye-openers to both Marie and her husband, as they lay quite beyond the horizon of any Curate's work, even in such cities and parishes as Calvary, New York, and St. James's, Chicago.

Marie by this time had become the treasurer of the firm of "Hopkins and Graves-Hopkins," as her accuracy and carefulness were able to take much better care of their limited income than John Henry had found possible amid the rush and variety of parish activities and leadership. It was a task, accordingly, for her, as well as for him, to balance the budget, when one recalls that their scale of living in Chicago had been that of \$1,800 a year, with only \$50 for general expenses such as light, fuel, and water tax, etc., and that their income in Atchison was only \$1,200 a year with a ten-room Rectory to heat, and with the water tax knocking at the door every quarter, and the sexton appearing with a plea for a quarterly payment for taking care of the Rectory furnace, etc. Also, on the Chicago basis, they had increased their life insurance, the bills for premiums on which came smilingly in the mail every six months. For some years after their marriage, John Henry's mother had generously sent them, in monthly checks, a total of \$500 a year, which helped them out mightily as they confronted the Atchison budget and salary.



One sorrowful experience looms up in John Henry's memory, as he thinks of the obligatory economies of those distant days. The chief shoe-store on Commercial street was managed by a good Congregationalist. About the 25th of one of those financially difficult months which have thirty-one days, John Henry ran out of shoe-blackening. So he went to this shoestore, intending to buy a good-sized box, for that is cheaper in the long run. He took the precaution, after entering the store, to gaze into his lean and hungry purse, and found there just three cents. So he decided to buy a five-cent box of blackening, and he asked Mr. Congregationalist proprietor please to do up the small package and to leave it on the counter, while some pressing parish calls were made, stating that he (the caller) would come back and get his purchase later in the afternoon. He realized, of course, that if he disclosed to this good Congregationalist that he had but three cents left on the 25th of the month, said good Protestant would probably tell his wife, and she, good lady, could narrate the discovery at the next meeting of the "Plymouth Rock Sewing Circle," and the tale would soon become current in Atchison that Trinity Church paid its Rector very poorly, because said Rector was broke on the 25th of the month. So, with loyalty in his heart and poverty in his pocket, John Henry walked the eight long blocks to the Rectory, broke open a missionary box, and borrowed two cents from said missionary box, the loan to be repaid promptly on the arrival of the next month's salary. And the Congregational denomination in eastern Kansas was never the wiser!

All the same, it took careful management to greet the end of each month without debt, and yet to keep up appearances of thrift and prosperity, and to keep the life insurance premiums paid up as well as the "tithe." For Marie most scrupulously kept account of this "tithe" all during the years of their married life. Their first year, on \$1,000 a year salary, in New York City, they gave away a twentieth, instead of a tenth, of their income. But that was only for that first year. In all after years of their working life, they usually gave away more than a tenth, and they always managed to save something against the days of rain and retirement. And they never ran bills. They always paid cash, or went without, with the exception of such expenses as light and taxes, and other items which could not be paid except by meeting a bill. There was one exception on John Henry's part—or perhaps there were two. He would occasionally send for a book, to McClurg's or "The Young Churchman Company," and he had an account at Marshall Field's, so that if any accident occurred which demanded an immediate purchase, he could have the goods when needed, and pay for them at the next mailing of statements. These types of expenditure, however, occurred so very rarely that he would now and then receive a line from Marshall Field's,

calling his attention to the fact that a number of months had elapsed since his last purchase, and hoping that the time would soon come when he would again begin to buy at Marshall Field's.

So their life in their first parish began. The Rectory needed a new carpet in the front hall and the ladies of the parish set to work to buy one. After deliberating for some time as to the pattern (without thinking of consulting Marie at all about it), one of the prominent guild members was interviewed by her up-and-coming daughter, who suggested that "Mrs. Hopkins might possibly have some ideas on the subject which would be of value, seeing that she was the one who would use the carpet." The result was that Marie, who went with the committee, helped them of course to buy the prettiest bit of carpet for the smallest amount of money possible, and the guild ladies smiled loudly.

The young people soon estimated aright the fact that in Marie they could find many kinds of help. Some of them at once discarded, in their homes, as far as they could control matters, the custom of keeping the tablecloth spread all day, with a heap of always-needed dishes and silver piled up in the center, awaiting the distribution for the next meal. These tools of trade, of course, were never in sight at the Rectory except when in use, and the dining rooms of some of Trinity's parishioners gradually took on the appearance of well-butlered affairs, as the daughters found it possible to adopt the Rectory customs.

Marie always had good fortune with her "help," during her entire life as a housekeeper, but her Atchison experience required more diplomacy and patience than was often found necessary in after years. There was a little Englishwoman, who may be called X. Y. Z., and in the year 1893 her daughter was over 14 years old, and X. Y. Z. had given her the name of a beautiful flower.

Miss "Flower" was carefully brought up by her intensely active mother not to do any work about the house, and the girl's appetite for cheap novels was something out of the ordinary. She went to school, of course, but her mother insisted that she do no work. She acquiesced in this régime without a murmur. X. Y. Z. had achieved a reputation among Atchison's housekeepers who indulged in the luxury of "help," which was unique. It was commonly understood that she could not be induced to stay with any mistress more than two years, and the usual term was much shorter. She was credited with the ability to pile up more broken crockery and even furniture, in the domestic dumps, than any three women in that part of the state of Kansas, in the same length of time. Marie was gently warned about her abilities in this and similar directions, but the young housekeeper simply smiled, and went on her usually successful way without comment. X. Y. Z. was found to be perfectly manageable, and so far as they knew and could keep track there



IN OUR FIRST PARISH  
Atchison, Kansas, 1894



were no broken bits of Rectory crockery or of Rectory furniture which could be traced to her spontaneous and temperamental ebullitions of vehemence. The secret seemed to be that Marie put absolutely no barriers in the way of her Church-going. She was as impassioned and determined a Church-goer as she was crockery-smasher. Every scheduled service at both the church and the chapel (a mile-and-a-half away, in West Atchison, near the railroad shops of that part of the Santa Fe Railroad) found this devoted Churchwoman regularly present, in all kinds of weather, and at all seasons of the year. Marie's own record could not have been more punctiliously observed and established. There was no trouble with the "help" question, though there were some difficulties which had to be surmounted occasionally. Once in a while X. Y. would essay mince-pie. John Henry would then line one of his coat pockets with paper, and surreptitiously slide his piece of the indescribable concoction into the pocket, and after dinner would suddenly find that a special visit to the furnace room was needed. The pie made excellent fuel for the furnace. Marie never condescended to such tactics, though how she managed to wrestle digestively with the article in question is one of the mysteries of the Atchison Rectory.

So far as this part of their Atchison life was concerned, everything went on smoothly for the full two years of X. Y.'s usual incumbency in anybody's home. Then a complication suddenly arose which caused, as John Henry always held (though Marie did not agree with him as to the connection between the incident and X. Y.'s sudden departure), an abrupt termination to the halcyon period of domestic success at 416 "T" street.

There was a locomotive engineer who worked on the central branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, and his run took him in and out of Atchison very often. He was the father of several children, and one sad day his poor wife lay down and died. Then the distracted man, who could not leave his engine for any length of time, wrote to John Henry, whom he did not know personally at all, but whose help he urgently sought in the emergency which had been flung upon him. John Henry always said that this good man had heard about Marie, and therefore his opinion of John Henry's ability in selecting a wife was supremely credentialed. This is probably the truth of the situation, and the real cause of the good man's extraordinary letter. For the be-childrened widower simply asked John Henry please to pick out a wife for him, and he would follow it up promptly with a suit for her hand! Her heart would take care of itself, and of the children, of course. Well, John Henry received this remarkable letter just before dinner one noon, and, in an attack of very serious carelessness, he read it aloud to Marie at dinner, while X. Y. was waiting on the table. Just as soon as the fateful meal was



finished, poor X. Y. Z., with cheeks all aflame, summoned Marie into the kitchen, and floored her with the crashing announcement, "That engineer means *me!*" Marie "opened her mouth and drew in her breath," and after steadying her reeling brain with all her self-control, replied calmly, "Oh! No, my dear, he couldn't have been so far-sighted as that. Just think how unhappy the little Flower would most probably be, with this man's several children all around all the time, and how unhappy you would be to have her placed in such an uncomfortable and unfair position! It couldn't possibly be a position that you would enjoy, at least not after the first very short time, and, once in it, you would have a very difficult time to get out of it. Your worst enemy could not imagine a more painful experience for you than to enter into such a world." Marie's powers of persuasion are usually supremely successful, and for the time being X. Y. seemed to acquiesce. Marie and John Henry silently congratulated the Union Pacific Railroad Company on this acquiescence, for they had already pictured to themselves a flashing bird's-eye view of the probabilities, had X. Y. insisted upon marrying the hapless engineer. They had visions of the fragments of broken locomotives and wrecked roundhouses and smashed-up freight trains which loomed up in the very uncertain future, should X. Y. decide at any time, in the engineer's vicinity, to be as emphatic as some of her friends had said was possible. The threatened cyclone seemed to pass, but its sequel did not pass. On the contrary it came to pass, most definitely, before very long after the arrival of that fateful letter. (By the way, John Henry thanked the engineer deeply for the high compliment and rare opportunity, but said that he, to his great regret, was unable to think of anyone whom it would be to the engineer's advantage to consult.) What came to pass was another conversation in the kitchen between Marie and X. Y., in which the latter said that she had decided to give up housework, and to earn her living by baking breads, and such like, which she had no doubt would be ordered from her by Atchison's housekeepers as soon as she set herself up in this new business. This time Marie's arguments were unavailing, and the result was that for the last few weeks of their Atchison residence the poor Rector and his afflicted wife had to walk eight blocks or so down and up a long hill to and from their meals, which were taken at a boarding house at the foot of Fourth street, where the good landlady's conception of roast beef was something colored a dark brown, if not an incipient black, and where dish-washing and the like were reduced to their lowest possible terms by the kind compliance of the boarders, who "licked" their dinner-forks and thus prepared said forks for pie, etc. John Henry has always had a high regard for engineers, but he has never cultivated correspondence with any



of them since those last weeks in Atchison began to fade into the happily irrevocable past.

Limitation of space forbids that many other outstanding and delightful events of these busy twenty-seven months in Atchison should be chronicled. They were all unexpected, and many were unprecedented in the experience of the young cleric and his versatile wife. "They came; they saw; they did their best." And the record, as one looks back upon it from the viewpoint of after years, was something most unexpected and gratifying.

The city-bred young Priest, with three years of Curate work in two large and wealthy parishes, in New York and Chicago, found that he knew about as much about the real life of the Church today, outside the large parishes in the great cities, as a choir boy knows about building a big church organ. Nearly everything that he had learned in the General Theological Seminary he found almost useless in his active work, but one remark by Dean Hoffman, which the Dean flung out to the students one afternoon at Evensong in the seminary chapel, was never forgotten. "Young gentlemen," said the Dean, "don't forget that your record in your first parish will probably either make you or ruin you." The young Rector was not thinking of making a record, but he did think, every day, that it was of the utmost importance to make every atom of opportunity count in Trinity parish, Atchison. And Marie, as always, backed him up "to the limit" in every possible way.

The problem of the music at Trinity Church first engaged John Henry's attention. Marie was his organist at the chapel (St. Andrew's) in West Atchison, and this little congregation of railroad shop-men's families interested her deeply from the start. She went out with John Henry every Sunday and Friday evening, for the regular services, and she made the little reed organ do valiant helpfulness in leading the chants and hymns of Evensong. There were Celebrations without music in the morning, on as many Sundays as possible, but the most frequent services were those of Evensong.

There was a tiny choir of girls, and once, to raise a little money for their work and for other chapel items, Marie sponsored the most remarkable parish social of our career. The remarkable feature about it was the refreshments. Hard up, of course, they were reduced to popcorn and apples. Marie served the popcorn first, with plenty of good Missouri River filtered water (incidentally some of the most delicious drinking water to be found anywhere), and the water swelled up the popcorn within so satisfactorily that there wasn't much appetite for apples. So the refreshments did not cost much, and the net results of the social were ample.

The only trouble about Marie's organ-playing was with the tenor part in the hymns. Her dainty little hands could not possibly stretch more than one octave, and even that was a large strain on their adaptability. So when the thoughtless composers of hymn tunes came to one of those impossible chords with, say, the bass note on C within the staff and the tenor on E above the staff, Marie simply left out the tenor. The result was, of course, an empty fourth or fifth, and in those orthodox days, when Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was still in the zenith, empty fifths symbolized, as they still do in the opening bars of the Ninth Symphony, the dreary worthlessness of irreligious lives. Of course Marie was innocent of any such tragic statements in the midst of familiar hymns, yet she unflinchingly left out the tenor whenever any of those great big stretches came along, no matter what the hymn. Such trifles as these, however, did not disturb the chapel people, and therefore they were figured into the situation as a matter of course.

The music at Trinity Church, on the contrary, was a real problem. There was a well-paid and very good quartet, which sang at the 11 A.M. service, and then only. Miss Fanny Foote, the niece of the Senior Warden, was the excellent organist, and Mr. Frank Yale, a very fine fellow, whom John Henry afterwards presented for confirmation, was the tenor. The alto was a Presbyterian lady, who wore becoming gowns, and the soprano and bass sang well. The trouble was that there was an afternoon service at 4 P.M. on Sundays, and on the first Sunday there were neither organist nor choir, and only about twenty people in the congregation. The church seated about 400 people. So John Henry spoke to the Senior Warden, and his astonishment at the reply was quite real. The long and varied experience which the young Rector had had with choirs—in Vermont at Burlington, where he was organist at St. Paul's for five years before; and in Oakland, California, with the First Presbyterian Church where as has been said he played the organ for three and one-half years without missing one service, Sunday morning or evening; in Calvary Church, New York City, where he had been the organist from Advent until Trinity Sunday during his senior year at the seminary; St. James's Church, Chicago, where he always sang with the great vested choir—in all these places, he told his Senior Warden, the choirs had always sung at two Sunday services. "Well," said dear Mr. Blish, "they don't sing here at more than one." That settled it, of course. So John Henry went to work. He found two or three of the young people in the Sunday school who were glad to learn a little about the organ. He took them, one by one, to the church, and pumped the organ himself while he gave them lessons on playing the chants and hymns of Evensong. We always had an organist, with congregational singing, in consequence, after the first two or three Sun-

days. This, however, did not at all satisfy John Henry. So he went to work harder than before. When the fall came on, he sent to W. T. Smedley, the able choir-master of St. James's, Chicago, for one of his music-reading charts, which Smedley had used so effectively in teaching St. James's choir boys how to read music. Then he went around the parish and gathered together all of the good singers, both men and women, whom he could induce to enter and began the "Trinity Choral Association." The funny thing was that most of those who could sing objected to entering a chorus, because they wanted to sing solos! All the same, the plan appealed to them finally, and they joined with real zest. When it was possible he did favors for the soloists of other choirs, such as giving free organ lessons to the sister of the Roman Catholic choir-master, so that said choir-master sang in the T. C. A. Something similar was done by John Henry for the choir-master of the Campbellite or "Christian" choir, so that our chorus of forty voices had some good soloists. One of them, Mr. Chaliss, afterwards became one of the basso artists at the Paris Grand Opera House in France!

Then the chorus went to work to learn how to read music, when necessary, and how to sing the chants of Evensong. Easy anthems followed, until the repertory was complete for all the leading seasons of the Christian Year. Frank Yale was the tenor. He was one of the ablest credit-men on the Missouri River. He became much interested in all the work of the Choral Association. The chief deed of the association was the learning and singing of Sir John Stainer's "The Crucifixion" during the following Lent. This was, we think, the first time that this famous cantata had been sung in the Missouri Valley. Certainly it was the first time it had been sung anywhere around Atchison. John Henry moved a piano into the church, and had it tuned in unison with the organ, and he himself played the orchestral and similar parts, assisting the two-rank organ which Miss Fanny Foote played. There were 500 people turned away that evening, unable to enter the crowded church. Those who did gain entrance came not only from Atchison, but from Leavenworth and St. Joseph, and some said there were people from Kansas City present. The beautiful cantata was well given that night, and John Henry wrote to Sir John Stainer, at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, telling him about it and received a very kind letter from the veteran organist and composer in response. John Henry had first become acquainted with this cantata at Calvary Church, New York, during his term as organist there. He afterwards had it sung at least once in every Lent of his subsequent rectorships, in St. Joseph and Chicago. The best item about the Trinity Choral Association and its work was that the Sunday afternoon attendance grew from about 20 to at times 300, and John Henry gave his confirmation instructions as the sermons,



with the result that he presented 105 candidates for confirmation, 55 of them being men or boys, during those delightful twenty-seven months as Rector of the Atchison parish.

There were two Sunday schools connected with the parish when Marie and he arrived, and Marie taught in both of them. One was at the church, and the other was at St. Andrew's Chapel in West Atchison. A few months after this work began, we learned about a large territory some four or five miles from Atchison, which was so spiritually destitute that the children in the district school didn't know even the Lord's Prayer. This schoolhouse was located near a square mile of fertile land which had acquired the title of "the Float," because its title was somehow clouded and no one knew exactly to whom it belonged, as the claims of ownership "floated" around among various persons. So the young people of Trinity parish rallied around their young leaders, who formed, with their help, a mission Sunday school at "the Float" schoolhouse, and it soon numbered over 60 pupils. The sessions of this school were continued during the spring, summer, and fall months, and E. A. Mize, the Junior Warden, loaned Marie and John Henry his white horse and a carriage, most of the time, to carry them and some of the teachers to and from "the Float." The second Christmastide of "St. John's Mission" saw a most complete and enthusiastically arranged festival for the school, and the little schoolhouse was jammed with three layers of people that evening, while the fence for a long distance in both directions from the door of the little building was lined with the horse-drawn equipages of those who came from far and near. The three layers of attendants included the rows of men, who stood, the other rows of women, who sat, and the "kids" in the laps of the women, some of these youngsters sleeping soundly during most of the "programme" of prayers, carols, and Christmas verses, as well as of presents from the tree.

On the Second Sunday after Trinity, June 30, 1895, the last Sunday before Marie and John Henry moved to St. Joseph, Missouri, eleven persons were baptized in this little schoolhouse, two being adults, bringing the number of baptisms during the twenty-seven months of this Atchison rectorship up to one hundred and sixty-three, of whom fifty-six were adults or "Of Riper Years." In no other period of twenty-seven months of subsequent parochial life was John Henry able to report 163 baptisms, with 56 "Of Riper Years."

Possibly the most eager coöperator around "the Float" in all this Sunday school enterprise was a Vassar graduate, who had married a somewhat unsuccessful farmer, and nearly all of whose large family of children went to the school.

Thus during a large part of these remarkably surprising months in

Kansas, Trinity parish had three Sunday schools, and Marie taught in all of them. She was especially drawn to this forlorn woman of education and loneliness, whom she met at "the Float." One particularly poignant memory stands out among all the others in this connection. It seems that this good woman's husband had hired a stray workman, some months before we arrived, to help him farm. The man had turned up one day drunk, and very dangerously drunk. They had to have him put in jail, and he swore that when he was released he would wreak his vengeance on the family. One day there pulled up before the Rectory on "T" street a large farm-wagon with this little woman perched high up in the air on the driver's seat. She looked almost lost, driving the team from "the Float." How on earth she had scraped together enough money to buy a railroad ticket from Atchison to New York City it would be difficult to imagine, but that is just what she had done. And she begged John Henry to go to the jail, and to arrange with the imprisoned farm-hand and the officials of the jail to send the released prisoner back to New York City, at her expense, if it could possibly be done. This was finally accomplished, and the man himself was given just enough money to provide him with food on the trip. His ticket was handed over to the conductors along the route, with instructions please not to allow him to get possession of the pasteboard for fear that he would sell it and not go to New York. He was given a sealed letter, addressed to the Rev. Scott M. Cook, Priest-in-charge of "the Galilee Mission" of Calvary parish, New York, where John Henry had begun his varied work in that parish as a volunteer helper. The man was told that this letter was to be considered void if opened by anybody except the addressee. Imagine John Henry's amazement and amusement also, a few days later, at receiving from Brother Cook an affectionate remonstrance for having sent back to him one of his worst problems—a man whom he had fancied had been shipped permanently to the West as a good riddance! Nothing else from the man crossed our path. And we were just as well pleased, as was also our friend, the farmer's wife at "the Float."

So our busy and varied life at Atchison went on its surprising and delightful way. Among our extra-parochial experiences, John Henry was elected a trustee of Bethany College for Girls, at Topeka. This meant that Marie and he had the opportunity and privilege of traveling to Topeka, Kansas' capital city, several times, where they were most graciously entertained at this fine school for girls, at least over night, and sometimes for more than a day or two. Also, "the Kansas Theological Seminary" met at least twice a year, in Topeka, and John Henry was one of the faculty. Marie had charming visits with Miss Hooley, the able principal of the school, and with both Bishop and Mrs. Thomas, who lived at the school, or at least boarded at its table.

Much space ought to be given to describing Bishop and Mrs. Thomas, but this is not their biography, so it cannot be done. Suffice it to say that Bishop Thomas was one of the most scholarly and gracious of prelates, and that Mrs. Thomas was refreshing in her originality. Their son, "Nat," afterward the Bishop of Wyoming, and at this writing one of the clergy of South Florida, was one of John Henry's "pals" at this time, being ordained a Deacon during our Atchison Rectorate, and always addressed him, through the rest of their lives, as "John Henry." "Nat's" first charge was Leavenworth, twenty miles south from Atchison. He, and Chaplain Pierce of the Ft. Leavenworth Post, and Archdeacon Cyrus Townsend Brady, afterwards the author of a long row of historical novels of American history, were called, with John Henry, "the Big Muddy Quartette," and though they were widely scattered after Marie and John Henry left Kansas, they always had a high regard for each other. The "Big Muddy," of course, is the ferocious Missouri River.

Our furthestmost trip West, while in Kansas, was to Salina, then in the undivided diocese of Kansas, where the Diocesan Convention was once held during these vivid twenty-seven months. Those were rather new days for that part of Kansas, but the great state advanced much in every way during the subsequent years. One of John Henry's Atchison Sunday school boys is now the Bishop of Salina, Bishop Mize.

Many warm friendships sprang up between Marie and the women of Trinity parish. Mrs. Otis, whose granddaughter, Miss Amelia Earhart, won lasting fame for being the first woman to fly across the Atlantic Ocean, and afterwards for being the first woman to fly across alone, was one of these. John Henry officiated at the wedding of Miss Amelia Earhart's parents. Another of these fine women was Mrs. R. A. Parks, whose husband was a banker in Atchison. Yet another was Miss Brown, of the Silliman family. Mr. Silliman was a Vestryman, and a member of the firm of Blish, Mize, and Silliman. He was confirmed during this Rectorate. His stenographer was Miss Fanny Foote, the organist of the parish.

There were, of course, many other able and devoted women in the parish, who gave to us both their hearty support in every way, but these three, like David's "three mighty men," stood out as leaders of all the others. It was largely owing to them that the salary of the Rector was raised during our second year, and that a bountiful and generous Christmas gift practically raised it from the start. It was thus, including this Christmas gift, \$1,500 for the first year and \$1,800 for the second year.

These three splendid women also were the main-spring of the really large movement to raise money for building the parish house—for there was no parish house when we came. This very useful building cost some



\$1,700, and was the first building erected in Atchison for some time previous. It was built with a debt of only \$500, and, since there was a debt of exactly that sum resting on the parish when we arrived, John Henry always maintained that, as this old debt had been paid off since our arrival and before the parish house was commenced, the parish house was built without debt.

This money was raised by a committee, of which these three leading women were chiefs, during the fall weeks following an unusually depressing summer. Small pox had raged among the colored population of Atchison in the early part of that summer. The city had been placed under quarantine by the state board of health. Marie and John Henry forwent their usual vacation, and stayed with the afflicted little city all that summer. Then, the "Big Muddy" River went on an unusual rampage during the "June rise," and began to cut away the soil and the approach to the railroad bridge at the east end of the bridge. Then there had been drought in western Kansas, which had affected the wholesale business of Atchison more or less. And there were other agencies of depression, which made the effort of raising money at that time, for the parish house, a herculean task. The very fact that it was done at all seemed to put heart into many people, and there were fully one thousand persons who thronged the little building on the night when it was opened for the first time.

Another unique feature of these twenty-seven months was the "Popular Pastor Contest," gotten up by one of the enterprising stores on Commercial street. To his great surprise, John Henry found that his parishioners were booming him to such an extent that up to the last few days of the voting he was in the lead. Then the Roman Catholics, who are strong in Atchison, got busy, and their Priest of course got the prize. Another unique experience of this Atchison residence centered around Marie. She had taught, as has been stated in these memoirs, for nine years in public schools in Vermont (Burlington and Brattleboro), and had had fully two thousand girls and boys thus under her care, in one way or another. So when this was discovered by the parishioners who were politically inclined in Atchison, there waited on Marie one evening three of these gentlemen, who asked her if she would be willing to "run" for membership on the Board of Education. Eagerly she desired to do just this, but her wariness and good judgment moved her to ask the committee one very important question, *viz.*: who would be her competitor in this proposed election. At once they gave his name, and it was the name of one of the Vestry of Trinity parish. So the lady replied promptly by saying, "Gentlemen, I appreciate deeply the honor and the opportunity which you have thus brought me, and if any of you ever mention this call to a living soul, so that it is known outside this

room, that you have even spoken to me about this suggestion, I will be most deeply pained." They of course promised silence and they kept their promise like true gentlemen. So Marie's first opportunity of entering upon a political career was nipped in the bud by her own intense loyalty to the parish and her determined course which never allowed herself to be the center of even the faintest suggestion of a "parish row." It was a very fine deed of self-renunciation on her part.

Both Marie's mother and John Henry's mother paid them visits while they lived in Atchison. They did not come at the same time, and it was the most western point ever visited by "Merum," as all the youngsters of the family loved to call Mrs. Gemont Graves. John Henry's mother had also gone, with his father, sister, and brother, to see him, while he was a clerk in his Uncle Caspar Hopkins' insurance office in San Francisco in 1884, the year after he had graduated from the University of Vermont.

The ladies of Trinity parish outdid themselves in paying kind attention to both mothers. This was the only time that either mother visited them during their whole parochial life, and they greatly appreciated it. Father Graves was their guest in Hyde Park, Chicago, after they had gone to The Church of The Redeemer, and he stayed with them several weeks. A visit from Charlotte Graves in St. Joseph, and another from Lillian Graves Carroll and Allace Carroll, while they were in Hyde Park, comprise the whole list of family visits which they had the privilege of receiving during their whole life in the Middle-west. This is one reason that, in 1904, they decided to take their annual vacations in Vermont, at Grand Isle, with the family, each summer. Otherwise they would have been largely strangers to their immediate family connections, for Chicago and the Missouri Valley are much further from the Atlantic seaboard than the said seaboard is from them. This, of course, is pure psychology of a very practical type.

Marie was very fond of reading aloud to John Henry, and he was just as fond of having her do it. During their Atchison residence she thus read to him all of Macaulay's *History of England*, all of Hugo's *Les Miserables*, and some other standard works. One day there came along an agent of *The Century Dictionary*, and he wanted to sell his goods. Marie had thriftily laid aside quite a sum of money for just such a purpose, and the agent was astonished beyond expression when she paid cash for the whole set, the cost being about \$75, instead of buying on the installment plan as most people did. This superb dictionary outlasted all of their parochial years, and they never found it necessary to buy another one of any kind, except some small ones for desk use.

One passage in Macaulay's *History of England* especially appealed to them. It was that page where the gifted writer pictures so vividly the

general disposition and feelings of the religious exiles from England who fled to Holland from persecution at home. Said exiles, according to Macaulay, thought daily of their former home, and imagined as often that they were sadly missed by the people whom they had left behind. Whereas they were almost completely forgotten within a short time, as they afterwards learned, both to their sorrow and chagrin. So they fancied that they were being missed in busy Chicago, by the kind-hearted and generous St. James's people whom they had left behind when they went to the Missouri Valley. They afterwards found out the truth, which was that they were about as keenly remembered by most of their friends in the Mid-west metropolis as the Holland exiles of long ago were missed in London. This was something of a shock to them, but they learned from it something more about human nature than they could have had the chance to learn had they stayed in Chicago from the first.

So their life in the river town went on month after month, as they entered more and more into the social fabric of this interesting little city. Marie joined a literary club and was, of course, one of its leaders from the first. John Henry had all of the Masonic degrees up to and including the Chapter given to him, by the kindness of his Masonic parishioners. He wrote to Bishop McLaren of Chicago, asking his advice when this generous offer was made to him, for Bishop McLaren was a member of the Masonic body. The Bishop, who was always very good to him, replied promptly that there was no inconsistency in having a Priest of the Church join the Masons, so John Henry took these six degrees, of the "Blue Lodge" and "the Chapter," in Atchison. It was many years before he completed his entrance into Masonry by taking the Thirty-second degree. This also was given to him, and by one of his Redeemer Vestrymen, Zelotes E. Martin, who took the same degrees at the same time. John Henry never found it possible to devote much time to Masonry, though in St. Joseph, Missouri, where he was likewise given the Knights Templar degrees, he was prelate of his Commandery, and attended with fair regularity the conclaves. He found that his evenings were usually so filled with parochial duties throughout his entire work as a parish Priest, that he simply could not attend Masonic meetings in the evenings, when most of them are held, without neglecting duties that he was obliged to perform. He did not find, however, any inconsistency in being a Mason, though he found far too many of his Masonic brethren who made Masonry a substitute for Church—something that is quite alien from the true spirit of Masonry. He found, also, that this connection gave him some valued contacts with excellent men, and everyone knows that, as things are generally arranged, it is quite difficult for the average parish Priest to see as much of men as he would like to do. Marie never joined anything which was not imme-



diately connected with the Church, except the D. A. R. in Grand Isle, Vermont, and the four literary clubs in Atchison, St. Joseph, and the "West End Woman's Club" and "the Motley Club" in Chicago. She was repeatedly invited, in Chicago, to join the Chicago Woman's Club, where, of course, she socially belonged, but she never felt like doing it. John Henry often urged her to do this, and thus to have some contact with Chicago beyond the fine groupings of Church people, but she never would and never did. In his earlier life, in California, John Henry had joined the Odd Fellows, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and later on, for insurance purposes, he joined the Royal Arcanum and the Court of Honor, but he dropped all of these societies at the time of his ordination, except the two latter ones, and these were maintained until they became too expensive.

Space here would be well occupied in describing some of the leading families of their first parish, such as the Senator John J. Ingalls family, and the Otis family above mentioned, but this is out of reach.

Marie's popularity in Atchison was something really exhilarating. She burst into the social life of those who were privileged to know her, in that brave-spirited but sorely depressed little city like a fresh and invigorating breeze on a hot day in summer. And summer's hot days in the Missouri Valley are something to reckon with, the reader can rest assured. Marie fitted up the Rectory so daintily and attractively that it soon became more than the fashion to call on her on her "days at home." No matter what the heat, callers would come. Sometimes twenty and thirty or more callers would ring the Rectory doorbell in an afternoon. And that meant for most of them a long toilsome walk, largely up-hill, with the sharpest hill at the summit where "T" street ran its brief course east and west. One evening a whole boarding-house of friends called in a body (Mrs. Shipley's boarding-house people), and one of the Vestry who boarded there insisted that he and John Henry should sit on the Rectory floor, and play "chickens," to the great amusement of all the other guests, especially to those who did not belong to the parish.

One night, when they had been in the Rectory for a year or more, Marie thought that she might have a very unwelcome guest. Nearly every house in the block had been entered by a sneak-thief during the recent weeks. It was fully expected that the Rectory, with its silver and other pretty things, would have its turn. This particular evening Marie was alone, John Henry having gone to the West Atchison chapel for service. Suddenly, as Marie was writing in their "den" upstairs, sending to her mother her regular twice-a-week letter (always fourteen pages long), she noticed that the lamp (kerosene was used in the lamps) in the hall-way by the front door went out. That left the hall in darkness. Of course she thought that some sneak-thief had entered the house un-

beknown to them earlier in the day, and had hidden himself up to that time, had put out the light and would soon be prowling around with his "dark" lantern, etc., etc. Without the slightest delay, Marie simply lighted a candle, and deliberately went downstairs to the front door, prepared to meet any such caller should he be there. Well, there was no such caller; but the wind had suddenly blown into the little hall with a gust that had extinguished the lamp. Marie relighted it (she never said how fast her heart had been beating) and went on with her letter-writing upstairs.

She never could seem to realize the feeling of fear. She was robbed three times in Chicago by purse-snatchers, and once she actually chased one of these contemptible thieves up into an alley, from which he escaped simply because he could run faster than she could. John Henry begged her never to run any such risk again, and the police told her to yell, instead of trying to run after any future purse-snatchers. One night in Hyde Park, Chicago, while they were at The Church of The Redeemer, one of these gentry grabbed her bag just as she was setting out for a late call, about 9 o'clock. She yelled with such intense and successful vocalization that said thief was scared out of his wits and ran away, dropping the bag immediately as he started. It was soon found by a neighbor who restored it, untouched, to its owner, then safe within the living room of the Redeemer Rectory. In after years when she was speaking, Marie could always be heard by the largest audience in the most difficult room, from any kind of a platform.

Another of their Atchison experiences was that of being "written up" by an enterprising pen-pusher in one of the western magazines. Pictures of both the young Rector and his wife, in their various rooms at the Rectory, adorned this kindly-written article. It is regrettable that, among the various movings of the subsequent years, it was somehow lost. At the time it attracted considerable attention in the neighborhood of Atchison.

It is not exaggerating to say that in every way their Atchison life was a delight as well as a surprise to both Marie and her husband, and they had no plans whatever, as time went on, beyond staying with these fine people as long as possible. Now and then a call would come to John Henry, as, for instance, when one of the Vestry from the church in Decatur, Illinois, came on with a call in his pocket, which was courteously and appreciatively declined, as were the others. From time to time, during their second year in the Rectory on "T" street, one or two of the Vestry from Christ Church, St. Joseph, Missouri, twenty miles further north and on the opposite side of the "Big Muddy," would drop over to the Sunday morning services in Trinity Church, and the local Vestrymen would "guy" them with much chaffing and good-humored "jollyng," for everyone then knew that Christ Church parish was



vacant, and that their Vestry had gone or sent to many parts of the United States in search of a rector.

John Henry outspokenly said several times during that year that nothing could induce him to accept a call to such a parish as Christ Church, and this volunteered item was forthcoming from him only when some of the Atchison people would approach him on the subject. He meant this rather unnecessary remark, which he made not without some unwillingness of course.

However, the Bishop of that diocese, West Missouri, was the Rt. Rev. Dr. E. R. Atwill, who had been Rector of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vermont, during most of John Henry's five years there as organist. As a matter of fact Bishop Atwill was in deep perplexity about Christ Church, St. Joseph. It was one of his largest parishes, numerically, with over 400 communicants, and it had had a prosperous career, as parishes go, for eighteen years, under the late Rev. Dr. James Runcie, who had died five or six years before Marie and John Henry left Chicago. He had been succeeded by the Rev. Henry Foote, a relative of Presiding Bishop Tuttle, and a New Englander. This Rectorate had not been in all respects a happy one. It had followed eighteen years of administration by the late Rev. Dr. James Runcie, who was a warmhearted man and who was Rector when the church was built, and likewise the Rectory, and who was greatly beloved by his people.

There is a legend in the Episcopal Church that any Priest who follows a long Rectorate wherein there was a good deal of building runs a great risk of having an unhappy time. Marie and John Henry smashed that legend in Chicago when they began work in The Church of The Epiphany, but it is not an uncommon experience that such sequences involve changes which are not always palatable to the people, and which often involve the early resignation of the succeeding Rector. However this legend may be, this had been the experience of the successor of the late Rev. Dr. James Runcie.

Various members of the Vestry had spent all their available money in traveling around the United States, during this disintegrating year after the resignation of the Rev. Henry Foote, but they had failed to discover any candidate acceptable to them all in spite of all this effort and expense. In the meantime most of them had been over to Atchison, as has been said, and it eventually turned out to be the case that they all could and did agree upon John Henry. So they finally gave him a call, at \$2,200 a year and Rectory. That they should have done this, after John Henry's rather needless and outspoken remarks about the parish, told largely upon the side of graciousness on their part. It also told, to one who knows how such things go, of the very urgent needs of the parish at that time.

When the call came, in the spring of 1895, about two years after Marie and John Henry had reached Atchison, it was a staggering surprise to them both. The first instinct in John Henry's mind was, of course, to make good his position already taken, and to decline in a polite letter of thanks. But Bishop Atwill then took part in the call and made such a strong appeal to him, speaking of their long fellowship in St. Paul's, Burlington, Vermont, as Rector and organist, and telling frankly of the discouragement into which his large parish had fallen, and the great need of leadership, that, to make a long story short, it seemed to both Marie and John Henry that duty called upon them to accept, and to go to St. Joseph.

From the larger and more mature viewpoint of subsequent years, it is by no means clear that this was a just decision, though it was an honest one, and a natural one. The parish in Atchison had given to them a larger support than they ever received in any subsequent Rectorate, in proportion to strength and numbers. These splendid people had followed their leadership in every way. There was not the slightest dissension anywhere. The numbers baptized and confirmed during the short Rectorate exceeded in proportion anything they afterwards were able to report. In twenty-seven months the parish had raised John Henry's salary practically three times, including the generous Christmas gifts. And they really deserved better treatment than to be left in the lurch just because a neighboring parish was in some difficulties. It was indeed a most perplexing decision, and it caused a great deal of strain and sorrow to both Marie and John Henry to be obliged to face it and to decide. They also knew that they would be misunderstood, because the salary was a little larger in St. Joseph. In fact the local paper in Atchison so stated in headlines. "The increased salary gets them," it declared. They feared also that they would be misunderstood because John Henry's candidate for the Kansas Episcopate, at the election in Topeka which took place not long before the call from St. Joseph had arrived, was defeated when Bishop Millspaugh was elected to succeed the late Bishop Thomas. Of course this question had not the slightest influence upon the decision to accept the call, but it seemed natural for their Atchison friends to correlate the two events, and, as a matter of fact, poor Bishop Millspaugh was not very popular in Atchison for a long time after his election. It was really one of the most trying experiences of their whole parochial life, for both Marie and John Henry, and when, on the 30th of June, 1895, they bade good-bye to Atchison as a home, and took the little dinky sidetrack train for St. Joseph, twenty miles away, it was with heavy hearts, though they both had by this time become convinced that it was their duty to undertake the harder work ahead. It would have been far easier to have stayed in Atchison, but that did not influence

their decision, except, perhaps, to make it clearer that they should go to St. Joseph.

They stayed in St. Joseph with Mrs. C. D. Smith, whose son was a Vestryman, and they stayed only a few days, for vacation time was at hand, and they had had none for two years. The task of making this decision, coupled with the hard work of packing up and moving, as well as the strain of bidding good-bye to their valued friends and loyal supporters of these twenty-seven remarkable months, had worn even on their young and wiry strength. So they spent one rather forlorn Sunday in Christ Church, St. Joseph, the atmosphere of which at that time made it very plain to them both that no small task lay ahead of them, and then they went on to Vermont, to spend a few weeks with the Graves family, who enjoyed that summer at "Star Farm Beach," just north from Burlington and on the way to Grand Isle. The photographs of that camp, which they placed in their summer home at Grand Isle later on, show a family group of bright young people, already wrestling with the problems of life and rather enjoying the fray.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI  
OUR SECOND PARISH AND RECTORY :  
CHRIST CHURCH PARISH





## CHAPTER SIX

THE SUMMER PASSED all too quickly, and during the first week in September the two young people, each thirty-four years of age, alighted one warm morning at the old station in St. Joseph, and at once ran into the mazes and problems that thicken around a discouraged parish. The inevitable confusion resulting disclosed the fact that no one knew who was responsible for the cleaning of the Rectory, and as a matter of fact it had not been cleaned for a long time, and this condition had to be attended to immediately. Of course the newcomers said nothing about it, realizing that no one was to blame, and they never referred to it afterwards. It is mentioned here only as a matter of humor because it was so typical of the situation that often obtains when there is a long vacancy. They resolved, that in their own future moves they would beg the Vestries of their future parishes to avoid, at all costs, any long delays in selecting their successors. This excellent rule, as a matter of fact, was carefully observed in all of their subsequent movings.

Well, the Rectory had to be cleaned, and they had to find the colored persons who would clean it. This search was complicated by an additional fact, *viz.*, that that particular week was a festival week in St. Joseph, and not a man or woman could be found who would do this extra work. So the young people went to a boarding-house, which was completely filled, except one room on the top storey, and in this crowded house they ate as best they could at meal-times by day, and sweltered most uncomfortably under the hot roof during the breathless nights of that exceedingly warm September, until at last the Rectory was cleaned, and they could set to work to unpack their "lares and penates" in their new home.

This comfortable Rectory was large and ample, and Marie at once began to put it into its most attractive dressing, with her magic touch. There were plenty of rooms, for the Rector's study, for the living room and the dining room, and the sleeping apartments upstairs, and soon the building became a watchword among the people of the parish, as they began to awake from their spiritual drowse, and began to realize that a new day had dawned for their really beloved parish. One of the Vestrymen said to Marie that they always wanted to see lights in the Rectory after sundown, and so she always had the front rooms lighted, whether there were any callers or not.

St. Joseph was at that time a city of about 50,000 population.

It had been from the start one of the Missouri River's shipping points, like Omaha, and like Atchison; in a larger way. There were some factories, for overalls and such like, but the main businesses were jobbing, and in this there were some large houses. "Tootle, Wheeler and Motter" had large numbers of traveling men out most of the time, and the incomes of the partners were reputed to range in the neighborhood of \$60,000 annually. All this, of course, is hearsay, and not by the book, but it is indicative of the actual facts as the business world knew them. There were small stockyards, which during the next four years grew to be a large affair, through the influence of John Donovan, who turned out to be one of John Henry's firmest friends and strongest helpers, though he was not confirmed.

The banks were strong and well managed, and the local stores included some that would have been a credit to any city. Yet the competition of Kansas City had already begun to turn St. Joseph's traditional prosperity into something akin to jealousy and serious-mindedness if not occasional depression, and for the first two years of these four the atmosphere of St. Joseph commercially was as slow and as hopeless of great progress as was that of Atchison itself.

There was a good deal of wealth represented by the leading families, and there was a large amount of drinking everywhere. Scarcely a family of any size but was afflicted with some member, not always one of the men, either, who had passed beyond the self-control which is the boast of the moderate drinker. There was a vivid social life among the counter-part of the "Four Hundred," and *Town Topics* used to regale its readers with luridly touched-up accounts of "St. Joseph's Seventy-Five" from time to time.

The spiritual atmosphere of the place was at rather a low ebb when Marie and John Henry arrived, though there were many churches of many kinds, and some were really doing good work, though rather crudely, in helping their people to a higher plane of living. The social life of the city was dominated by Southern people who had come from Virginia and Kentucky and other parts of the South, and the charm and grace of Southern hospitality were universal. Also the proverbial kindness which Southern people so frequently show towards their clergymen and ministers was largely in evidence. The men were not afraid to go to church, and the congregations at Christ Church were usually excellent in numbers.

The pace of the city was not rapid, for there was a general acceptance of the fact that St. Joseph, or "St. Joe," as everyone called it, had come to stay. They found great admiration for St. Louis, keen criticism of Kansas City, and a frank dislike of Chicago among many of the leading families. Their parish had a goodly sprinkling of these. As for "Yankees,"

no terms of opprobrium were strong enough to express their attitude and feelings. When the ladies asked Marie where she came from (they were fascinated by her from the very start, of course), and she gaily replied "Well, I guess you will have to call us Yankees," they threw up their hands in protest as well as in horror and disbelief. Their idea of Yankees was based on Sherman's March to the Sea, and the people who came with "carpet-bags" to the South in the awful days of reconstruction. That Yankees could behave as Marie and John Henry habitually did was beyond the comprehension of these good people.

The Churchmanship which John Henry found was as near to nothing as could be imagined among good-hearted people. Good Dr. Runcie "cared so little" for these things that he had built his church with a tiny chancel in the middle of one side, and had grouped the pews in curves, "so that he could be near to his dear people"! His successor had bravely turned this unusual chancel into a baptistry, and had set apart one end of the church with a simple rail, and then had arranged the pews with a center aisle, so that at least there was a semblance of Churchliness as one entered the strange interior. The building would seat about 700, and there was a small two-rank organ, with pews for choir-stalls that were ranged along the end of the interior, as though they had planned to stay, if possible, for a while.

John Henry, though at this time his ideas about church interiors were not very carefully cultivated, was greatly depressed when he first looked into this absolutely unprecedented interior, even as it was after his immediate predecessor had courageously striven to have some semblance of Churchliness in the arrangement of chancel and pews.

The first thing he induced his good people to do was to open the outside doors of the church, and to buy a sign saying so. Indeed they were very good people, only they had never been taught any better, and they held dear from every sentimental attachment the features of so-called "Virginia Churchmanship" which they recalled with all the fond associations of youth, and which they had transplanted to their Mid-western homes with thorough loyalty to the past.

That was in 1895. These lines are written in 1932, and it is believed that from that day until now these outside doors of Christ Church have always been open by day, Sundays and week-days alike, and the sign has said, as such signs say all around the world, "Enter for rest and prayer." Thirty-seven years comprise quite a space of time, in one's rushing, changing life.

There were several remarkable features about St. Joseph's leading people, and the wife of the Rev. Dr. Runcie was endowed with many of them. She was the daughter of Robert Dale Owen, the brilliant Socialist who had so much to do with the founding of the Socialist colony in

Indiana called "New Harmony," which very interesting place Marie and John Henry visited many years later as Department Missionary Secretary and wife. Mrs. Runcie was a very gifted literary woman, with musical abilities as well. She had written an Opera, though it had never been performed so far as Marie and John Henry could learn. Some of her many hymn tunes and other musical compositions had been sung by Christ Church choir, previous to their arrival. She had taken her husband's life insurance money and had built a house not far from the church. The house had a large and well-filled library room.

Mrs. Runcie's chief source of income was the "Runcie Club," a literary club of really very fine calibre, of which she was the extremely able president, and to which every women in St. Joseph who had the slightest pretensions to social position, of course belonged. The meetings were very well attended by its members. Mrs. Runcie was affected with deafness, and the vice-president had to preside at the meetings. Marie was almost struck with consternation at finding that Mrs. Runcie insisted upon her accepting this exceedingly important office, but she grasped it with all her wonted ability and made it a great success from the start. Mrs. Runcie gave the younger woman her most cordial and unstinted support from the outset, and Marie's native tact and abilities took excellent care of all the details that were her large share in making the meetings of this really brilliant literary club attractive, entertaining, and valuable. Mrs. Runcie's son was gifted with a beautiful tenor voice, and was the choir's mainstay in the tenor parts during the next four years. Her daughters were recognized as leading women in the city, and her own support and loyal friendship were strong factors in an increasingly active life, both in the parish and in the city as well. A great deal is owed to the kindness and helpfulness of the Runcie family. When the Angel of Death entered the home at Grand Isle, on March 9, 1933, one of the most beautiful and helpful of the four hundred and fifty letters of sympathy which loving friends far and near sent to John Henry, came from one of Mrs. Runcie's daughters, still residing in "dear St. Joseph," as Marie and he always called the city.

And this friendship continued through all of their four years together. Mrs. Runcie saw quickly that Marie and John Henry meant to play fair with her as with everyone else, and she generously accepted the status. They were guests in her dining room as well as always welcome callers in her big library, whenever possible.

Some years after they had returned to Chicago, John Henry found himself one morning addressing the 3,500 girls and boys of the Hyde Park high school, Chicago, on the theme of "Theodore Thomas and Music." He had to give his address twice, as did Coach Stagg, who shared the morning programme with him. This was because the largest



hall in the great high school would hold only 2,000 people, and every public message for the young people had to be given twice, once to 2,000 and then again to the other 1,500. Between shifts John Henry found himself close to one of the bright young men who composed part of the faculty. The conversation naturally turned to books and writing, and it seemed that the young professor was working hard on his Ph.D. thesis for the University of Chicago. The theme was unique and very interesting. It was "The Effect of Population upon Character and Opportunity." So far, after two years' research, the aspirant had learned, so he told John Henry, that the most rounded, wholesome, complete, and generally satisfactory life conditions now obtaining in the United States would be found in cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 population. These places had people enough to provide a gait, and there were not so many that residential segregation was to any large degree possible or preferred.

When Marie and John Henry reached St. Joseph, the city reported about 50,000 population. When they left, it reported about 100,000, though this large total may have been padded a little at the time. Thus they found such varied conditions and opportunities for social service as well as social contacts that soon their time was crowded with opportunities and engagements of many kinds. It is difficult to know where to begin, as one attempts to narrate the outlines.

Of course the first things to do centered around the task of awakening and unifying the parish. This was found to be less difficult than might have been imagined, for the people were ladies and gentlemen, and really good-hearted as well as, in a rather vague sense, religious. They responded to leadership promptly and generously.

Marie threw open the Rectory very often for "Missionary Teas" and other social gatherings, mainly among the women. The very able men on the Vestry, the chief of whom in business were not only among St. Joseph's leading citizens but in their respective lines were nationally known as men of stamp and power, rallied around their young Rector with fine support. They organized "Christ Church Club" among the men, and it was a success. The women at once sensed that in Marie they had a woman of genius in many directions, and they were not slow in showering upon her the friendly attentions and the real coöperation which she had won among the tenement-house poor of New York, and the social leaders of the North Side of Chicago, and the intelligent, wholehearted, and able women of Atchison.

There was one good woman, however, who never quite accepted Marie's leadership, but rather took from the start the attitude of her mentor, teacher, and corrector. Let her name be called "Mother X." She was a strong, positive woman, a farmer's wife until her husband retired and came to live "in the city," where she dominated him as she did



probably on the farm, successfully and ceaselessly. He was rather tenderly inclined towards the Methodists, while she, good soul, within her limited conception of what it meant, was a loyal "Episcopalian." She felt that Marie, whose pretty home she frequently visited, was far too fond of pretty things, and really needed some of the hard discipline of life. And as for John Henry, the poor young thing was doing the best he could, and some day he might really begin to know something of life, and would then, it is hoped, be able to preach sermons of at least some slight value.

Several pages could easily be filled with accounts of the sayings and doings of this good and original soul, we have space but for two of her most characteristic remarks. It was at one of Marie's "Missionary Teas," for which she had prepared with the utmost care, and where her hospitality was unstinted, of course. Some of the volunteer helpers among the good ladies were in the butler's pantry, handling some of the Rectory dishes. Suddenly there was a crash, and all knew that some cup or plate or saucer had vanished into the scrapheap. "Mother X" waddled across the living room (she was burdened with a large and ungainly corporosity) to where Marie was standing and was trying to appear oblivious to the ominous sounds from the butler's pantry, and these kindhearted words then rent the astonished air, as the good woman poked Marie in the ribs: "Hear your pretty china smashing?"

The other remark sprang out of one of those embittered contraptions in parish life which serve as a re-inforcement to the limited exercise of real giving, so often found among the faithful. In other words, the Woman's Guild of the parish was giving a chicken-pie dinner in the basement of the church building. The guild was so famous for these menus and for the very reasonable price exacted from their patrons, that men came from far and near in St. Joseph to enter at least the basement of the church, though a good many of them never went upstairs on any occasion. "Mother X" hailed John Henry one day soon before the dinner, and delivered herself of the following ultimatum: "My husband doesn't like the 'Piscopals very much, and much prefers the Methodists. He is willing, however, to come to this chicken-pie dinner provided his piece of the pie does not contain a *neck*!" So poor John Henry went dutifully to the chairman of the committee on pied chickens, and begged her to be careful, please, about the particular portion of pie and chicken to be served to "Mother X" and her husband. The harried friend promised to be as reasonable as possible, but we all know what happens at times to "the best laid plans." Good "Brother X" found no less than *three necks* in the unhappy bit of pie which was gaily brought to him by an unsuspecting and unmindful member of the guild, and from that fatal day on the good man usually avoided walking on

the same side of the street which was occupied even at a distance by Christ Church. And "Mother X" had her opinion of the executive ability of the parish's Rector! And she stated said opinion freely and as frequently as was necessary or unnecessary, for some time afterwards. "Mother X" was fond of harrying Marie when possible. She would drive up to the Rectory, and sit in her phaeton until Marie was forced to leave the house and to come down to see the good lady in said vehicle. And then the caller would relieve her mind on many themes, while her hostess stood patiently waiting for the coda. It always came, later if not sooner. Yes, the Xs were delicious!

Christ Church choir included women, men, and a few boys. Their leader and organist was Mrs. Mary Rich Lyon, a lady of unusually excellent musicianship, tireless zeal, and kindly heart. At this writing Mrs. Lyon is still the organist and choir-mistress of Christ Church, having served the parish thus for fifty years or more. She was a lady as well as a good musician, and the relationship between herself and her Rector became a friendship which has lasted during all the subsequent years.

The organ was a small, two-rank instrument, which was quite inadequate for the possibilities of the music, and for some several years the women of the parish had been accumulating an organ fund, which amounted to about \$2,000 at John Henry's arrival, but which had become so unpopular that not one additional dollar could be added to it by any means within the reach of the women. So John Henry started out to try to find a second-hand organ somewhere, which could be purchased and set up in Christ Church for about \$2,000. He finally found a fine old Johnson organ, from Norwalk, Connecticut, an instrument which was almost the exact replica of the Johnson organ in St. James's Church, Chicago, though not as large as that noble instrument. The organ which John Henry had played for five years in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vermont, was also a Johnson instrument, and was, when purchased, the largest organ in Vermont.

This three-rank instrument, with perhaps forty speaking "stops" or registers, had been occupying for some years the organ gallery of a large Congregational church in Norwalk, and had been traded in, after the manner of modern automobile sales, when a wealthy member of that congregation desired to donate a \$20,000 memorial organ to the church. Hutchins and Co., organ builders, being at that time of the same standing as that of the Johnson Company when the old instrument was built, had won the contract for the new organ, and they offered to set up the Johnson instrument for about \$2,000 with an electric blower for the wind supply, etc.

The Vestrymen of Christ Church were rather wary of a second-hand

instrument, when John Henry first proposed the purchase of this rare bargain, so he looked up its character and standing through Dun and Bradstreet, just as these business men would have done for a prospective client in their jobbing trade. He also wrote to Brenton Whitney, organist of The Church of The Advent, Boston, Massachusetts, and asked this old friend and leading New England musician please to tell him about the Norwalk instrument. He also wrote to our church Rector in Norwalk, and to one or two others. It was amusing to Marie as well as to him when they learned that Dun and Bradstreet had consulted some of the very same people to whom he had written personally! To sum the matter briefly, after due consideration, the Vestry ordered the Johnson organ from the Hutchins Company, and in due time it was shipped to St. Joseph. Two very able and conscientious organ men came with it, and set it up in Christ Church chancel. Had it been made for the space it could not have fitted it better, as John Henry had ascertained before recommending the purchase. And it was indeed a joyous day for him when he sat down at its three manuals and turned on "the whole box" and hurled through the air of the Missouri Valley, for the first time in its history, the sonorous richness of a full-toned pipe organ. For there was no three-rank organ in Kansas City at that time, and the only other three-manual instrument in the valley was in Omaha, and the Vestrymen were assured by those who knew that it was not as fine an instrument as this well-built Johnson organ.

In the sequel, the congregation of Christ Church became so much attached to this splendid instrument that it was still in use, at this writing (1933), though the action had been replaced when it had served its day. To have lasted satisfactorily for thirty-seven years, when the organ-building business has made such mighty progress as it has since the invention of the electric action, speaks well for the calibre of this instrument.

The next item of work about Christ Church music was the notable evening when this organ was formally opened. John Henry wanted to make it a real occasion. So he corresponded with H. Clarence Eddy, the Vermonter who had risen to the forefront of Chicago's organists, and of the world's as well. He was the only organist in America at that time who had played one hundred consecutive programmes in one hundred consecutive weeks without repeating one number. This was done at the Hershey School of Music, in Chicago, and the one hundredth programme was played from manuscript, as every number on it was written for the occasion by eminent composers and organists in Europe and this country. Mr. Eddy used to practise fifteen hours a day on the organ in Bethany Congregational Church, Montpelier, Vermont, in his younger days, and John Henry knew that such an artist could be ad-



vertised triumphantly in St. Joseph, if he could be secured. His price was \$100, and thereby hangs both a problem and a tale.

The money, of course, had to be raised before he came, and it could not be raised by selling tickets at the door of a consecrated Church building like Christ Church. So John Henry in one way or another managed to sell enough tickets, by personal visiting and approach, to make sure his \$100. Marie helped him in this, as in everything.

The problem of tickets and of money-raising for expenses, however, was not the only one connected with this somewhat unprecedented affair of the opening of this fine organ. There was the question of applause. The good people of Christ Church had never been taught much about the duty of "reverencing My Sanctuary," and their usual habit of personal behavior in the empty church or before and after any ordinary service did not always include the rule of silence. They very graciously yielded some attention to the careful examples set by Marie, and inculcated, as best might be, from time to time, by the new Rector, yet they would not have hesitated in the least to have indulged in the politeness of spontaneous applause during the organ recital planned for this opening. This was well known to the one who was doing the planning, and for some worried days and nights the problem seemed insoluble, until one night it occurred to him to adopt the following plan, which was supremely successful all around the circle of those connected and interested.

At the time of the recital, the church was crowded with the best people in St. Joseph. John Henry laid no objections to whatever general conversation was quietly taking place among these hundreds of friends and relatives as they gradually filled the church, but a few minutes before 8 o'clock he entered from the old chancel, then the baptistry entrance, and stood before the congregation in his cassock, at the head of the center aisle.

He had placed Professor Eddy within earshot of all that he said, which was in substance as follows: "Dear Friends and Members of Christ Church parish: We are more than happy to welcome you on this unusual occasion, when for the first time in the history of the Missouri Valley the air thereof is to vibrate with the tones of a majestic pipe organ played by one of the greatest organists in the world. In fact Professor H. Clarence Eddy, whom you soon are to hear, through the medium of this fine instrument, is the only organist in the world who has played one hundred consecutive programmes in one hundred consecutive weeks without repeating one single number! And the one hundredth programme excited such intense interest through the organ-playing world on both sides of the Atlantic, that it was played from manuscript, every number having been composed for the occasion by eminent organists and com-

posers in this country and in Europe. Of course we would all wish to make these walls ring with enthusiastic applause after each composition presented to us by this master-musician tonight, but, this being a consecrated building, this is impossible. So I am asking you if you would be willing please to recognize both this fact and also the great honor which is ours in having so distinguished an artist with us tonight, by rising from your seats as I conduct him to the organ console and also by rising again from your seats at the close, as I escort him back again to the sacristy."

The plan worked beautifully! When John Henry went at once to Mr. Eddy, he found the great artist blushing with pride, as he expressed his deep gratification over such a complimentary introduction. The whole congregation rose spontaneously at the moment of his entrance within the church, and did the same with electric unanimity and zest at the close of the superb programme which he then gave. Thus was Christ Church's fine organ opened for service. There were prayers, of course, at the opening of the programme, and at its close. And all St. Joseph felt an interest in the music of Christ Church, which from that time on began to attract deserved notice from far and wide.

The choir had never been vested, up to this point, beyond the cassocks and cottas of the very few choir boys who helped as best they could with the sopranos. The bulk of the singing, of course, was done by the men and women of the choir. From this time on, however, they wore suitable vestments, and those of the women were feminine in character, instead of following the rather grotesque plan of having the women wear the male choir vestments of cassocks and cottas, as is so commonly done by many other mixed choirs. Mrs. Mary Rich Lyon gave the Rector her enthusiastic and unstinted support in all the plans for the music, and the result was something which gave all great gratification, and really adorned the worship of our God and Saviour in a reverent and beautiful way. Before the Johnson organ was purchased, and when the parish was handicapped by the limitations of the old two-manual instrument which had done faithful service for many years, the custom of Lenten Passion cantatas on Sunday evenings in Lent was instituted, and with such success that the church was crowded. It was thronged so constantly on these evenings, that the denominational ministers were made jealous, and some of them actually preached against the services. Consequently John Henry invited them all to a rehearsal one evening after the fine organ had been secured, and many of them came. They sat in the back seats, listened rather critically, and most of them went away without even saying "Good Evening" to the Rector who had invited them! The piano, moved into the church, and played as in Atchison by John Henry, added the orchestral parts even to the accompaniments on the large organ. Stainer's "The Crucifixion" was the first of these cantatas, and



at once became a great favorite with these good people. In fact, since the parish had a fine solo quartet and a good chorus, one of the enthusiastic Vestrymen, who had a New York City client in church one Sunday morning, asked John Henry, before the Sunday came, if the choir could not please sing some of the "Crucifixion" music, as he wanted his friend to hear it. The fact that it was then in Eastertide didn't occur to said kindhearted and loyal layman who was much disappointed when John Henry found it impossible to say "Yes" to his request for a Lenten anthem during Eastertide.

Marie was deeply interested, in Chicago, in the "Mothers' Meeting," carried on, as has been stated in another chapter, by Mrs. Arthur Ryerson (whose husband went down in the *Titanic*) who remained a loyal friend to Marie for many years, during her subsequent Chicago life, and by Mrs. James L. Houghteling, Mrs. Peabody, and other kindhearted young matrons of St. James's Church at the parish's mission, St. John The Evangelist's on Clybourn Avenue, in the district commonly called "Little Hell." And Marie wanted to have such a meeting established in St. Joseph. The idea was a new one in Christ Church, but the women of the parish rallied promptly to Marie's leadership in this as in everything, and, after some efforts, and the overcoming of a number of difficulties, one of these Mothers' Meetings was established at St. Mark's mission, which little church building was a mile or so distant from Christ Church, and was often a part of the parish's work. The mothers came once a week, and sewed on the garments which were cut out by one of the parish committee, and the material was also provided by the committee. The women took the garments home with them when finished. There were always light refreshments, and usually there was an address, and, of course, the meetings included prayers. This gave a kind of "party" to these poor women once a week, and gave Marie and the other ladies who comprised the committee a chance to know these other women in a way that would have otherwise been almost impossible.

To begin to enumerate the charming women and the fine men who were the leaders of Christ Church parish one should hardly know where to stop, yet there are a few names and families which ought to be mentioned, because they stood out especially as co-workers and friends of the Rector and his wife. Some of them could be counted as very dear friends for more than thirty-five years after their first meeting. There was John R. Richardson, the Senior Warden, and his large family, including his three sisters-in-law, the Misses Ferguson. Mr. Richardson was the head of the Sommer-Richardson Candy Factory and Biscuit Factory, in St. Joseph, and his work was so successful that the National Biscuit Company finally induced him to merge with them, and to become their vice-president. This finally took him and his to Chi-

cago, where they at times were among the parishioners in John Henry's church in that great city. Mr. Richardson was a Virginian, and his father, Col. Richardson, was still living when the Hopkinses reached St. Joseph. Col. Richardson had married twice, and there were many children. In fact the youngest of these children were almost of the same ages as Mr. and Mrs. John D.'s own children, in some cases. This made a large and most interesting family. Christmas at the Richardsons' was a feast to be long remembered. The whole family was devoted to the Church, and it was a great stimulus to John Henry to find so able a business man as Mr. Richardson always so earnestly and generously devoted to our Lord and to the things of religion. Col. Richardson was well along in years in 1895, and the whole family gave to Marie and John Henry their strong support, and eventually their real affection.

Though their Churchmanship was that of Virginia, both positively and negatively, John Henry made every consistent effort to make them feel at home under his administration. For instance, when he found that the parish had been using common bread, with yeast, for the Holy Communion, with all the real if unintended irreverence consequent upon crumbling, as well as with the objectionable symbolism of yeast (though the Eastern Church in Europe uses leavened bread in the Holy Eucharist), John Henry went straight to Col. Richardson, when the time had come for the parish to conform to Western usage and to establish the use of unleavened bread, and offered to consecrate the common bread for him, if he so preferred. The old gentleman soon afterwards died, so that this plan was not necessary for a long time. It worked well, however, while needed.

Then there was the Lemon family. Mrs. Lemon was a dainty and graceful matron, with several children, all of whom were well brought up in the Church. Mrs. Lemon lived in a large and hospitable home, and it was the scene of many gracious social gatherings, formal and informal. Mrs. Lemon was a real daughter of the South, and had never had an American flag in her home. When, however, after the Spanish-American War, there seemed to be a nation-wide approachment between Southerners and the rest of the nation, Mrs. Lemon invited Marie and John Henry to dinner one evening, and little Lettie Lemon was asked by her mother to go to the piano and play as soon as they arrived. For some reason John Henry did not recognize that she was playing Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" (the composition which Sousa said he would like to hear played at the moment of his own death), and Mrs. Lemon was much grieved that her guests did not appreciate more thoroughly her deepened patriotism! She also had bought a real United States flag for her house that evening, and the nation from that moment should have felt more like a unit than ever before, for Mrs. Lemon, though a most

considerate and gracious lady, was nevertheless most rigid in her convictions, though she might never mention them.

Then there was Louis Motter, who was a Vestryman, and whose large family was connected with many in the parish. Mr. Motter was the "sugar man" in the large wholesale grocery house of Nave and McCord, and he was one of John Henry's devoted friends. Of course a Low Churchman, as were most of Christ Church's parishioners, yet he accepted the atmosphere and leadership which his young Rector and wife gradually disseminated throughout the parish, and he was most reliable in every way. He formed a real friendship for Marie and John Henry, and long after they left for Chicago he kept them informed concerning all of the important pieces of personal news which centered around their former parishioners. A little girl, Olivia Calhoun Motter, was born during this Rectorate, and nothing would do but that Marie and John Henry should be her God-parents. Through his influence with the railroads, he usually secured passes for his Rector and wife all the way to and from Grand Isle, when vacation travel was in order. He was greatly interested in the improvement of the music which Mrs. Lyon and her co-workers made during these years, and all in all was a very valuable member of both the parish and the Vestry.

One of his connections was Joshua Motter, junior partner in the large firm of Tootle, Wheeler, and Motter, wholesale dry-goods jobbers, probably the largest concern in St. Joseph. He was possibly the richest member of Christ Church congregation. He was a definite helper in the work of "Christ Church Club," and on more than one occasion, at its meetings, he was the speaker of the evening.

One of the most extraordinary friendships formed by John Henry in St. Joseph was that given to him wholeheartedly by John Donovan. This typical Southern gentleman was one of the institutions of St. Joseph. He was born in the city. He had married into one of the other old families, and had been engaged in various kinds of business. He was one of the men who went to Church now and then, but he had never been confirmed, and he was not confirmed during John Henry's Rectorate. He came up to the Rectory one day, and spent more than an hour with John Henry, telling him the story of much of his life. It was very interesting, and showed a man of large heart, and a high sense of honor. Something about slim John Henry made this Southerner feel that the young Rector was a fairly manly man, in spite of the round collar. And subsequent events proved that there was real friendship existing between the two men who were in so many points utterly dissimilar.

The first thing that brought this home to Marie and John was a surprising event which owed its origin, development, and conclusion to John Donovan. John Henry was an enthusiastic bicycler, and had



been from even before his college days. All in all he must have ridden some kind of a wheel for over seventeen years as he afterwards found out to his sorrow, in later life. But the good Southerners of St. Joseph were mortally afraid that their Rector would take it into his head to do his parish visiting on a bicycle. This was quite earnestly deprecated by these dear people, who took their cues in general from the doings and ways of life obtaining in "Old Virginny" before the war. So John Donovan, unbeknown to Marie and John Henry, went about St. Joseph and raised money enough to buy a nice-looking black horse, a good-looking phaeton, and a set of harness which promised to last some time, and one bright day he turned up at the Rectory in this attractive rig, and presented it to Marie and John Henry from their friends. He had also struck a bargain with the livery-stable man, whose concern was just across the street from Christ Church, to give "Jimmy," as the horse was called, a box-stall for about \$13 a month, which was a large reduction from the current rates. So the days of day-bicycling for John Henry were definitely postponed, and he and Marie rejoiced in their new equipage and their good looking little horse.

The only drawback about this utterly unexpected deed of kindness was that the margin of about \$13 a month was all that even the thrift of the young couple in the Rectory could manage to save, and the only way they could save a cent from their income was by dispensing with Jimmy and his phaeton for some weeks, now and then, and by boarding Jimmy out in the country with some farmer, for a very small sum per week. All the same, this generous and helpful gift was a great boon, and many a delightful drive did the young people have about St. Joseph and its environs, besides the rides involved in the parish calling. Alas! however, for John Henry's bicycling. The only way he could get astride of a wheel was by donning a disguise costume, at night, and pulling an old hat down over his eyes, and by renting a wheel from a discreet dealer who knew when to keep silence. These sequestered rides around St. Joseph at night did not often take place, but once in a while, when the inveterate devotee of the wheel simply couldn't resist the appeal any longer, he would dress up for the outing, and at night dash around the narrow streets of the old city to his heart's—and feet's—content.

Jimmy, however, became a favorite member of the family at 207 N. Seventh street (that was the Rectory's number), and it was with a real pang that they sold him, and what was left of the phaeton, when the time came finally for them to move back to big Chicago. Their box of historical kodaks contains several snapshots of this intelligent horse, who soon found out that he could impose upon his driver and owner, John Henry not being skilled in getting the best out of any horse. The little beast was fond of sugar, and would "shake hands" in his box-stall

whenever his master came along with a lump of the article. He was also fond of music, and since the big organ of Christ Church was right opposite his stall, he would put his head out and wag it around approvingly when John Henry would go into the church, turn on the electricity, and whang away at the three manuals for a while. But Jimmy finally became completely spoiled, and it is hoped that his purchaser, in April, 1899, was able to get more out of him than the round-collared and indulgent friend, to whom he was given through Mr. Donovan's kindness, had been able to get.

Mr. Donovan did much more, however, for John Henry and the parish than to procure this outfit and to avoid the scandal of daylight wheeling. The Easter offering at Christ Church, in palmy times and generous periods of parochial coöperation, had sometimes amounted to \$700 or more. Mr. Donovan was not satisfied with this. He went around among the well-to-do people of the parish, on his own initiative, and induced nineteen of them to give \$100 apiece towards the Easter offering, which was to make a beginning on the task of paying off the old Rectory debt. The result was an offering of about \$3,500 which was such an achievement that it reverberated up and down the Episcopal corridors of the Middle-west with astonishing echoes.

The parish had never paid one cent on the \$6,000 debt incurred when the Rectory was built. They had paid out in interest more than the amount of the original principal. The good work thus begun went on until not only this debt was entirely paid off, by this and subsequent large Easter offerings, but other deeds of beautification and adornment and improvement were added. And the results were such an improvement in the plant that real exultation followed.

One of the dearest friends of Marie's in the parish came to John Henry and under the pledge of strictest secrecy gave him the sum of \$1,500 to have the east wall of the church enlarged, as far as the lot would permit, into an apsidal chancel. This was to be in memory of her husband, though this was not to be known by the congregation. It is now known that this generous donor was Mrs. Marlow, and at this writing this dear lady is living in Los Angeles, in greatly reduced circumstances, and is still devoted to the church, and occasionally Marie and John Henry have heard from her by letter. The task of building this new chancel was most welcome to John Henry. He deposited the money in a bank under his own name, and drew all the checks himself for the bills as they came due. This was done, of course, in order to protect Mrs. Marlow's anonymous kindness.

Then there came one of the most interesting incidents of their St. Joseph life. There was now the chance for a large chancel window of stained glass. The good women of the parish had scraped together a



fund of about \$600 for a window of stained glass. Like the \$2,000 fund collected in previous years for the organ that was to be, there was a definite limit to this \$600. Not another dollar was collected, by even the utmost efforts. And, to add zest to the situation, the suggestion was promptly made from a very influential quarter of the parish, without any consultation with John Henry, that a certain subject, quite out of place in a chancel window, should be chosen. This unexpected proposition at once told John Henry that he was up against a real parish situation, which had to be handled just right, or it would develop into the kind of parochial dynamite that makes definite trouble. Marie of course helped him out with one of her bright suggestions. There was another side to this trouble, too, in that the space to be covered was large enough for a \$5,000 window, and they had just \$600. So correspondence was begun, not with the most expensive dealers in the choicest stained glass, but with those good Samaritans who help out limited parochial funds with at least some kind of workmanship and artistry. One firm was at last found who agreed to fill the space for \$600. Then John Henry began to think as well as to work. And Marie helped him as usual. The whole parish was talking about the chancel and its window, and that at least gave a leverage and an opportunity. John Henry said everywhere that the chancel was devoted to that part of Church worship which specified reference to our Lord's "Blessed Passion and Precious Death, His Mighty Resurrection and Glorious Ascension." That at once settled the question about the subject of the windows. Then John Henry reminded his people that the theme talked about during our Lord's Mystic Transfiguration, according to St. Luke, was the "Exodus at Jerusalem." Thus a picture of the Transfiguration would be eminently suitable for the chancel window. He then reminded his people that Raphael's "Transfiguration" was considered to be one of the greatest paintings in the world. And he sent on to the above firm for their best sketch in colors of the upper part of Raphael's masterpiece. The artist did a good piece of work, and then Marie stepped into the enterprise. She gave an afternoon tea at the Rectory, and invited all of the parishioners interested, and then was exhibited the artist's drawing of the Transfiguration. In the meantime John Henry had called at the homes of most of the leading parishioners and had asked them if they would be willing to help him and the parish in this emergency, by going to the Rectory at this tea, and by examining carefully the artist's drawing of Raphael's celebrated theme, and, if it appealed to them (and he explained to them in turn why the theme was supremely suitable for a chancel window) they were then to say to every one they met at this tea that the Raphael picture would be a great addition to St. Joseph's stained glass, and that they admired the artist's setting of the picture.

When the good people who had volunteered the other suggestion at the outset found such an array of opinion surging in the direction of the Raphael picture, they were gracious and loyal enough to retire gracefully and without any commotion, for which goodness John Henry thanked them, silently, from the bottom of his heart. He always dreaded anything that even hinted at a "parish row," and he but rarely was troubled in any parish with this particular species of diabolism.

There was other trouble, however, besides that of the theme. The space to be covered was so large, and the sum available was so small, that no firm could have afforded a very expensive grade of glass or of work. So Marie and John Henry were more grateful for the devotional correctness of the window than for the quality of stained glass which was actually installed. The workmen had a very difficult time placing the large and heavy window in the frame, and at one moment John Henry feared that it would all go helplessly to smash in the installing process. Fortune favored us, however, and by a very narrow margin the big window was successfully installed, in the sequel.

Then other parishioners fell into line, and a number of really beautiful additions were made to the ornaments of the fine old church. The Richardson family gave a very handsome Processional Cross. Another parishioner gave a brass Altar rail. A third family gave a fine brass pulpit. Others gave brass alms basins, and one evening Bishop Atwill came up from Kansas City, and in a rarely beautiful and well-arranged service blessed the new chancel, the window, the Processional Cross, the pulpit, the alms basins, and the Altar rail, and preached an eloquent sermon thanking the congregation for their great generosity in thus adorning the church.

One more item of this vivid and interesting St. Joseph Rectorate should by all means be mentioned. It concerns the decision on the part of one of the bright young men of the parish to study for the Priesthood. In the choir, and in the Brotherhood of St. Andrew chapter, was a young man of twenty, named Erle Homer Merriman. His father was one of the officials of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Division of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, commonly called the "Burlington." His mother had died a number of years before this Rectorate began, and before it closed his father died also, leaving to Erle a small amount of money. It was enough to support him for a year or so. His work was that of a helper in the St. Joseph Public Library, where he had been employed since graduating from the local high school. Erle had a good voice, and was an unusually acceptable Lay Reader. One day in Lent John Henry's miserable throat went back on him, as was its wont at many inconvenient times, and he sent to the library for Erle, asking him please to read the Lenten Evensong for him. This he did, and did

it so well that everyone was pleased. It was then that the thought occurred to John Henry that this young man might answer "Yes" to a call to the Holy Ministry, and he spoke to him very quietly and earnestly about it. At first Erle said "No," and soon after that he was called to Buffalo, New York, to a better position there in the big public library. John Henry was disappointed, but kept the plan in frequent prayer.

One day, early in the Epiphany season, he was gladdened by receiving a letter from Erle, stating that he wanted to study for the Priesthood after all. John Henry had him return at once to his stepmother's home in St. Joseph, where Erle's little patrimony paid his modest expenses for six months, during which time John Henry tutored him for one hour each week-day, in those studies which the canons of the Church then required from all men who wished to be admitted as Candidates for Holy Orders, and who had not achieved a B.A. degree in some college. These studies were history, logic, philosophy, New Testament Greek, and the Bible in English. Erle made remarkable progress. He was and still is a born student. He began New Testament Greek Grammar on February 1st, and in sixty days he was translating the Acts of the Apostles from the Greek Testament, having mastered in that almost incredibly brief time all the declensions of nouns and adjectives, all the conjugations of verbs, regular, contracted, and verbs in "Mi," and the irregular verbs of the New Testament. At the same time he was studying logic and some of the other subjects outlined above. He went to the General Theological Seminary that fall, and went straight to the head of his class, where he remained for the three years, taking Latin also and adding a fourth year of graduate study. John Henry secured for him a place in the choir at St. Thomas's Church, New York, through the kindness of Dr. Stires, then Rector, and he thus paid his way through the seminary.

Another important event in their St. Joseph life was the long visit which Marie's sister, Charlotte Williams Graves, paid to her during her second or third year in that Rectory. At once Charlotte's brilliant social graces took the fancy of the St. Joseph people, and she had a fine time with these delightful women and men, including a number who were not members of Christ Church parish. Those were days when Charlotte sang a good deal, and her dash and verve carried all before her, whenever she thus warbled. John Henry did his best to accompany her on the piano, and at Marie's Rectory functions the "youngest Graves girl" often added thus an especial note to the varied programmes. At this time there was a young army officer stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, about forty miles from St. Joseph, and his name was then and still is Lincoln C. Andrews. He soon found the way to the Rectory, and



the only stipulation which John Henry made concerning the numerous visits thus scheduled in the parlors and living room was that when it came to Sunday evening, and Christ Church, next to the Rectory, was lighted up for the regular evening service, Lieut. Andrews, who was reared a Methodist, and Charlotte, who never cared very much for an extra allowance of church-going anyway, should *not* have the lights burning in the Rectory parlors on those evenings when they did not attend the Church service. There was no objection whatever to this simple regulation, for the only evening in the seven that the Rectory was not lighted up, front and rear rooms alike, was when Marie and John Henry were in the church at the services. Just when Charlotte and "Linny," as we always affectionately called him in after years, effected their engagement, this writer does not know. But he is of the opinion that the plans were laid very clearly, so far as Lincoln C. Andrews is concerned, during this memorable visit of Charlotte's to her sister Marie in old "St. Joe."

And another item in their St. Joseph life should be chronicled because so unusual. This concerns John Henry more than Marie, but it ought not to be omitted in this story. The Masonic Fraternity had admitted him to the Blue Lodge in Atchison, Kansas, and his friends had seen that the degrees cost him nothing. In St. Joseph he was also given, by similar kindness, as has been said, the degrees of the Chapter and of the Commandery of Knights Templar, and he became the prelate of his Commandery before the time came to return to Chicago. Most of his leading male parishioners were Knights Templar, and he found himself among friends from the start. This was the period of the Spanish-American War, and during the years previous to its outbreak John Henry had been appointed Chaplain of the Fourth Regiment of the Missouri National Guard, with the title of Captain. His commission from the Secretary of State is dated June 28, 1897, and this document still adorns the home at Twenty Acres, in Grand Isle, Vermont. Marie and Chaplain Hopkins attended only one encampment of their regiment, and this took place at Moberly, Missouri, in August of 1898, as nearly as the writer can now recall. They went to Moberly on their way back from their vacation in the East, which, as always, was spent with the Graves family.

Well, Moberly cannot be called a town of immense natural beauty, but it was central for the members of the Fourth Regiment, National Guard, of Missouri, and it had a hotel, and outside the town it had a good drill ground and encampment space. Marie and John Henry took a room at the hotel, and the only one they could find was over the bar-room, two stories up, which, in those pre-Volstead days in Missouri meant something very definite. The Colonel of the Regiment, Col.

Corby, was a St. Joseph resident, and a genial gentleman indeed. He and his wife were very courteous to the Rectory people, and every afternoon there was a more or less informal gathering of a social character near the Headquarters and the Colonel's tent. John Henry's duties were not numerous or onerous, but he had to hold "Chapel" in the open air, for a few minutes at 6 o'clock each morning of the encampment. He walked out the two miles from the hotel to the drill-ground, and the officers and men spread themselves out in a parade-line near the center of the field. The service was, of course, short, and the address very short. The attendance was voluntary, but there seemed to be a matter of principle involved, and most of the men attended. Of course everyone knows what a National Guard encampment is, and as it happened, each morning some one man in the lines would keel over and faint during the brief service. This was caused, one may suppose, by some doings the night before which were not down in the military schedule. The regiment was very much amused at this, and before the week closed it became a current slogan around the camp that "the Chaplain got his man every day, sure!"

There were two unusually exciting events connected with this week, so far as Marie and John Henry were concerned. One centered in the fact that the West Point graduate army Lieutenant deputed by the War Department to attend this encampment officially on the part of the Government, and to supervise the drills, got gloriously drunk almost daily. This did not matter so much to the officers, until one afternoon he felt socially inclined, while deep in his cups, and he sauntered around to Col. Corby's Headquarters, where Marie and a number of other ladies connected with the encampment were enjoying each other's company. The befuddled Lieutenant began to converse with these ladies. Somehow the Colonel put a stop to it as soon as possible, but the Chaplain of the Regiment was angered almost beyond control. He wondered what or how he could prevent a recurrence of this indignity, when it suddenly flashed upon him that he, being a Captain, "ranked" this Government official and Regular Army man, who was only a Lieutenant. So the Captain of six weeks' service laid wait for said West Point graduate and Lieutenant outside the bar-room of the hotel, and when said subordinate officer sallied forth, very much the worse for his stay within said bar-room, he was greeted with the following stern and military remark: "Look here, Lieutenant: I am a Captain. If you dare to approach my wife again while you are drunk, I will have you disciplined to the very utmost of the military regulations." This perfectly unexpected attack from one who had been entirely a mere civilian only a few weeks previous made said Regular Army officer so mad that he sobered up at once, and we had no more trouble at Headquarters while he was fresh from



the bar-room. The incident caused some merriment in the vicinity of Headquarters.

The other exciting event was the Dress Parade, when the Captain-Chaplain had to ride with the other officers in full view of their wives, and of his wife, of all the assembled population of Moberly and parts adjacent, as well as of the entire Fourth Regiment, N. G. M. It wouldn't have been so funny, for John Henry was not entirely unaccustomed to horseback-riding, had he had anything of a mount, but when he found that an old white farm-horse, who had never heard anything more alarming than the village band, was assigned to him, with a saddle that was too small, and stirrups that were too short, he did what he could to make the situation as grave and dignified as military parades are supposed to be. He can't chronicle that the sequel was a glittering success, but he is sure of one thing, namely, that that particular old white farm-horse never had quite such a time before, and probably never had again. Somehow he got through without being censured by the tipsy West Pointer in charge of the supervision of drills. It was awfully funny and quite entertaining, as a whole. Marie enjoyed the exhibition keenly.

The closing evening of the camp, in spite of it being Friday night, was signalized by a military ball in the largest hall in Moberly. It was not a very big place, and it was crowded, of course, on such an occasion. The band was Pryor's, from St. Joseph (one of the famous bands in that part of the nation), and it numbered some fifty pieces. To have had that many players on brass instruments and drums and clarinettes thunder away in a large city hall would have been an occasion when fortissimos ruled, but the experience of having this immense mass of sound roaring into one's ears on a hot August evening in that small and crowded hall was something so overwhelming that memory rather reels and throbs when recalling it! Conversation was absolutely impossible, except when the band took a rest. And those who danced seemed to feel that the hurricane of blasts sent them whirling around the room at top speed all the time. It was a wonderful conclusion to a week of military and social events.

It might be well to record at this time another event of interest. At the Diocesan Convention of that year, 1898, John Henry was elected one of the deputies from West Missouri to the thirty-ninth General Convention of the Church, which was held in Washington in October. This, of course, was his first General Convention. He was greatly excited at what he then considered a great privilege and honor. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Old Trinity, New York, was the president of the House of Deputies. Marie and John Henry left St. Joseph for Washington about the first of October. They had to pass through Chicago, as they changed cars from the "Burlington" road to the Baltimore

and Ohio. They had to spend nearly all that day in Chicago, and some of the evening besides between trains.

Almost every summer since 1893, when they went to the Missouri Valley from St. James's, Chicago, they had been able to take a vacation in Vermont, and had therefore passed repeatedly through the metropolis of the Mid-west. Each time they had made a pilgrimage to St. James's Church, and had called on one or two at least of their especial friends in that parish. Always they had been made welcome, but, they had never been called back to Chicago. Several Chicago parishes had fallen vacant during the five and one-half years of their residence in Atchison and St. Joseph, but not one line had been officially sent to John Henry, even suggesting a return to the big city.

So, on this General Convention trip, Marie and he agreed that they would not further trespass upon the time of any Chicagoans, but would occupy their several hours between trains just as any strangers would do in their position. If no one in Chicago wanted them back, they didn't want to impose upon anybody to whom they meant so little. So after checking their grips, they sallied forth to find some entertainment besides calling on St. James's parishioners.

They found plenty. They took their luncheon at Rothschild's, where they were fairly certain not to run across any such North Side people. In the early evening they took a long street-car ride out west, to the Des Plaines River. It was the heyday of bicycling. Garfield Park, on the great West Side, was filled with wheelmen and wheelwomen, each machine having its tiny little light, and the park seemed filled with glow-worms or fire-flies, from the distance of the occupants of the Madison street cable cars.

As the return trip nearly ended, and the car approached Ashland Boulevard, John Henry remarked that "there is a Church of The Epiphany somewhere near this part of West Madison street, though I don't know just where it is. I was there only twice during our St. James's residence—once to preach a Lenten sermon in the evening, and once when the splendid new Farrant and Votey pipe organ was opened by a great service and recital." Of course he knew the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Theodore N. Morrison, who was one of Chicago's older clergy, and who had a kindly word for the younger ones as they came along, but he knew nobody else in the parish. The remark was simply made in passing, as their street car sped on its east-bound way towards the Loop. In view of what so soon came to pass, and so very unexpectedly, this remark is worthy of more than transient notice.

The young deputy and his wife finally reached Washington, and were initiated into the ways of the General Convention. They afterwards attended six other of these Conventions, John Henry being a deputy at

five others, and Marie a Woman's Auxiliary delegate at one besides, namely that at Boston in 1904. Space will not permit much further mention of this experience at Washington, beyond referring to the principal debate of the gathering, which centered around the celebrated "Huntington Amendment" to the constitution of the Church. Dr. Huntington of New York City was a devotee of a plan by which the Church might approach the Congregationalists and others with the idea of union. This seems a fabulously strange proposition, and from the start it antagonized all of John Henry's deepest principles of Churchmanship, but it dogged the steps of the General Convention in one form or another until after 1919, and at Washington in 1898 it was to the fore most emphatically. For four days the debate raged eagerly in the House of Deputies. John Henry sat, of course, with the West Missouri delegation, and their seats happened to be way back, as far as possible from the Speaker's chair. It took him four days to get the floor, and he had it then for only three minutes. In those minutes, however, he made it clear that he could not follow at all the leadership of good Dr. Huntington. This annoyed Dr. Huntington so much that he sent for John Henry one noon, and as the two walked around Washington during the mid-day recess, the good Doctor used every possible argument to bring the younger clergyman into line. He even went so far as to remind John Henry that he, at Deaconess Gardner's request, had sent to the young Priest the sum of about \$1,500 from Grace Church, New York, to pay off the debt then resting on Holy Trinity Church, St. Joseph (the two congregations of Holy Trinity and Christ Church were at the time in charge of John Henry as "Rector in St. Joseph"). This was done, of course, not as a favor to him or to anyone but Deaconess Gardner, then one of Grace Church's staff, whose husband had been in charge of Holy Trinity when that debt had been contracted. All the same, it was used as an argument by this good man, which only shows how far a fine and gentlemanly clergyman can forget himself in the heat of theological argument, at times. At all the subsequent General Conventions which had to give time to the "Huntington Amendment," John Henry usually got the floor once, anyway, in opposition thereto. Dr. Huntington was deeply offended with him for this, and at times was almost brusque. Nevertheless, the sequel has clearly shown that this whole scheme was abortive and largely impossible, and the movement is almost as dead now (1932) as the dodo.

During the Convention's period of meeting in Washington, Marie and John Henry were present at the laying of the cornerstone of the great Washington Cathedral, and also at the brilliant reception which President and Mrs. McKinley gave to the whole Convention at the White House. There were sermons by distinguished Bishops which they



heard, and some which they didn't hear. One Sunday evening they journeyed all the way to Georgetown to hear Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles, who was announced to preach there, but who didn't. The visitors from West Missouri were interested in Bishop Johnson because he had at one time invited John Henry to be his Dean at the Los Angeles Cathedral, though the very kind invitation was not accepted. Well, these visitors arrived a little late at the Georgetown church, which was an old-fashioned one, and as they crept quietly into a back seat, one of the ushers tiptoed up to them and asked in a whisper: "Be you Bishop Johnson?" So they stayed until the short service was finished, offertory and all. They then took the street car back to Washington, and went to another church, where they arrived just in time for the offering. That made their second offering that evening. Dismayed, they finally found themselves close to The Church of The Ascension, where Frank E. Camp, John Henry's favorite cousin (who played the organ for their wedding in Burlington), was the organist. They reached that good-sized church just in time for their third offering of that eventful Sunday evening. John Henry was so moved by this threefold opportunity that he made his way to the organ console, and shoved his cousin from the bench, so that he himself might have something to kick. He kicked the pedals quite a lot, on the full organ, and felt somewhat relieved, though probably not quite as much relieved as his pocketbook had been by the rather unusual appeal of three offerings on one Sunday evening!

So their varied fortnight in Washington wended its ecclesiastical way, their experiences including a visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Congressional Library (which they stumbled upon one evening, in all the brilliance of its then new and marbled corridors), and to Mount Vernon, of course, on one of the free afternoons of the Convention period.

John Henry was nearly arrested in the White House grounds for riding a rented bicycle a bit faster than the law, as he discovered, was willing to allow. The policeman shouted after him, "Hi! Young Man! Do you want to spend the night in the cooler?" The wheel-enthusiast replied in the negative, and moderated his pace. His companion on several of these bicycling outings was the Rev. Dr. E. S. Lines, afterwards Bishop of Newark for nearly twenty-five years. Dr. Lines was some sixteen years older than his Missouri colleague in wheeling, but it was also his favorite form of post-Convention-sessions' exercise. The two deputies found themselves near each other during the at times wearisome sessions of the House, and very early in their mutual propinquity they discovered their attachments to the wheel.

Marie found much to interest her at the Woman's Auxiliary headquarters during the Convention, though she had no idea at that time that

she would ever be the leading Auxiliary president of the Middle-west for nine long and wonderfully active years. Of this more later on.

The time soon came for the adjournment of the General Convention, and Marie and her husband set forth to return *via* Chicago to their home and work in St. Joseph. When they reached Chicago, they found that their money was almost exhausted. This was something unusual for them, for both of them kept track of income and outgo with that mingling of care and thrift which always has a margin and is never "broke." Of course they had plenty of friends in Chicago who would have cashed a check, or even have loaned them money, but they thought of a more entertaining way than that to meet this unusual emergency. A year or two before they had read in one of the magazines about Professor Wyckoff, who had donned the garments of a "hobo" and had set forth from an Eastern college for some months' trial of what it means to be a tramp, seeking work. He had written up a very interesting series of articles, which made quite a sensation, the nation over. Marie suggested, referring to Professor Wyckoff's experiences, that she and John Henry "tackle" Chicago on the basis of the very slender sum which they suddenly found that Washington and the Convention had left in their purses. He agreed, and since they had to spend a day and a night before setting out for St. Joseph they made their plans accordingly.

Their first step, however, into "Broke-land" filled them with a little dismay. It was raining, and Marie had to buy a pair of rubbers just as soon as the train pulled into the big station on Polk street. This left their balance more attenuated than ever, and added to the excitement of "tackling" Chicago. They checked their grips, and sallied forth to find some place where they could pass a good deal of time without spending any money. Fortunately the Art Institute was open free, as it is on certain week-days, and at once they hied thither. They went to a very inexpensive luncheon so far as they were concerned. It was at Marshall Field's. They went to this great store in the latter part of the morning, and there they ran across one of the wealthiest women in St. Joseph, who very graciously invited them to be her guests at luncheon. They followed her lead and ordered a luncheon which would have been far out of their reach even had they been as flush as usual. They paid their hostess the compliment of not economizing as her guests, which was what she wished them to do. The afternoon soon passed, and when evening came they took gallery seats in the theatre, at "Secret Service," a very interesting Civil War play.

When they had finished their luncheon, in the early afternoon, John Henry had gone around among the hotels to see if they could get a room for the two of them for two dollars. He had bad luck in this, for the only hotel which had such a room was one which also sported "lady barbers."



He was unwilling to follow Wyckoff far enough to take Marie to a hotel in Chicago where there were "lady barbers," so they swallowed their disappointment and went to a friend in St. James's parish who made her living by renting rooms. This kind lady, of course, wanted them to be her guests, but they explained that they were "bucking" Chicago, and flatly refused to be anything but paying guests. So she let them have a room in one of her rooming houses for two dollars, and then they went to the theatre, as was said above.

The fun came after the theatre closed, for when they then went to the station to get their grips they found the check-room closed and locked up for the night! So they made the best of the situation, and took the street car for their North Side rooming house, without any of the usual conveniences for sleep, hair-fixing, shaving, or the like. When the morning came, John Henry got up and foraged among the neighboring grocery stores for something like a cracker-and-fruit breakfast, which was devoured at once. He then took the car for the grips and about 11 A.M. he and Marie were not only visible but presentable. They took the evening train for St. Joseph, quite satisfied with "tackling" Chicago the next time with a sufficiently filled purse. So ended the trip to Washington and their first General Convention!

They returned to a puzzling and disappointing fall in their parish life. John Henry did not know as much about human nature, organized parochially, in that early stage of their life-work together, as he subsequently learned. He found, as the fall weeks progressed, that there was what he felt to be a spirit of comparative lethargy, almost everywhere in the parish. The services were fairly attended, but there seemed to be lacking the zest and verve which had marked the second and third years of their St. Joseph residence. This oppressed him deeply, and Marie felt it, too, to some extent.

They had never been more than twenty-seven months in any other parochial work up to this time. They might have recognized that in a closely-knit community like St. Joseph, where people knew each other so very well, there would naturally follow, after such an unprecedented time of giving and working as they had all enjoyed during the two middle years of this Rectorship, a period of comparative calm and quiet. And this period would not mean that their work in St. Joseph was finished, or that the people had wearied a little of their active leadership, but only that said good people were taking a well-earned rest. This proved to be the fact, in the sequel, but John Henry did not recognize it, as the fall dragged along.

The parish had started and supported his first parish paper, and the advertisers had generously enabled him to distribute it free among the people. Marie and he were never without a parish paper during all the

rest of their work together. The routine work went on smoothly enough, but the spirit of intense and eager progress was quite evidently lacking, on the return from the General Convention.

Holy Trinity Church, as has been said, in the southern part of the city, had been placed under his charge, with money enough to enable him to call an Assistant, the Rev. Arthur R. Price, afterwards of Louisiana, and to place him, with the coöperation of Bishop Atwill, in charge of the work at Holy Trinity, and at one other mission.

Marie and John Henry had gone to Trenton, Missouri, for a three or four days' meeting of the deanery of that part of the diocese, and she had made herself so delightfully welcome, as they were entertained in the home of a locomotive engineer, who extremely disliked all Ministers, that said engineer invited them both to come to his locomotive and look it over. (During the subsequent year he began to take real interest in the Church.) Marie had been able to make his deaf wife hear her voice, and it was the first voice the poor woman had heard for many years. This took place in January, in bitter weather, and the room which was assigned them was two rooms from the only fire in the house. This is no reflection on the hospitality of these good people. They lived that way themselves. It was their best, and it was accepted on that basis. All these events told of the varied and rich opportunities and kindnesses of their St. Joseph life, and yet, as has been said, there was no mistaking the somewhat oppressive spirit of quiet in Christ Church, during that fall and Advent.

When, therefore, like a "bolt from the blue," there came a thundering call from Chicago, soon after the return from the Trenton deanery meeting, it simply took away the breath from them both.

The Rev. Dr. T. N. Morrison, who had been for twenty-two years Rector of The Church of The Epiphany, Ashland Boulevard and West Adams street, Chicago, had built up a congregation of some 900 communicants, and had led them to erect the very beautiful church at a cost of about \$100,000 (and money was worth something in those distant days), had been elected Bishop of Iowa. There were seventy-five Priests who applied or were suggested for the Rectorship which he was to vacate. The church was one of four that were starred in Baedeker's "Chicago" as worth a tourist's visit for their architectural beauty. The style was Byzantine, and a son of Chicago's Bishop Whitehouse had been the architect. Mention has been made before of Epiphany's magnificent Farrant and Votey electric organ, which had been opened during the St. James's period of the young Priest and his wife. It was one of the first large American organs built with an electric action, and though in the face of the modern electric actions it seemed, later on, very clumsy and faulty (there being some thirty "diseases" which could cause "cipher-

ing"), yet it was a fine pioneer, and a credit to the diocese as well as the pride of the parish. It cost over \$13,000, though there were some payments still to be made when Bishop Morrison left for Iowa. The diapasons had a peculiar history, and are of unusual sonorousness and power. They are English in make, and were part of the old organ of St. James's Church, Chicago, when that parish substituted the fine Johnson organ then in use. This old organ of St. James's was bought by Epiphany parish, and Farrant and Votey kept the diapasons, and incorporated them into the new instrument. Diapasons, of course, are the distinguishing feature of organ tone, and Epiphany's noble instrument is supreme in this important item.

The parish was then fourth in size and strength in the diocese of Chicago. It was excelled in strength, if not altogether in numbers, by St. James's, Grace, and Trinity, but by none others. There was a debt of about \$7,000, which the Vestry had underwritten personally, so that the church had been consecrated before Dr. Morrison left. The parish also owned the house on Ashland Boulevard where Dr. Morrison's wife's family lived, and which he and his family had occupied as a Rectory. The elevated road had thrust their lines right next to this house, however, so that the parish did not ask Marie and John Henry to live there, but were willing to rent for them an apartment as part of the salary.

Epiphany's parish house was the first one built in the diocese of Chicago, and included a good-sized chapel in the first storey, seating about two hundred. This parish house was far too small for the needs of the parish, but this was not realized when it was built. The kitchen was in the basement, and there was no elevator. A small kitchen was placed on the top storey, in due time, but only to serve as an aid to the larger one. There was a superb volunteer choir of boys and men, sixty-five in number. Edward C. Lawton was choir-master, and Professor Francis Hemington, reared and taught in England, was organist. Charles A. Van Order was sexton. Neither Mr. Lawton nor Mr. Van Order were married and both men gave their entire time and devotion to their parts of the parish work. There was a good Brotherhood of St. Andrew chapter, and a Church Sunday school of about 350 officers and pupils. The Woman's Auxiliary was well organized, and there was a fine chapter of the Girls' Friendly Society. The Epiphany Guild and the Woman's Guild were also organized. There was no guild of Acolytes, but one of the Brotherhood men served the Rector at the early Celebrations. There was a fine-voiced Lay Reader, and the atmosphere of the parish was devoutly Protestant Episcopalian. The communicant life was nurtured by the Sunday 8 A.M. Celebration, which was poorly attended, and by 11 A.M. Celebrations on the "First Sundays," and great festivals which services were largely attended and used. Dr. Morrison



had introduced the linen chasuble, but he preached in it, and John Henry continued this unusual custom. The choir and clergy turned "east" only at the Creeds. There were no choral services. There were no lights on either Altar, church or chapel. There was but little difference between the order of services, and their appointments at Christ Church, St. Joseph, and the "use" of The Church of The Epiphany as Dr. Morrison left it, except that at St. Joseph John Henry had introduced the use of wafer Bread in the Holy Eucharist, whereas Epiphany parish continued to use yeast in their Bread. There was a good parish paper, called *The Epiphany*, which was published without expense to the parish, the advertisers generously willing to provide the money. There was no Assistant Priest, but the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Hall, of the Western Theological Seminary, assisted with the chalice at the 11 A.M. Celebrations on Sundays and the great festivals. Such was this fine parish when they called Marie and John Henry to lead them on.

John Henry's election was unanimous on the first ballot of the first available Vestry meeting after the majority of the Bishops and standing committees of the Church had consented to the Iowa election. Bishop McLaren also wrote to John Henry at the same time that the Vestry wrote to him, and hoped that he would accept the call. Marie and he accepted the invitation to go at once to Chicago to look over the parish and to be the guests of the Senior Warden and his wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Banks, and Miss Mary L. Banks. They went at once, and spent three very busy days and evenings in this unusual way. One of the evenings coincided with a dinner by the diocesan Church Club, and John Henry went with one of Epiphany's Vestry. The speaker that evening was Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, and John Henry noticed that one of his illustrations about the relationship of the Church to the Protestant denominations was one which had figured in his own confirmation instruction from the outset. Marie and John Henry returned to St. Joseph, very, very sorely puzzled as to their duty. There were so many reasons that they should stay in St. Joseph. They loved the people, and the people loved them. Their influence extended considerably beyond the membership of their parish, though that had now grown to fully 560 communicants. John Henry was a member of the Examining Chaplains of the diocese, and of its Board of Missions, and frequently he had to go to Kansas City (about fifty miles), to attend the meetings involved in this membership. There would never be any doubt as to his election to the General Convention, which would perhaps enable him to take some part in the work if not in the leadership of the Church's general committee work, as years advanced. The parish was out of debt, and thoroughly united and loyal. John Donovan came to the Rectory and told John Henry that he had become

a somewhat wealthy man during the previous year or two, inasmuch as he had induced some of the Chicago stock yards people to build and open in St. Joseph larger stock yards than they had ever had in the Missouri Valley outside of Kansas City and possibly Omaha. He said that he had no time to give to his charities, and that he had intended to give all of his charity money to John Henry's Rectors' fund, for him to disburse and to be responsible. If the Chicago call were accepted, of course, Mr. Donovan could not carry out this very attractive plan. Of all the decisions which Marie and he had to make in their parish life together, this was the most difficult and far reaching. As Dr. Cameron Mann, then Rector of Grace Church, Kansas City, Missouri, said, "There is a great difference between being a big toad in a little puddle and a little toad in a big puddle."

When the tired young people returned from this flying visit to Chicago, they went into the Rectory study. Marie lay down on the lounge, and John Henry paced the floor. They discussed every pro and con, as earnestly as possible. At the close the pro's and the con's were so equally balanced that a decision was well nigh impossible. What finally decided them to accept was the way in which this rather unusual call had come. Had there been any parleying or any visiting of Christ Church on the part of the Epiphany Vestry; had there been someone else called who had declined; or had there been any strong friend in Chicago, to their knowledge, pulling for them, it is probable that they would have stayed with their well-tried friends in St. Joseph. Or, again, had there not been any slump in the parish life at Christ Church, such as has been mentioned above, they would probably have stayed on in West Missouri. As it was, they finally, of course after much prayer and much mutual conference, decided to go to Chicago.

The Vestry of Christ Church were splendid about it. As far as the writer can recall, they would not accept his resignation officially, though they saw that duty called towards the great city. In this case, John Henry might still be called Rector of Christ Church, St. Joseph, in a sense, though he has never drawn any salary, nor has he interfered with the affairs of the parish. On the contrary he has prayed for its work every day since, as he has done for Calvary, New York, St. James's, Chicago, and Trinity, in Atchison, Kansas. Not much more remains to be said about the work in St. Joseph.

Earlier in their term of residence, the men of the parish had had some glimpses of their Rector's handwriting. In most cases one glimpse was enough to convince them that something must be done. The only thing they could think of that was practical, since he insisted on writing when he felt that it was necessary, was to give him a typewriting machine. This they very handsomely did, and it was a Remington Number



Six—in those days one of the “last words” in typing machines. He kept this until the year 1931, when he gave it to Julius Bluto, the family caretaker on Grand Isle, together with another machine of the same make and number, which he had subsequently bought in Chicago for five dollars, in order that Julius might have some “parts” for replacement as far as possible. Later on, Marie received in Chicago, during their Redeemer residence, from Mrs. Russell H. Thompson (an expert typist, and manager of Thompson and Co., Mimeographers), one of their devoted parishioners, a fine Underwood machine, and about the same time John Henry bought another Underwood, as the St. Joseph Remington was somewhat worn. Marie taught herself to write, as John Henry did himself in St. Joseph. Neither of them achieved a perfect technique, but she did better than he did considering the short time that she used her machine. His typing, however, thus began in St. Joseph, and his men friends made it possible, much to his appreciation. For many years in Chicago, later on, he found it out of his reach to use the machine for much letter-writing. This was because he had so much to do that he had to write with a pen while his left hand was busy with the telephone-receiver. He could not get through the average morning’s desk-work connected with the Redeemer parish unless he thus combined his letter-writing and his telephoning. His correspondents complained occasionally, not at all to his surprise, but he could not help them out by using his machine, most of the time. Of course, when it came to certain letters, and to all of the “copy” for the parish paper, and other printing, he had to let the telephoning go, and used his type-machine as best he could.

One most amusing experience comes to mind, as one chronicles their St. Joseph life. They stayed in the city all one summer, for some reason—probably because they had to go to Washington in October for the General Convention. The steeple of the church close by their Rectory home was struck twice by lightning during the severest thunderstorms of the summer. The damage was not extensive, but the impression on the darkies of the city was profound. “De Lawd mus’ be very mad wid dem ’Piscopals for some reason,” they agreed, though they never went so far as to give an opinion concerning what the reason might be.

Another somewhat singular experience comes to mind, concerning that final summer in the Missouri Valley. Their next door neighbors suddenly achieved a lot of chickens. Though it was in the very heart of the city, which then numbered nearly one hundred thousand population, there was no city ordinance forbidding people to raise chickens in their back yards. Well, there were two roosters with leathery lungs, and promptly at 3:15 A.M. every morning they saluted the dawn vociferously, thus awakening Marie and John Henry regularly some hours

before their usual time for rising. They inquired of several friends as to their chances for relief, and uniformly the replies were, "It is useless. You can't do anything but to leave town!" This they were not prepared at the time to do. Recalling some of the summer stories from the boyhood of Marie's brothers, George and Harmon, concerning bantams, etc., John Henry thought of advertising for at least two roosters who had never been "licked," so that he could rent them for a day or two and quietly drop them over the fence at 3:15 A.M. some crowing morn, trusting them to attend to the business in hand. This, however, was found impracticable, so they gave up their large and comfortable bedroom, and moved for the rest of the summer across the hall into a smaller room, which, however, was comparatively sound-proof. Thus they gained some rest.

In these informal memoirs little has been said about the religious side of the work, either in New York, Chicago at St. James's, Atchison, or in St. Joseph. Suffice it to say that the services of the Church as usually held by earnest "Low" Churchmen or "Moderate" Churchmen were the rule in all these parishes. There was the Holy Communion at 7:30 or 8 A.M. in them all on Sundays, and at 10 A.M. or some other "convenient" hour in the morning on Holy Days. Lenten seasons added both Morning and Evening Prayer, as a rule, with an address at the Evening Prayer, and an additional week-day Holy Communion on Thursdays or Fridays. There was an evening service with Bible class or address on Wednesdays or Fridays, for the most part. The 10:30 or 11 A.M. service on Sundays was usually Morning Prayer, with or without the "Ante-Communion" addition, and with sermon. Regularly on "the First Sunday" in each month, and on the greater festivals, it was a second Celebration, instead of Morning Prayer, usually with a larger number of communions by far than at the earlier hour. Evening Prayer with sermon followed at 4 or 7:30 P.M. There was some stress laid on Fasting Communion, but only the elect few paid much attention to this suggestion. There was little ornamentation of the sanctuary. The Altars were surmounted by Altar Crosses, and were adorned with flowers, but there were no "candles" in any of these parishes. There were no Eucharistic vestments, and the Priests except at Epiphany Church celebrated in cassock, cotta, and stole. There were colored stoles in them all except at Calvary and St. James's, where black was the rule, even on Easter Day, as far as is recalled.

John Henry's teaching of course tried to better all this, but he had not at this time been long enough in any place to feel that he ought to undertake the changes of ritual which his teaching implied, because it would have stirred up the Protestant Episcopalians. And this sad distraction was one which he carefully tried to avoid, unless it were

absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, there was real devotion to our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, though so imperfectly expressed, in all of these parishes, and Christ Church, St. Joseph, was chief among them.

During the almost four years of Marie's and John Henry's life there, she always received at the early Holy Eucharist, and never at a later hour. She always attended every public service on Sundays, and nearly always those on week days. She conducted Bible classes for women or girls, everywhere, and, as has been said, at the chapel in Atchison she was the organist (except at certain times with the tenor part in the hymns!). Thus the solid weight of her example was silently thrown along the lines of the deeper and more reverent Churchmanship, from the very start. This was of incalculable help to John Henry, and in nearly every case it was found possible by some of his successors to build, upon his foundation, more or less of the beautiful and historic ornamentation of the Church.

In missionary matters the work which afterwards appealed so deeply to the convictions and ideals of them both had not made much of an impression thus far. John Henry, as a seminary graduate of those distant days, had imbibed but a vague conception of the missionary idea. In fact, when they were in Atchison, he did not know anything about "the United Offering" of the Woman's Auxiliary. He also recalls with interest his amazement at finding out from leaflets which he hastily requested from 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, when obliging his Atchison women by preparing a paper on Japan, that Xavier had been in Japan, and that there had been a fearful persecution of the Christian converts which the enthusiast had won for Rome's conception of the Catholic Faith. He little knew how the whole missionary aspect of the Church would grip him, in later years. Marie, too, had no idea, when in St. Joseph, that she would be the diocesan president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Auxiliary for nearly twice as long as any other woman in its previous history (nine long and wonderful years), and that she would find the work so absorbing that for seven years of the nine she did not open her home for hospitality, nor have a meal in its dining room, but went out gladly in all kinds of weather to West Side Chicago boarding houses, with John Henry, for their food—just that she might devote every atom of her time and strength to the great work of the Auxiliary. Nevertheless, it is probable that, both in St. Joseph and in Atchison, the missionary record of their parish life was up to the average of that then obtaining in the Episcopal Church—which, we fear, isn't saying very much.

The devotional and statistical items of their work for these six years (in Atchison for twenty-seven months, and in St. Joseph for forty-five months) are as follows:



Baptisms, Atchison, 163. St. Joseph, 188. Of these, there were in Atchison 56 "Of Riper Years," and in St. Joseph, 41.

Confirmation candidates, in Atchison, 107, with 93 aged seventeen or over. In St. Joseph, 143, with 90 seventeen years old or over. In Atchison there were seventeen marriages, and in St. Joseph, forty-two. There were thirty-seven burials in Atchison and seventy-seven in St. Joseph. In Atchison John Henry adopted the rule which he learned through Dr. Satterlee, Rector of Calvary parish, New York, who gave him at Ordination time Dr. Hook's able little book called *The Parish Priest of the Town*. This rule was to divide up his parishioners' families into six or seven groups, so that each family might be kept in at least weekly intercessions by their Rector. This was no slight undertaking even with Atchison's original 220 communicants, who grew in numbers until there were 320 before their St. Joseph's work began. It was considerably more of an undertaking commencing with the 444 communicants in Christ Church, which list became 560 before the return to Chicago. It was found to be a large undertaking at Epiphany Church, where he began with about 900, and ran it up to 1,263 in the first five years. It was not so heavy a piece of devotional work at The Church of The Redeemer, when they began with about 500 communicants, but when that number grew until it was 1,137 it was again an exacting rule. It brought many blessings, however, and after his retirement John Henry kept it up as Rector Emeritus of the parish, until the terrible automobile collision with the Florida locomotive on Easter Day, 1932, of which more later on.

Just before the day came when they must start back to Chicago, the good people of Christ Church presented Marie and their Rector with a fine "chest" of silver, much of which they used regularly during the rest of their lives, when they had their dining room at home open and in use.

Finally the day came. It was Wednesday in Easter Week, April 5, 1899. There was a 10 A.M. Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at Christ Church, which was very largely attended, and it would have been difficult to tell which felt the solemnity of parting more, the good people of Christ Church or the young couple that felt it their duty to return to the great city whose challenge had lured them originally from New York and the East. Certainly there was deep feeling on both sides. The "Burlington" train for Chicago left at 5:30 P.M. Marie and John Henry took it with serious hearts, and tired nerves. It was a strange coincidence that just six years before on April 5, 1893, which was also Wednesday in Easter Week, they had boarded the train from Chicago to Atchison, as they left St. James's.

These six years had brimmed with all kinds of unexpected blessings,



and of opportunities for work, and it is safe to say that never a day passed, after that period closed, but found both of these parishes in the great Missouri Valley remembered in John Henry's prayers. Long years afterwards, when Marie met her 70th birthday (it was during their third year of retirement, when they were living at Grand Isle, Vermont), John Henry wrote to one or two of their former parishioners in both these parishes, telling them how pleased Marie would be if they could find any friends who remembered her enough to feel like sending her a birthday greeting. The mail was heavy with the kind and loving letters and beautiful cards which came to Marie as a response. Nearly every Christmas after 1898 somebody in Atchison or "St. Joe," or in both cities, would send cards of greeting to them, no matter how many Rectors had been with them since those brief but vivid six years came to their termination.

On the same train which they took for Chicago on the evening of April 5, 1899, John D. Richardson, Jr., their Senior Warden and warm friend, took his departure from St. Joseph, as he and his family were also moving to Chicago, where an exalted position in the National Biscuit Company awaited him. He and John Henry sat opposite to each other in the Pullman smoking room for a long time that evening, both of them so oppressed with the seriousness of their journey that neither of them spoke a word to the other for more than an hour!

These six years to a day that Marie and John Henry spent in the great Missouri Valley were in some respects the most fruitful and varied and useful, as well as interesting, of their whole vivid life-work together for Christ and His Church. The parochial atmospheres were much nearer the norm of most Episcopalian parishes than were those of the larger groups in New York and Chicago, where the rest of their years of work had been and were to be spent. The closeness which was thus possible between them and their people was deeply enjoyed. At the time they had not had enough experience with the larger parishes to note the difference. Yet there was a pull which the larger numbers and opportunities exerted that gave many compensations, as the next thirty years of their busy lives came and went.

They certainly were much blessed in their work, during these six over-busy years, and it was largely a surprise to them that they had found their two parishes in Kansas and Missouri alive with so many opportunities, and blessed by such results. We have already seen that there were 351 souls baptized, and 97 of these were adults or at least "Of Riper Years." And there had been just 250 souls confirmed, of whom 183 were seventeen or more years of age. There were 59 marriages and 104 burials during these six years. In material equipment there stood the new parish house in Atchison; and in St. Joseph, the Rectory

paid for, at last; the large organ installed; the new chancel built; the new chancel window installed; and the new Altar rail; and its very beautiful brass gates; the new Processional Cross for the choir; the new brass pulpit; and offertory plates, as well as some other minor improvements; and the doors of Christ Church flung open every day so that the church was always accessible for private devotions. Christ Church choir also was equipped with vestments. One of its members had studied for the Priesthood. In after years John Henry came to look back upon these six years with especial gratefulness. And in and through it all was woven the wonderful support and spirit which Marie so unceasingly contributed to it all.

THE RETURN TO CHICAGO  
OUR FIRST PARISH : THE CHURCH  
OF THE EPIPHANY  
THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S AUXILIARY  
OUR EUROPEAN TRIP





## CHAPTER SEVEN

THE MORNING of Thursday in Easter Week, 1899, Marie and John Henry arrived in Chicago, and for a few days were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Banks, Mr. Banks being Junior Warden of The Church of The Epiphany. The apartment at the southeast corner of Ashland Boulevard and York street, four blocks south from the church (which was at Ashland Boulevard and West Adams street, on the corresponding corner), was selected for them by Mr. and Mrs. Banks. These good friends did not wish them to try to live in the old Rectory that Dr. Morrison and his family had occupied for so many years, since it had been attacked as we have said by the Metropolitan Elevated road, which ran right by the house, and whose frequent trains made the house a very noisy place. Marie and John Henry appreciated this kindness very much, and took to their seven-room apartment as much of their St. Joseph Rectory furniture as they could scatter around its interior. Epiphany parish house was not large, but it had room for a Rector's study and office, which made it possible for the newcomers to have a quiet home at York and Ashland. The apartment house was the oldest one on Ashland Boulevard, and while its plumbing and similar items were old-fashioned, yet the rooms were larger than in the newer apartments, and for nearly eleven years became a haven of refuge indeed to their occupants.

How shall one begin to chronicle those "ten golden years" of life and work at The Church of The Epiphany! The phrase "ten golden years" was coined by Dr. Francis Hemington, the gifted and accomplished organist of the parish, at a luncheon in Epiphany parish house where he was a guest, in Advent, 1931, when Marie and John Henry were the guests of honor, during a month's visit to their beloved Chicago.

The chronicler cannot of course begin to do more than to recall some of the chief outlines, for the details would be impossible, even in an extended biography.

In the first place, they soon found that the underlying atmosphere of the parish was shot through with something akin to anxiety. The irresistible exodus to the North Side, the South Side, and to the suburbs everywhere, had begun in earnest, and it was to go on, unceasingly, in one form or another, during the entire thirty years of parish life which the young people led in the great city. Chicago's average growth was estimated at from 70,000 to 100,000 a year, and this growth, of course,

had to be from the center outwards. The city eventually, after the Great War, achieved its skyscrapers in the down-town districts, but its residence districts, both among the rich and the poor, had much room in which to spread around. Homes of two or not often more than three stories abounded all over the mammoth city. As a neighborhood became more crowded, or a bit shabby from poorly built apartment houses, the more substantial people, and sometimes those who sought less expensive rentals, would move into the newer districts and suburbs, thus leaving behind them the local institutions, such as churches, lodges, schools, and stores, which they had patronized or kept going. All of these had to struggle with newcomers, often of less helpfulness and abilities, as best they might. Such circumstances bore very heavily on all organizations that had allowed themselves to run into debt.

This, by the way, is something that Marie and John Henry never did. They never had any debts themselves, and they never ran any of their parishes into debt. If they could not lead their people or find some layman who could lead them, "to pay as they went along" for any improvements that were needed, they went without the improvements. Not all Priests follow this plan, or believe in it, and some who had attained to great eminence in the Church, far ahead of anything that John Henry was ever offered, seemed to have achieved success in spite of running their earlier parishes into almost hopeless debts. Yet the life-long policy of these young people was to avoid debt, and at The Church of The Epiphany they found that the constant loss of helpful parishioners made them both very grateful that there was only about \$7,500 debt inherited from Dr. Morrison's twenty-two years of devoted and able leadership. Even this small debt made it most necessary that every atom of time that was available should be applied to calling on new people as fast as they could be found. This duty was fully recognized by John Henry.

He soon saw that the street cars and elevated trains were utterly inadequate to carry him around the large area to which The Church of The Epiphany appealed as an attraction. So he bought, with the advice and counsel of one of his Vestry, George E. Shipman, a fine second-hand bicycle, and on this he rode, summer and winter, for all of the nearly ten years of his Epiphany Rectorship. The Chicago people had no such horror of clerical bicycling as had his good friends in St. Joseph, for every one rode in those days. Marie actually learned how to ride, also, and in all she covered about 600 miles before she gave it up. She never enjoyed it very much, but she "biked" gracefully and well, when she did ride. After a while, the wheels of John Henry's concern gave out, and he then took the wheels from Marie's new instrument, and rode on those, in his own frame, until parish life at Epiphany was ex-

changed for life on "the road," as Department Missionary Secretary and wife, in 1909 and 1910.

It was plain from the start that Marie had to make her way in the parish without much precedent. Mrs. Morrison, the daughter of a prominent West Side Presbyterian Minister, Dr. Swazy, was so busy with her family cares (she bore six children), that she had but little time or strength for parish work beyond a somewhat nominal amount. So Marie began her fellowship with the various parochial organizations for women, on her own lines. She took hold at once of the Girls' Friendly Society, with Mrs. A. H. King, who founded Epiphany's G. F. S. chapter. She went to the parish house on Wednesdays, when the Woman's Guild met and served luncheon. She was interested from the start in the Woman's Auxiliary, and also took her part in the work of the Altar Guild. She started a Bible class for women which met in the chapel before the evening services on Sundays for several years.

She kept house from the beginning, with a Swedish maid, and also entertained when it was possible at dinner, in her modest apartment, besides staying "at home" on Monday afternoons and evenings to welcome any possible callers. There were not so many of these, for the Epiphany parishioners did not belong to any great extent to the leisure class. They were all very busy people, either earning money or keeping their own homes going.

It soon became evident that there is a very large psychologic and social distance between the North Side and the West Side. Their many St. James's friends, whose unstinted generosity fairly loaded them with gifts of many kinds six years before when they left Chicago, seemed to have forgotten them almost entirely when they came back to the big city. This was because they went to live and to work on the West Side instead of on the North Side. "The North Side is Boston; the South Side is New York; and the West Side is Chicago." So ran the vernacular slogan, in those rather distant days. In actual distance St. James's and The Epiphany were only about three miles apart. It would be hard to describe the three-times-as-large Chicago now (1933) by any such clear cut definition as this one about Boston, New York, and Chicago. In those days it used to be said that Edgewater, on the North Side, had three streets. On one they said "either" and "neither" (pronounced with a long i). On the next street they said "eether" and "neether." And on the third street they said "aythur" and "naythur" (with a long a). That, too, has changed in the ensuing thirty-four years. But the attitude of the North to the West Side has not changed very much.

So Marie and John Henry, after a few attempts to meet this unexpected condition of affairs, simply said, in all frankness and friendliness, "We will not eat the bread of the West Side and hang on to the skirts

of the North Side." They just dropped "the whole outfit"—except in the very rare occasions when they received personal invitations to dinner, or the like, from St. James's people—and they soon found themselves so overwhelmed with work that they had no time to give even a second thought to this rather interesting study in human nature. And soon, as will be told, Marie found that the whole extent of the diocese of Chicago was her operating territory, when she was appointed president of the diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. The North Side was then only a part of her objective, and she gave it its proper share of her time—no more and no less.

As a matter of subsequent fact, John Henry found himself invited for preaching and the like to a large number of Chicago and suburban churches, but rarely to St. James's. He saw less of the interior of that fine old building, during many of the thirty or more years which followed the return from the Missouri Valley, than of almost any other large church in the diocese. So they buried their thoughts of dear St. James's with their happy memories of the unusual atmosphere of friendliness and exciting work which they left behind them in 1893, when the call came to go to Atchison.

Chicago at that time numbered about one million and a quarter inhabitants. The Church in Chicago (*i.e.*, the Episcopal Church), numbered 53 parishes and 50 missions, organized and unorganized. There were 93 clergy, including one Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. William E. McLaren. There were 20,343 communicants and 10,700 Church Sunday school children.

At this writing, reporting the figures for the Convention of 1932 (which are those for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1931), Chicago's population is estimated at 3,500,000. The diocese of Chicago, embracing the same territory as in 1899, enrolls 148 clergy, including one Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. George Craig Stewart. There are 117 parishes and missions, against 103 when Chicago had about one-third of its present population. There are 36,336 communicants, which showing is a little better, and 12,421 Church Sunday school scholars, which showing is about as poor as that of the growth of parishes and missions in their total. The total money raised in the year reported in the Convention Journal of 1899 was \$390,671. The total reported in 1932 is \$1,184,980. This is more than three times the amount reported in 1899, from 80 per cent fewer communicants, which is a splendid showing.

The Church of The Epiphany reported to that Diocesan Convention of 1899, held just two months after Marie and John Henry entered the parish, 900 communicants, 360 families, 300 Church school scholars, and 50 teachers and officers, 68 baptisms, and 44 confirmation candidates, during the year, and a total income of \$17,401 for that preceding



year. It was then the fourth parish in the diocese in communicant enrollment, being exceeded only by Grace, Chicago (1755), St. James's, Chicago (1471), and Trinity, Chicago (1090). At this writing, Epiphany has still 435 communicants, while St. James's reports 860, Trinity, 213, and Grace Church, 84. "*Sic transit gloria*" parochial, amid the swift changes of city life in these United States. All this has happened in thirty-four vivid and changeful years.

A great deal of newspaper comment was given to the call which Marie and John Henry thus accepted. Rarely has so much publicity since been awarded by the daily press to any incoming Rector and wife. This was owing, of course, to the important fact that Bishop Morrison, elected from the Epiphany, went to the important and neighboring diocese of Iowa, and to the additional fact that The Church of The Epiphany, in those days, was one of the largest and most beautiful church buildings in the city of Chicago, and that its resigning Rector, Dr. Morrison, was so widely known throughout the city and the adjacent States and dioceses. Whatever the cause, the unusual publicity took place, and John Henry received about one hundred letters of congratulation from clergy in many parts of the National Church, most of whom were anxious to become his Curate!

The first busy year ran its course almost before they knew it, so swiftly do days pass when work is plentiful and congenial. In spite of the underlying fears caused by the chronic disease of "Suburbanitis," as someone calls it, Epiphany people were happy in their new Rector and wife, and there was always so much going on, in the church and parish house, that time passed on the rush, as is usual among all kinds of real Chicago people.

Summer came, and with it a month of vacation, and a return to Vermont, to visit with the family. The fall of 1899 opened early in September, and then something loomed up along the horizon to which neither the new Rector nor his wife were at all accustomed.

They had almost universally been beloved and liked by their people, in all four of their previous parish homes. Calvary Chapel, of course, had rarely if ever seen such a wonderful and attractive young woman as Marie, and it has been shown how her social genius swept all before her in rushing, fastidious, and kind-hearted St. James's. And in Atchison there was only one person, and she was a poor girl of limited horizons and opportunities, who somehow criticized. The same might have been said of St. Joseph where one could not declare, out and out, that anybody at all was even lukewarm, let alone antagonistic and disagreeable. So when, in the fall and winter following their arrival at The Church of The Epiphany, the daughter of one of the leading parishioners, who shall be called "Miss Q," became critical with a really



fanatic dislike, and said so frankly, and acted just as frankly as she spoke, the situation simply bewildered both Marie and John Henry beyond expression. It more than bewildered them, for "Miss Q" was high in office in diocesan activities and was one of the leading women of the Epiphany parish. She attended every service, and every meeting at the parish house, except those for men or boys. And she went to all the funerals of people at all connected with the parish. And wherever she went, she refused to shake hands or to smile, her black looks and frowning brows radiated dislike whenever John Henry preached or spoke, or whenever Marie was in the least degree evident. Of course efforts were promptly made to down this dislike. John Henry eventually went to "Miss Q" six different times, asking what he could do, consistent with Church principles, to make her more contented with his efforts. She steadily refused to change her attitude. As a matter of fact, the most charitable interpretation to put on her deeply distressing and unfair behavior is to say that she was temporarily ill.

Twenty-four years afterwards, when The Church of The Redeemer was their parish home, she wrote a letter of frank apology, saying to John Henry that she was "wrong" in those Epiphany years. Of course all had been long since forgiven, though there had been no opportunity provided by her when it would have been at all proper to inform her of this fact. While she lay on her death-bed in St. Luke's Hospital sometime in 1928 or early in 1929, Marie and John Henry went to call on her, and before she died everything was as it should have been all the time.

The great blessing that came out of all this real suffering, for it was very painful, especially to Marie, was that it made it possible for her to accept, in 1901, the invitation of Bishop McLaren (who had heard of the difficulties with "Miss Q" and had rebuked her strongly for her behavior), to become the "diocesan president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions." The full title was almost as "long as she was tall." This was most unexpected, and it was the finest opening for many kinds of service and work that ever came to her. John Henry did not know until after Marie's death that she owed this appointment to a message sent by his cousin, Miss Emily Canfield, to Bishop McLaren. Marie never knew this. Miss Canfield afterwards became one of the most devoted and able parishioners in The Church of The Redeemer. Marie held this responsible position for nine long and wonderful years. This was nearly twice as long as any previous or subsequent president's term (that is up to 1933). The Auxiliary was at that time represented in about 70 parishes and missions of the diocese of Chicago, and its total revenues for missionary purposes, including the valuation of the missionary boxes of household supplies sent to deserving and underpaid clergy in the mission field, reached about



AS PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY  
of the diocese of Chicago, 1901-1910



\$19,000 a year. By the end of Marie's ninth year as president, there were Auxiliary branches in all but three or four of the smallest missions in the diocese, making thus the Auxiliary practically co-terminous with the diocese. The average for the Church generally stayed at about 70 per cent. Thus Chicago became the leading diocese of the National Church in the proportion of Auxiliary branches to parishes and missions. And the total revenues rose from \$19,000 a year to about \$39,000 a year. For years after her resignation, in 1910, even during the period of greatly enlarged missionary spirit throughout the Church, which began with the "Nation-Wide Campaign" of 1919, this total of annual gifts from the Diocesan Auxiliary rarely if ever surpassed the \$39,000 figure which she left as her legacy. This was the case even as the diocese gradually deepened its missionary spirit until the grand total of gifts to Domestic and Foreign Missions (later called the work of the Church's National Council) rose from about \$6,000 a year to \$126,000 a year. This superb record of enlisted enthusiasm and devotion on the part of the earnest Churchwomen of Chicago is something so unusual that it is doubtful if it has been paralleled very often throughout the length and breadth of the American Church.

Marie at once took up this utterly new work with the utmost enthusiasm. She started out to visit every parish and mission where there was a branch of the Auxiliary, no matter how small. When these visits took her away from the city over night, John Henry went with her. Then, after having completed this arduous and extensive task, she set about getting invitations from all the other parishes and missions, where no branch of the Auxiliary had been formed, or where one had lapsed for any cause. This was harder work than the other, for she had to encounter the stark ignorance and blighting indifference which had allowed such negligence on the part of Priest and people.

One parish, for instance, steadily neglected her frequent efforts to secure such an invitation. It was one of the smaller congregations, situated in a thriving little city some dozens of miles from Chicago, though in the diocese. So one day Marie took her bag, and started for that city and parish without an invitation, and finally there grew up there a flourishing branch, greatly enlarging the horizons of these good people and widening their real usefulness to God and man, as well as enriching their own spiritual life of prayer and service.

One of the regular features of the Chicago Auxiliary's life was the monthly meeting for officers and delegates from all the constituent branches, usually held in the Church club rooms, down-town in the "Loop" district, on the first Thursday of each month, at 11 A.M. These meetings, which had been a strong feature of the diocesan work, soon took on new and deepened life under her brilliant chairmanship and



skilful work as a programme maker. Her own rare gift of speaking found ample scope and almost daily opportunity, as she not only presided at these monthly meetings, but usually made an address of from half-an-hour to one hour in length, whenever visiting a branch, or trying to organize a new one. Her reputation as a speaker and lecturer soon grew widely, and she began to add to her repertory of lectures on literary and historical themes. She was now and then invited to make addresses of these two kinds before women's clubs and the like, but, with the exception of the West End Woman's Club, of which she was a member, and on whose programme committee she did unusual work, she usually declined all these non-Church opportunities. For many years she was urged, from time to time, as has been said, to join the great Woman's Club of Chicago, to which so many of her friends belonged, and where she would have of course shone brightly. She steadily declined to give any of her time or strength regularly to anything except to matters and organizations connected with the Church. Socially this was a mistake, but it was a matter of principle with her, and she would not change her course.

Day after day, when building and enlarging this work she would leave home right after breakfast, would often travel alone to some distant suburb of the great city, where a little band of devoted women had succeeded in organizing a Woman's Guild of some sort to help in the affairs of some struggling mission or small parish, and where the Auxiliary had not been organized. She would go to the luncheon which said guild served, in the church rooms or in someone's home, and would chat readily and laughingly for an hour or two, getting acquainted with her possible clients, and then, after the luncheon, would address these good women, whether there were six or twenty of them, with her utmost persuasiveness and dramatic earnestness, about the splendid work of Missions, and the noble part which the Auxiliary had played and could play in this Christ-like work. Then she would tell these women that they did not need to have another organization, but that if they would hold one of their weekly guild meetings each month as a branch of the Auxiliary, even if they had almost no dues, and would be able only to do a little sewing, or to donate some supplies or goods to some of the diocesan institutions, like St. Luke's Hospital, or the Chicago Homes for Boys (afterwards called Lawrence Hall), to St. Mary's Home for Girls, or to the Church Home for Aged Persons, that meeting and gift would constitute their guild as a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and their annual dues of one dollar for the whole guild would be all the definite obligation of money which they would thus incur. Of course she knew, what they afterwards all discovered, that this very small but definite beginning would gradually be enlarged in many directions, as they be-

came more deeply connected with the fascinating and varied work of the Auxiliary. And in nearly every instance such a day's work on her part resulted in the formation of a new branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. She would then take the afternoon train home, or the street car as it might be, and would often arrive down-town in the midst of the "rush hour," with every seat from the Loop outwards grabbed at by from two to a half-dozen persons, while she, tired half to death by this exhausting effort and travel, would have to hang to a strap, which was usually too high for her comfort. On reaching home, she would usually find a pile of letters, and, as she had no secretary and wrote only with a pen, she found the correspondence itself an absorbing duty. She often wrote twenty or more letters in one day, and one day the total was thirty written letters.

When she began her Epiphany life, and also began this arduous Auxiliary work, she was keeping house, and she did all the marketing as well, and also she kept track of all the little money affairs, as John Henry, who was carrying on the parish alone with no Assistant except once a month on Sunday mornings, was quite unable to devote any time to such home affairs. There had been an Assistant Priest in the parish for some time before Dr. Morrison left, but John Henry had a theory that he could develop the leadership of the parish among the laity, leaving for him only the Priestly work, even starting with 900 communicants, and since the parish was \$7,500 in debt the only way this debt could be paid was by applying to it the Easter offerings each year. Thus all of this debt was gradually paid off at the rate of more than \$1,000 a year, which would have been well nigh impossible had this money been absorbed by the salary of an Assistant. So Marie, by doing all of this home-caring work, as well as everything else that she did, helped definitely if indirectly to pay off the parish indebtedness.

Her monthly meetings of the executive committee of the diocesan Auxiliary were responsibilities as well as opportunities. This committee met about 9:30 A.M. in the Church club rooms, as a rule, and there they blocked out the work for the diocesan branch, and discussed other matters of importance connected with the work. Marie developed into a most skilful and successful chairman, both in these meetings and in the larger ones for all the parochial officers and delegates. At all of these meetings she did everything that a chairman could do to make them pithy, filled with movement and interest, and of service to the Auxiliary. If the invited speaker was bright and able, so much the better. If, on the contrary, he or she was not thus gifted, as was of course sometimes the case, she at once made up for all such deficiencies by her brilliant and humorous additions to the address after its dull conclusion. Of course the larger meetings began on the tick of the clock, and

closed promptly at noon, so that busy women knew their time would not be wasted by tardiness. These monthly meetings steadily grew in numbers, and were of increasing usefulness in furthering a diocesan "family feeling" among the ever-increasing numbers of local branches.

In order to promote neighborliness and to increase local efficiency, she invented what were called afterwards "Neighborhood Meetings" (she called them "Sectional Conferences," which was a better name for them in some ways), and to these she would invite all the local branches easily accessible from a common center where there was a fair-sized parish house, and where a luncheon could most easily be served. At these meetings she would use all the methods of friendly rivalry that Victor Hugo puts into the mouth of the "Bishop of D," in *Les Misérables*, such as having each branch give a condensed report of what it had been doing in the recent months, or since its organization; spicing each report with timely commendation, or with kindest exhortation, as the case demanded; telling what other branches similarly located and circumstanced had been doing in other parts of the diocese; asking some officers of the most successful branch represented at the meeting to describe in more detail the work that had been so well done, etc., etc. Above all, she would tell what interesting meetings were being held downtown on the first Thursdays at 11 o'clock, A.M., and would urge each branch always to send at least one delegate or two each month, so that they all might know what was going on in the diocese as a whole, and especially might be helped by the message of the Missionaries or other speakers invited to address these large meetings. Now and then she would have a large group meeting of all the branches on one side of the city, north, south, or west, thus supplementing sectional conferences and the monthly meetings as far as possible.

The annual meeting of the Auxiliary, usually held on the Thursday of the Diocesan Convention week, had grown even before Marie took charge to very large proportions. Her predecessor, Mrs. D. B. Lyman, had worked this up until six or seven hundred women would attend, and the day was always a gala one indeed. Marie worked over her annual addresses for these important meetings, until her messages became real literary gems, polished in every sentence. She learned them by heart, and it is a good thing that they are on record, for they were all published in the Auxiliary's annual reports. She would write and re-write, if necessary, sentence after sentence, until it sounded just as she wished it to sound. The women soon discovered their charm, and they looked forward to Marie's "yearly address" with eagerness and appreciation.

She arranged every detail of these all-day meetings with the utmost care so as to have no dragging and no dullness. This, of course,



involved absolute promptness in beginning, and the best kind of chairmanship. It has been said by someone that the ideal chairman has an eye always to adjournment, so that nothing shall lag or drearily bore the people attending.

Sometimes this made trouble. One annual meeting was held at St. Mark's, Evanston, and it was scheduled to begin with the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10:30 A.M. That hour arrived, and the Bishop (it was not Bishop McLaren) was late. The Rector asked John Henry what he should do, and he said, "Go ahead, on time. If you wait it will dislocate the entire programme of the day, both morning and afternoon." When it was convenient, the Bishop arrived, and was in high dudgeon because the service had commenced without him. He was careful to be on time after that experience, though it was evident, in after years, that he did not relish it very much.

Probably the most exacting day of Marie's presidency, so far as these annual meetings were concerned, was the eventful day when she herself was hostess, and the seven hundred women, more or less, came to The Church of The Epiphany for this great assemblage. Of course the heaviest part of the day for the inviting branch was the luncheon. And at Epiphany parish house this item of the programme was complicated by probably the most inconvenient arrangement for serving a large luncheon that could have been found in the entire diocese. As has been said, this attractive little parish house was the first one built in the diocese of Chicago, and at that time parish work was in such a rudimentary state of development that nobody knew just how to build such a building, or how large to make it, or how to place the kitchen, dining room, etc., to the best advantage. As a matter of fact, the kitchen stove was afterwards placed in the basement, and the only rooms which could be used as dining rooms were three in number, including the Rector's study, on the second floor, where there was only a small stove which might be able to make a pot of coffee, or to hold warm one or two smaller dishes.

There was no dumb-waiter between the basement kitchen and the rooms, two flights above, which could be and as a matter of fact were often used for serving meals. The total number of chairs which could be placed around the movable tables (the tables resting on wooden horses) was about 160, in the combined front and rear rooms. So the task of serving 700 guests to a neatly served and appetizingly arranged luncheon was something appalling. It did not appall Marie in the least, however, nor did it paralyze with fright her fine and loyal "crew" of women at The Church of The Epiphany. They boldly invited the annual meeting of the Auxiliary to be their guests. And Marie had not only to see that her lieutenants did their appointed tasks about the luncheon, but she



had to preside at the business session, which opened promptly after this extraordinary luncheon was finished, and she had to make her annual address, as well as to keep the big meeting going with zest and interest. It is notable that the 700th guest, or the very last one served, whatever was the exact number, had just as clean a plate, and as neat a napkin, as the first one who sat down in the well-ordered rooms.

When the luncheon was finished, the Rev. Charles Scadding, afterwards Bishop of Oregon, and at that time a keen devotee of the kodak and the camera, induced the women to fill the front steps of Epiphany Church, and to spread out as far as was necessary over the sidewalk, so that he could go to the residence across Ashland Boulevard and photograph the whole group, with Marie in the midst. This was excellently done, and the westerling sunlight of the early afternoon lent a fine clarity to the successful picture.

The United Offering, afterwards called the United Thank Offering, and now known by many thousands in many parts of the world as the "U. T. O.", lay particularly close to Marie's heart. There was no especially organized plan of work in the diocese concerning this important fund, when she took charge of the Auxiliary, though the "blue boxes" had been distributed among the faithful, and an offering of some \$2,000 had been gradually gathered during the first triennium of her presidency. This offering was presented at San Francisco, at the General Convention of 1901, which, by the way, was the first year that John Henry had revisited the Pacific Coast since he left San Francisco in 1887 to commence his seminary course in New York City. He was a deputy, it being his second General Convention, and of course Marie went with him.

She did not soon forget, neither will he, the tension which the Chicago delegation of women felt as the hour for the great United Offering service approached, and the Chicago Auxiliary was even at that late hour a bit behind its offering of the previous triennium. By a personal subscription, which was forthcoming only when the dire need was learned in San Francisco, the day was saved, and Chicago's Auxiliary did not fall behind in 1901 the gift in 1898. This narrow escape, however, made a deep impression upon Marie. She put her wits to work to think out some way in which this great offering could be increased, from Chicago, without unduly burdening any of the generous givers. And the result was the adoption of two plans, one of which was so brilliant that the whole National Church gradually adopted it. When George C. Thomas, the splendid business man who was for so many years the treasurer of the Church's Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, heard of it from her own lips, he smacked *his* lips and said "This ought to be adopted widely."

We will therefore describe this new plan first. It was nothing less than the *annual* holding of a great diocesan United Thank Offering service, which should be as near as possible a replica of the thrilling triennial service held by the National Auxiliary at the time of each General Convention. This simple but very bright plan had several features which ensured success. First, it gave an annual impulse and advertisement to the U. T. O. as a factor in the Auxiliary's work. Second, it gave the leaders of the diocesan branch an opportunity to urge increased efforts from the local branches, if the total in any year were to fall short of what it might have been, within reason. Thirdly, it ensured that a large part of the offering would be earning at least savings bank interest as it was accumulated. The inception of this plan took its origin in Marie's fertile brain and it has since become almost a universal custom. This great offering has gone on, increasing all the time, till it has passed a *million dollar* total for a single triennium.

Then Marie adopted a "birthday plan" for the diocese of Chicago, to supplement the historic "blue boxes" which the U. T. O. (as we will now call it) had inaugurated soon after its own origin in Chicago in 1886. She composed a most compelling and vivid address, an hour or so in length, when she felt that she could speak that long without imperilling her objective. She was so fascinating a speaker, with her bubbling humor and her deep dramatic style, and her absolute command of language, that an hour was easily contributed by her privileged hearers, without the faintest suggestion of fatigue on their part. At its close she would ask for a show of hands from all who desired to enter into the "birthday plan" for giving an offering on their birthdays to the United Thank Offering.

Birthdays always appealed to her strongly, throughout life. She always wrote to her brothers and sisters on or near their birthday anniversaries, whether they remembered hers or not. She elaborated the possible significance of a birthday in this remarkable address on the U. T. O., and almost before she realized it, as she went up and down the diocese of Chicago among the Auxiliary branches, she had some two thousand names of women in her birthday-book. Each local secretary sent to her, at her request, a copy of the list from her own parish branch. This list, by the way, was probably at that time the only diocesan list of any organization connected with the diocese, except the names of the clergy, the Vestries, and the Lay Readers and one or two smaller societies. Since then, under Bishop Stewart's most able leadership, there has been compiled and entered at diocesan Headquarters a list of all the communicants in the diocese, and this is to be kept up to date, with their addresses, as the years come and go. The Auxiliary, under Marie, was the first large group to compile any such diocesan

list of names in Chicago. The English Lord Bishop of Exeter, Bishop Salisbury (relative of Lord Salisbury), in writing up his visit to this country and to Chicago, in 1932, especially spoke of the diocesan list of communicants as an American feature unheard of in England. Marie started it in connection with the Auxiliary. It was the largest organization then in the diocese, and is so still.

The General Convention of 1901, at San Francisco, was her first Convention after she became a diocesan officer of the Auxiliary. The missionary spirit of the Church was a rather pitiable affair, at that somewhat distant time. The missionary meetings were often held in the evenings, when the Bishops and deputies usually acted on the supposition that they "had earned their salaries" in the day-time, and that attendance at missionary meetings was not obligatory from any angle. It must have been a strikingly encouraging experience for a Missionary, Bishop or not, to come thousands of miles to address a Convention hearing, when he or she found the hour tucked neatly away in some evening solitude, with an attendance of fifty or so, out of a possible 1,500. The writer recalls, at this moment, an exclamation in the sacristy of a New York church, during his Diaconate. The speaker was a distinguished Foreign Missionary of the Church, from the far Orient, afterwards a great Bishop, and he had just returned from the pulpit to unvest, following his address in this particular church. "It's a *dead* church," he exclaimed. And at that time it was dead, in a missionary sense, or half-dead, which is perhaps worse. Yet Marie went to what opportunities there were for hearing about the great mission field.

She was deeply interested in one of two trips which they took, during the Convention's sessions in San Francisco. One of these was to Oakland, where John Henry showed her the little real estate office on Ninth street, in which he had his rented desk as an insurance and R. R. ticket agent, during those eventful years in California while their engagement was broken, and before he decided to study for the Priesthood. He showed her also the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, in his time the largest of that denomination west of Chicago, where he played the organ for years, morning and evening, without missing one service.

She was most interested, however, in the attic room of the boarding house on Tenth street where he roomed for two years or more, after his Uncle Caspar, at whose home he had been living, had driven him out of his house one evening in a rage at the young man's complaints concerning the difficulties of the insurance agency business, which said uncle had very kindly worked to secure for him. The inexperienced young fellow had paid \$400 for the expirations of the policies written by his predecessor, and he had found out that an ex-convict, whom said predecessor had engaged to keep books for this Oakland office, had made



four copies of all the expirations of these policies, for three years ahead, and had sold each copy to a different insurance broker of Oakland, just before John Henry took hold of the office. Having no guarantee, John Henry found himself without income for the first several months of his work in the business which he had paid \$400 to buy. It was of this that he was complaining to his uncle. Said uncle, who had brought him to the coast, and had hired him for a year as a clerk in the head office, was the president of the company. His good uncle had also labored diligently with the board of directors before they would appoint John Henry to their Oakland agency, and on hearing these complaints he "kicked" him out of his house as a white-livered, snivelling coward. It was a good lesson to John Henry, and probably well-deserved. He and his uncle became fast friends afterwards. During all the rest of his life John Henry kept his Uncle Caspar on his daily list for Intercession simply in gratefulness for all that said uncle had done for him in his callow days. Marie was much interested in this attic room of the Oakland boarding house, kept by Mrs. MacBean of the First Presbyterian congregation in Oakland.

They also took the Mount Tamalpais trip, but it was on the train, all the way to the top. John Henry had climbed it on foot in a thirty-mile walk, in 1887, just before leaving for his seminary studies. Marie was delighted with the scenic attractions of and around San Francisco, and their trip thus to the General Convention of 1901 was a notable episode in their travels.

Two incidents on their homeward trip were unique. One was at Denver. They had several hours there, between the arrival and departure of their train, and so they went to a theatre for the first part of a play. They had to leave before the play was finished in order not to lose their train. The theatre was very scantily attended that evening, and Marie's heart was so filled with sympathy as she thought of the disappointment which must have oppressed the players, that she could hardly enjoy any of the drama at all! They often thought of this evening, in after years, when some Church service or missionary meeting would be most pitifully attended by the brave handful, while the neglectors gaily went on their worldly way, unmindful of the opportunity, if not of the duty, thus provided. The example of this stranded troupe of players, pluckily going through their parts, in Denver, just as carefully as though the building had been filled with an enthusiastic audience, often boosted them along their subsequent way, when they were in somewhat parallel circumstances.

The other experience began soon after leaving Omaha, on this same return trip. John Henry had been told that the wise deed would be to engage their return Pullman accommodations all the way back to



Chicago, immediately after arriving at San Francisco. He thought therefore that he was specially thoughtful, not to say brilliant (to speak modestly), when he rushed to the ticket office, almost before breakfast on the morning after their arrival in the coast city, and engaged their lower berths all along the way back to Chicago. They could not afford a "section," and at that time they always camped out in one "lower," when they had to take Pullman cars on their trips. Well, those were untamed days for the Pullman Company. Many things have happened since that somewhat distant date, and it is doubtful if the company's agents would be so toploftical today, even towards a poor clergyman and his wife on a Convention trip.

To continue the tale, the lowers were all gone in the car, and some traveler wanted an upper. Therefore, the agent, with precise care, looked over the "lowers," to see if there were anywhere two people had tried to economize on the company by occupying one berth. They promptly found the lower, of course, and right over it they put, from Omaha on to Chicago, two of the most objectionable traveling companions that could easily be imagined, *viz.*, an old Swede farmer, who hadn't taken a bath for seventy-five years, and his girl granddaughter, about sixteen or less. And when Marie and John Henry lumbered into their place at Omaha, with their grips, etc., they found that these redolent friends were snugly ensconced as their *vis-a-vis* all the way to Chicago. One whiff was enough. John Henry sought out the Pullman conductor, who was obdurate. It was "impossible" to make any change, either of Grandpa Bathless Swede or of his little granddaughter. So John Henry went through the train, and found two chairs in a chair car (which any first class ticket entitled a passenger to occupy without extra charge), and Marie and he cheerfully left the perfumed Swede to occupy the whole of their already paid-for seats as well as his own, while they themselves tilted back their chairs and got what sleep they could, during that memorable five hundred miles of night journey. The love for the Pullman Company which this engendered was fierce and virulent, and lasting. Had John Henry been less smart at San Francisco, and had he waited longer before hurrying to secure the berths from the coast to Chicago which Marie and he planned to occupy, there is a possibility that some other luckless lower passenger might have had the privilege of visiting with the bathless Swede from Omaha onwards. Real philanthropy, one might suppose, would make them glad to have been the sufferers, rather than that someone else should have had that one whiff which sent them spinning towards the chair car. Such are the vicissitudes of economizing travel!

Another railroad episode was connected with this trip, and this took place before the Convention, on the journey westward, over the Cana-

dian Pacific Railroad. They carefully chose this scenic route because they wanted to see the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. They looked over the time-tables, and found the exact train which would bring them through the most superb mountain views during daylight time. When they started, filled with expectancy, as true Vermont mountain-lovers, they ascertained something which was, of course, fully known to the Chicago ticket agent who sold them their rather expensive tickets, but which he did not divulge in the least degree, as John Henry "forked out" his cash. The fact was that there had been a big strike on this road, for some weeks, and all the through trains were anywhere from two to twelve hours late, all along the line. This, as a matter of fact, brought them through the magnificent scenery at night-time, instead of during day-time. They saw the mountains by the reflected lights from the train!

Another item which possibly the Chicago ticket agent could not have known was that the Prince and Princess of Wales, now (1933) King and Queen of England, were on their Canadian trip, a portion of their great tour through the British Empire, at the time the Hopkinses were traveling to the Convention. The baggage cars were jammed with torches and such paraphernalia, so that ordinary people's trunks had a slim chance. As a matter of fact the baggage men lost both of their trunks for them, and when they reached Vancouver they had no trunks! They went to the railroad company's excellent Vancouver hotel, and there they had to stay for two full days, while their party for San Francisco went on. They had been thoroughly warned *not* to become separated from their trunks in Canada, for they would have had any amount of delay and trouble in getting them across the line again into the United States, if they went on without them. So they spent Saturday and Sunday in this dull, Low Church city, trying to pass the time as best they could. Often they went to the baggage room to see if the trunks had turned up. Finally, on Sunday afternoon, they found *one* of the trunks, with its check torn off, and with sundry other wounds and bruises and defects, all due to the employees of the railroad company and the hysteria aroused in its baggage department by the approach of "Royalty," as one baggage-smasher stated excitedly to them.

Marie was desperate. She finally went to the head officer of the baggage department in the Vancouver station, and asked him this question: "Haven't you somewhere in this big station a room where you keep lost and unclaimed trunks?" "Yes," said the Royalty-intoxicated official. (He might have thought of this by himself, one would conjecture, but for the dazed and rattled condition of the bones which he wore under his hat and which passed for his brain.) And he took her downstairs to an inaccessible room, and *there* was the other trunk, slumbering peacefully, without tag or check. Marie flew at it with the instinct

of ownership and the zest of discovery. She promptly produced her keys and unlocked the trunk, and the bewildered official let her take it away, by the aid of an expressman. They then went to San Francisco, by the next available train.

As John Henry was paying the very reasonable bill of twelve dollars (three dollars apiece a day for two days), he remarked to the hotel clerk, "I honestly think that the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company ought to return us this money, for we have been obliged to stay here because its baggage-men lost our trunks." "Good idea," said the affable clerk. "I will give you a receipt, and if you will take the matter up with the Chicago ticket agent on returning home, the probabilities are that you will hear from the company." This we subsequently did. The delay, however, deprived us of the opening service of the Convention and of a big reception which followed, as well as of some other special features of the two opening days of the Convention.

Some weeks after returning, John Henry managed to get the time to write to the ticket agent about the twelve dollars. The gentleman replied very courteously that there was one question which his superior officers would certainly ask him, and which he could not answer without help, namely: "Would not our passengers have had to pay hotel bills in San Francisco, for those two days, had they not been in Vancouver?" To which rather amazing question John Henry replied as courteously as possible, by return mail, to the effect that "if the gentleman's superior officers were incapable of seeing the difference between twelve dollars' worth of Vancouver and twelve dollars' worth of San Francisco and the Episcopal Church's General Convention, we had better dismiss the whole correspondence at once and consider the subject closed." By return mail the twelve-dollar check arrived, and was duly acknowledged. And then! Then! To what a mild kind of a lark they indulged themselves! They went down-town, lunched at Marshall Field's, and paid no attention whatever to the cost of the menu, even including the dessert. Then they went to a matinee, and memory suggests that they took a taxicab back to Ashland Boulevard, though this point is not certain. They also bought some candy as a more lasting memento of this achievement than was the dessert at Marshall Field's.

Being an officer of the Auxiliary at that time, Marie had many especial Church groups to address on her return to Chicago, and on this account also the trip was an exceedingly interesting one for her, as she had never been so far from Vermont before. They had one trip to the coast, in 1921, to attend the last General Convention to which John Henry was a Chicago deputy, at Portland. They did not go to California again, but returned to Chicago at that time by the Cana-



dian Pacific route, having gone to Portland by the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway.

Epiphany parish had already begun to grow in 1901 in numbers of communicants. Starting with 900, in 1899, the growth registered 1,040, in 1900, and in this General Convention year, 1901, the report was 1,070. John Henry's first confirmation class, presented in 1900, numbered 93 candidates, and the following class was one of 80 members. Thus, despite the continual drain of "Suburbanitis," there were enough confirmed, and enough new families and persons discovered by diligent calling, to make the net increase of the parish 170 in two years.

The Church Sunday school had also grown from the eighth place in the diocese to the fifth, with an enrollment of 312 scholars and Bible class members. The total income had also grown from \$17,400 to \$18,700 and the extra-parochial and extra-diocesan gifts had grown from about \$600 to over \$1,200, still retaining, however, the third place in the diocese for gifts to General Missions, and the like.

There were 68 baptisms the last year of Dr. Morrison's Rectorate, and there were 60 during the first and 73 during their second year of work. At least two new organizations had been formed in the parish during these two years, *viz.*, the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, which never was very successful, and the Choir Club for ex-choir boys, which John Henry had organized as a secret society, with its initiation, its degrees, its regalia and password, to hold together the horde of adolescent boys who were continually streaming out of the large choir by reason of change of voice. There was no Acolytes' work at The Church of The Epiphany at that time, except that which one or two Servers attended to, and something had to be done to hold the boys. Marie did not give any time to the boys' work, but did what she could in the women's organizations, especially the Girls' Friendly Society.

Our organist, Professor Francis Hemington, afterwards Dr. Hemington, was one of the leading organists of Chicago at that time, as for many years, and he had instituted a series of organ recitals on the first and third Monday evenings of each month, exclusive of Lent, which proved very successful and popular. They were maintained all during these ten years of work at Epiphany, and Marie always went to them with John Henry. They had the privilege of sitting together in the same pew in the church during these delightful programmes. After a while Dr. Hemington asked John Henry if he would be willing to give a ten-minute address at each recital, one being on some phase of music, and the other, each month, being biographical. The organist had a large library of musical biography, and he loaned to John Henry all the necessary books for these addresses. The attendance was usually very gratify-



ing, ranging from 300 upwards, and one fails to recall in any part of Chicago, during thirty-three years or more of residence, any series of organ recitals which were so well attended for so many consecutive years. People came from all parts of the city and suburbs. There was no applause. The recitals were opened with the Lord's Prayer and a Collect, and closed with a prayer which John Henry composed for this purpose, and with the Benediction. There was an offering for the expenses, which included the heating and lighting of the large church, and the printing of the programmes, and some tip for Charlie Van Order, the sexton. There was no admission fee, of course.

The prayer which John Henry composed was afterwards copied by some of his Chicago friends, and used elsewhere at musical services and recitals. It was as follows:

"O Almighty God, Whose Only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, was born amid the songs of Angels, and before Whose Throne on High the ransomed Saints make music with their harps; We bless Thy Holy Name for the manifold beauty wherewith Thou hast filled Thy world. And we humbly beseech Thee, so to assist us by Thy Grace, that our lives may show forth the beauty of holiness and righteousness, all our days, to the Glory of Thy Holy Name: Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Since Epiphany's fine organ was built, nearly forty years ago, great advances have been made in the improvement of the electrical action for large pipe organs. Therefore there are many instruments in Chicago now which far surpass in size this pioneer electric organ, and some of them are in the larger Episcopal churches. Yet, as has been said, no series of recitals that the writer is familiar with has surpassed in attendance and in interest, for so many consecutive years, these which Professor Francis Hemington so enthusiastically and artistically provided, year after year, in The Church of The Epiphany. They were continued all during John Henry's Rectorship, and during all those which followed his, until in the changes which took place on the West Side, the Cathedral congregation was merged with Epiphany's, and Dr. Hemington took another organ, the one in the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Oak Park. He and John Henry continued to be fast friends, and they have corresponded with more or less frequency, up to the date of the writing of these memoirs.

Dr. Hemington served as president of the Illinois College of the American Guild of Organists for one year, and he very kindly made it possible, by invitation, for John Henry to join the guild. This was a great favor, for John Henry always had such respect for the professional organists in his parishes that he would never play in their hearing, or

would never in the least degree allow their playing to be compared with his simpler playing by anyone. He had a life-long conviction that there is a strict line of demarkation to be followed between the amateur and the professional, and this he insisted always applies to Religion and to Christology as well as to organ-playing and music in general. Amid all the difficulties and incessant labors of their ten years in Epiphany parish, Marie and her husband felt that these organ recitals shone brightly as one of the great joys and privileges of their life.

So these busy years went on, one after another, until 1903, when the next great experience in their life came to these young people. Never before, and never after, until after their retirement, had they had coincidentally the time and the money for a trip abroad. Marie had studied European history avidly, especially in connection with France and England, and John Henry, though there was no history course in the University of Vermont during his studies for the B.A. degree, had yet made history his special form of reading for many of the years following his Ordination, and both of them were eager for a trip to the Old World.

The affairs of the parish were in excellent shape, with the continued growth in numbers, and the steady paying off of the debt, made possible in part by the determined keeping down of the overhead expenses. John Henry dispensed with both Curate and secretary, and had no paid assistance at all except the help of the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Hall on the "First Sundays" (that sacred festival with its second Celebration was a steadfast institution that could not be changed without vital wounds), and on great festivals. And he did all of the writing connected with the parish and the parish paper himself, with the exception of occasional helps from Marie and other ladies of the parish in keeping up the entries in the parish register.

By this time he had emancipated himself from the thralldom of the written sermon, after Marie had so generously copied out 500 sermons for his morning use, as already has been chronicled, and the notes which he took into the pulpit sufficed to guide him through this part of his regular work. This, of course, was a great release for as busy a person as Marie, nevertheless she kept up her fourteen-pages twice a week in her letters to her mother, all through these overwhelmingly busy years of her parochial and Auxiliary life.

So when the Vestry were cautiously approached by their Rector, soon after Easter in 1903, with a proposition to allow him three months' vacation, and to accept a supply while he and his wife went abroad, they gladly and generously acceded, and said that the parish would pay the supplying Priests, which was a deed of large-hearted kindness on their part. The Rector's contract provided one month's vacation, with salary,

the parish paying the supply. This year they made it three months, which, to repeat, for a parish of limited resources, was a deed of unusual generosity and kindness.

So all during the fleeting moments when they were together without some work to talk over or to do, from Easter-tide onwards, the prospective voyagers pored over maps and guide-books, with keen zest.

They decided at the outset that they would manage their own trip. They did not want to be a part of a tourist company. This decision, of course, cost them some money, and also, when it came to hunting up hotels, some time, but they felt that they were right in thus deciding, and the sequel proved them to be correct. They decided to go at once to the continent, and their choice was the "Red Star Line." Their steamer was the *Kroonland*, and it sailed on Saturday, June 6th, from New York City.

The annual parish meeting was held on the evening of May 11th, that year. By that time the communicant enrollment of the parish had reached its maximum, namely, 1,267. Of these, 827 were women or girls and 440 were men or boys. Five years previous the parish reported 865 communicants. John Henry always counted his communicants most carefully, never reporting any as "communicants" unless he felt sure that each had received the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar at least once during the two previous years. This was the line of demarkation between a "confirmed person," of whom he had found about 1500 in the parish in 1903, and a "communicant" in good standing. It is very strange that there seems to be no exact rule in the Church for defining a "communicant." John Henry made his own rule, based on the canonical statement in the diocese of Chicago that if a confirmed person went more than two years without receiving, any Rector would have a right to question him or her sufficiently, in case of a request for a transfer, before issuing such transfer.

There had been 628 services during the year, of which 140 were Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. There was no daily Celebration in John Henry's parish life, except sometimes during Lent, until he reached The Church of The Redeemer in 1910. The Church Sunday school and its Bible classes enrolled 401, there being 30 women and 22 men in the Bible classes. Here again there was no distinct rule for counting enrollment, though later on in the history of the diocese that defect was remedied by diocesan action. John Henry's method was the one usually prevailing in colleges in Illinois, and probably elsewhere, namely to count any pupil as enrolled if he or she had attended a majority of sessions during any one of the three terms of the school year. The choir of men and boys numbered seventy, and all were volunteers. They had by this time learned four Lenten cantatas of the Passion.



They finally learned six. They gave *Pinafore* and other light Operas for their choir encampment, raising out of about \$1,200 receipts some \$600 or more for the camp expenses. There were twenty departments of work, and in nearly every case their enrollments had increased to a maximum during this year 1902-3.

The Men's Club had 100 members. Three of their sixteen meetings during the year were devoted to Foreign Missions, the members themselves preparing the papers. No other Men's Club in the diocese had done this, at that time. The themes were Africa, China, and Japan. It was the first parish in the diocese to support its own Foreign Missionary, "O. O. M." they called him, and the choir boys' Church school class supported a day school under Fr. Huntington, in the district of Hankow, and corresponded (in English!) with the boys of this school. The Chinese boys, however, wrote in English, and not in Chinese. The 311 pledgers for Missions raised in their special envelopes \$1,195 during the year for diocesan missions and assessment, paying \$50 more than their pledge for diocesan missions.

"Our Own Missionary" was a Deacon named the Rev. Fu Ta Huan. He lived on less than \$185 a year of U. S. money. A dollar in China went very far in those days, and this was not a niggardly salary, as measured by Chinese values in 1903. For twenty years Epiphany parish, despite its name, had given nothing to Foreign Missions, and very little to Domestic Missions, though they had supported diocesan missions as generously as possible. Marie and John Henry led the parish into this enlarged missionary spirit, which never flagged thereafter, even after changes of Rectors and of circumstances had of necessity reduced the amounts of their gifts. The total receipts of the parish for the year May 1, 1902-3, were \$18,882. Receipts as follows:

From pew rents, \$4,973; from rent of Rectory, \$373; from interest on Endowment, \$300; from calendar envelopes, \$660; from *The Mikado* (net), \$566; from Easter offering, \$3,631; from money borrowed (for the new steam heating plant in the church, chapel, and parish house), \$4,160; Sunday offerings, \$2,010; from diocesan missions fund, \$475; from special offering for repairs, in October, 1902, \$655; from the Christmas offering of 1902, \$621. The net total, excluding the loan of \$4,600, was \$14,282.

These figures belong in this biography only as an index to the scale of money matters which Marie and John Henry had at Epiphany Church. She was always deeply interested in financial matters, and John Henry's steadfast adherence to the principle of never running a parish into heavy debt was largely owing to her counsel, and to her dislike and dread of debt, which he also shared.

One new venture which she started and largely organized before go-



ing abroad, in planning for the year 1903-4, was "the Parish Lecture Course," which she advised the women of the parish to substitute for the laborious bazaar so common in parish life. She herself organized a group of forty-three "patronesses" who should take two course-tickets apiece for the six lectures at \$3.00 for the course, and thus gave the new enterprise a good "send-off" before the fall commenced. The course of programmes, one each month commencing with October, was as follows: "London from the Top of an Omnibus," by the Rev. Charles Scadding, with slides; Marie's lecture on "Mary Stuart"; the Rev. Dr. James S. Stone on "The Mountains of Switzerland"; Dr. D. R. Brower (our Junior Warden) on "A Trip to The West Indies," with slides; a musicale; and John Henry's "Shakespeare's Country," with readings from Shakespeare by our very able Lay Reader, George M. Krebs. These lectures were all given at Illinois Hall, on West Madison street, and Marie's on "Mary Stuart" was an hour-and-a-half in length, with an intermission for music. She never missed a word, during that entire time, and her review of English history and Church history incorporated into the fabric of this remarkable lecture was thrillingly complete and splendidly done. The hall was filled, and the evening was a notable one in every way. She spoke from only a few notes, and her dramatic summary of poor Mary's life and of Elizabeth's doings was something that all deeply enjoyed.

It is impossible to resist a digression here. About a year after this lecture was given in the parish course, Marie was invited to give it at an Auxiliary rally in a small town of the diocese, where the Church has had a mission for many years. There was to be a big turkey dinner, and all the farmers round about were to come. The Town Hall was to be rented, and all in all it was to be a "big" occasion, the net proceeds going to Auxiliary work. Marie was very fond of these smaller groups of her faithful and interested women, and she and John Henry sallied forth for this affair with high hearts and lively interest.

As they drew near to the Town Hall they saw an unusually large number of equipages drawn up around the Roman Catholic Church of the village. And inquiries casually made developed the startling fact that all the Roman Catholics were coming to the turkey dinner after Mass, it being the Patronal Festival of their congregation! Imagine Marie's consternation at learning this unexpected item, for her lecture was throughout an indictment of the Roman plots against Elizabeth and of the whole Roman Catholic effort to dominate English Christianity, for centuries! She had draped this age-long struggle around the biographies of Mary and Elizabeth, much to the disadvantage of the Roman brethren. And here she was, with her carefully prepared notes all in hand, and only a half-hour to spend before the lecture should begin!

Many speakers would have simply quailed before such a tangle. But not she. She shut herself up in a little room for a half-hour or so, and came out smiling with an entirely different handling of Mary and Elizabeth, which did not arouse the enmity of the Romanists, and yet did not blink the historic facts, and all in all gave a delightful review of this great period of English history. As a platform achievement this certainly was something unusual. When it was all over, and she was preparing to go back to Chicago, after a very successful day in this village community, Marie told her chief hostess what she had done, in the sudden emergency, and said lady had intelligence enough to be very much amazed, as well as delighted.

At this time there were nearly thirty parish organizations, large or small, meeting regularly once a week or once a month, or, as in the case of a few only, at less frequent intervals. Just before the European trip began, John Henry, at Marie's suggestion, organized an "annual day" for the women workers of the parish. There were women exclusively or largely at work in seventeen of these thirty or so groups. The first of these annual days was May 14th, a Thursday, and about fifty women attended. The parish was composed of hard-working people, and nearly all the women were doing their own house-work, or were engaged in earning money somehow. So one could not expect a large week-day attendance at any date that was not a holiday. These seventeen organizations were as follows: the Woman's Auxiliary; the Choir-mothers; the Communicants' Reminders' Committee; the Epiphany Guild; the Girls' Friendly Society; the Junior Auxiliary; the King's Daughters; the Parish Paper Committee; the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses; the Visiting Committee; the Altar Guild; the Church Periodical Club; the Woman's Guild; the treasurer of the Diocesan Missions' Fund; the Week-day Organists; the Women's Bible Class; the Church Sunday school. The total number of women enrolled in these groups, exclusive of the Bible class and the Church Sunday school, was 190. Marie belonged to many of these organizations, and was the teacher of the Bible class. For some time she was the secretary (*i.e.*, the presiding and executive officer like a president) of the Girls' Friendly Society, and it then numbered nearly one hundred. And the 190 women worked so hard, in spite of their limited means, that only one parish in the diocese raised more money than they did, in 1902-3, and that was Grace Church, Chicago, one of the wealthiest and largest parishes. Grace Church's women raised about \$6,000, and Epiphany's women raised about \$3,000. Much of this sum was raised by Marie's direction or direct effort. She was always recognized as a leader by the women of all the parishes where she and John Henry worked.

The Diocesan Auxiliary that year (1902-3, Marie's third) reached

a total of \$23,000 in money and in the valuation of missionary boxes. It is said this was their largest annual total up to that time.

So the young Rector and his wife felt that they were leaving their work, both parochial and diocesan, in good shape, while they took their first long vacation, and started on this much-anticipated trip to Europe and the British Isles. The Rev. F. J. Bate, the Rev. W. R. Cross, and the Rev. George W. Farrar took charge of the parish, one month each, during this absence of three months. The itinerary of the trip was published in the *Epiphany*, as the parish paper was called, and it included some fifty cities and towns, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, a little of Germany, and six weeks in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Spending a week or more in both Paris and London, and in one or two other places spending more than one day, they nevertheless made "one night stands" for the most part, and their diary is filled with brief but pithy entries. What they enjoyed most would be hard to tell. They were spared from illness, except that Marie was a little seasick, and John Henry almost succumbed while they crossed the English Channel from Calais to Dover. They drank only water, as was their life-long wont, and they found no difficulty about this, even in Europe.

Their planned itinerary, which they followed almost exactly, was as follows: Saturday, June 6th, sailed from New York on the *Kroonland*, arriving at Antwerp. Thence to Brussels and Waterloo; Cologne, up the Rhine to Coblenz; through the Black Forest to Schaffhausen; Zurig, Lake Zug, Mt. Rigi and Lucerne; Brunig Pass to Giessbach; Interlaken, Berne, and Freiburg (the great organ in that Cathedral), Lausanne, Martigny, Chamounix, and Mt. Blanc; Geneva, and the long day-ride from Geneva to Paris; one week at Paris, and then to Canterbury *via* the Dover Straits; London for one week; Hursley, Salisbury, Exeter, Clovelly, Glastonbury, Wells, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, and Kenilworth, Chester, Leeds, Northern Wales, Ireland, Dublin, Glasgow, Oban, Iona, The Trossachs, Edinburgh, Lindisfarne, Durham, York, Haworth, Lincoln, Peterboro, Cambridge, Rotterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, and then sailing on the *Zeeland* on August 22nd, for New York. Three days with Marie's parents at Burlington, Vermont, and then to Chicago on September 4th. For some years after this comprehensive and most interesting and varied trip, Marie would listen while John Henry read the diary of the trip, day after day, during June, July, and August. So many different events and experiences were crowded into these three vivid months, that it would be impossible to chronicle them all. A few stand out, however, for their especial features. One was at London.

Before sailing, John Henry had written to the Bishop of London (who is still living in 1933), whose books and example he has always



most heartily admired among all the British Bishops, and he had introduced himself, referring to his grandfather, who had been the Bishop of Vermont and Presiding Bishop of the American Church, and to the position of Marie in the Auxiliary. He had asked three questions: (a) Would the Bishop of London be preaching anywhere in London on the Sunday of their visit; (b) Would there be any great missionary meetings during their week in London; and (c) if this is the kind of letter that the Bishop has time to read and to answer, could he please send a line to them at Paris. On arriving at Paris, they found a polite note from the Bishop's Chaplain, saying that the Bishop would not be preaching in London at that time, and that there were no more large missionary meetings at that time of the year but that the Bishop would be happy to have the tourists lunch with him at Fulham Palace on the Saturday, July 11th. This unexpected invitation to be such luncheon guests filled them with delight, and they of course accepted at once.

The drive to Fulham was a long one from their boarding place near the British Museum (at Mrs. Penny's, where they had been introduced by Bishop Fawcett, of Quincy, Illinois), and they arrived a little before the appointed hour.

The Bishop greeted them most cordially, and asked them to walk around in his rose garden until luncheon time. The English custom of avoiding all introductions embarrassed them not a little, but several of the thirty guests relieved them by introducing themselves to Marie, if not to John Henry. Among these was Bishop Talbot, who chatted with John Henry about the editor of *The Churchman*, Silas McBee. There were two girls in their early twenties who confided to John Henry that they were American girls who had cultivated a little of the English accent, and were palming themselves off as English girls! Then, at luncheon time the Bishop placed Marie at his right hand, and next to her there was a British admiral, who chatted with her delightfully, and asked her if she knew Admiral Dewey. Dewey having been from Montpelier, in her own Vermont, there was much ice broken at once, and her neighbor said that he had met Dewey at Manila. Marie afterwards found out that he was Admiral Chichester, who had curbed the insolence of the German navy officers at Manila, when they tried to pick a quarrel with Dewey. This was all in all a most interesting experience.

Years afterwards, at Richmond, Virginia, in 1907, the Bishop of London was the guest of the General Convention, and the great scholar and theologian, the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Hall of Chicago, John Henry's helper at Epiphany, who was the American correspondent of *The Church Times* at that time (the great English Church paper, with the largest circulation of any religious publication in England), asked John Henry



to write up the American visit of the Bishop of London for *The Church Times*. This was done with all the verve and pictorial description of which John Henry was capable, and it took the form of three letters to the *Times*. Every detail of this notable visit that could be found by diligent search was narrated, and this was the only opportunity that John Henry ever had of repaying, at least in a very small degree, that unexpected and most gracious hospitality which Marie and he so heartily enjoyed that Saturday in July, fourteen years before.

Another unexpected incident was one which took place at Leeds. John Henry had been most eager to hear one of the fine organ recitals on Leeds' great Town Hall organ, by W. T. Best, the distinguished organist. These recitals were mentioned in their Baedeker's, and their disappointment on arriving in Leeds was keen when it was discovered, what the guide-book had not mentioned, namely, that in August these weekly recitals were omitted, it being the vacation season. Whether or not this omission was a piece of shrewd coöperation with the Leeds hotels on the part of the publishers of Baedeker's *England* (the vacation season being, of course, the tourist season, when organ music lovers from far and near would like to hear Dr. Best play on this grand instrument), we do not profess to know. What we do know is that there the big instrument stood, in the open City Hall, silent and closed as these two tourists arrived.

So John Henry went to work. He tackled the "cop" on the outside of the hall, and asked him the name of "the inside man of the inside wheel" that ran the City Hall. He was given the name of a butcher, whose market was on the street-front of the very hotel where they had taken rooms. So back to the hotel was the next step. Then there ensued a rather unique conversation.

*John Henry*: "Good Morning, Mr. Blank. May I please ask if you are the gentleman who has the charge of the keys of the City Hall organ?"

*Butcher*: "Yes, I am. But Dr. Best is away on his vacation, and there are no recitals until his return in September."

*J. H.*: "Now Mr. Blank, I have come four thousand miles to hear this grand organ. It is one of the celebrated instruments in the world, as of course you know better than I do. I am an organist, and have played in one of the largest Episcopal churches in New York City. I wonder if you could not kindly let me open the console, and look over the wonderful instrument for a few minutes. I assure you that I will not hurt it in the least degree, and I will tell my friends in Chicago, where I live, how unusually kind and considerate you will have been to allow me this very great privilege."

*Butcher*: "Are you sure that you will not hurt it?"

*J. H.*: Absolutely sure, Mr. Blank. I know enough about large organs not to try any experiments with stops and couplers and registers with which I may not be familiar."

*Butcher*: "Well, you may try it, but be very sure that you do not hurt it at all."

*J. H.*: "Thank you most heartily, Mr. Blank. I shall not forget your great kindness."

And the next event was to post back to the Town Hall, hot-footed, and there to interview the aforesaid "cop" with a hand-shake that included a good-sized English coin. The grin that resulted, and the orders to the engineer to turn on the power, were the final steps in this progress, which landed John Henry on the organ bench, and opened to his gaze five ranks of keys and an innumerable number of stops and couplers. He pulled out what he recognized, and for a half-hour filled that Town Hall with as much music as he could recall without practice, and most heartily did he enjoy his brief introduction to a very great organ. People came in, as they heard the sounds, and quite a little audience sat through the informal musicale. Marie said that she enjoyed it. Then, as John Henry hastened back to the butcher, to express his thanks again, he found said official with his ear glued to the telephone, and the very much relieved accents of the butcher-voice sang a message of comfort as Mr. Butcher heard the engineer say that "he didn't hurt the organ at all."

Quite different, however, were some of the experiences which they found at the hands of some other British officials. They went to Westminster Abbey several times, but always found the "Jerusalem Chamber" closed. Finally Marie braced up to the uniformed guard who stood outside the closed door, and said, "We have come four thousand miles to see the Jerusalem Chamber, among other London sights, and it is always closed. Could you please tell us why?"

*Guard*: "For reasons, Madam. *Reasons!*" (Curtain falls!)

Chicagoesque loyalty to the American Railroad found expression in England in several ways. First, by constant amusement at the English ways of running a railroad. (We will say "we" from now on, for a change.)

We did not so much wonder at the English custom of taking up one's ticket as one leaves the train, nor did we complain of the custom of always walking, driving, or being on the left, instead of on the right. Nor did they find us very much nonplussed by the small compartments in the coaches. But when it came to changing cars, we objected indeed, for there seemed to be no system, anywhere we went, concerning giving the passengers notice that certain ones should change at the next station. Three American men were in the compart-

ment one day, and they decided that at the next station they would all go out onto the platform and sniff the air. And if it had a certain smell, they would change at the next station, and if the perfume of the station was nil or different, they would stay close to their train. They said that it was as infallible a rule as any that they had found!

We give this item of our trip in connection with the visit to Leeds, because in the hotel dining room at Leeds the only other guest (and it was a large room) was an American traveling man. We invited him to our table, and we all discussed English railroads, galore. His story was the best we had heard by that time. He was in London, and was to take a 9 A.M. train for some suburb about twenty miles from the Victoria Station. He went to the immense station early, but could not find anyone who would tell him where to find his train. As 9 A.M. approached he was desperate, and finally accosted a trainman who came running towards him. "Where is Train No. Blank, for So-and-So?" begged the distracted American. "I wish you'd tell me," responded his friend, "I am a guard on that train and I can't find it!"

All the same, the English railways run fast trains, and the prices of tickets are not high, and the stations are well kept.

At Clovelly, the most unique town of our tour, we stayed in a fisherman's cottage, as the husband was at sea, and his wife had an extra room. Our next point was Wells, and the trip was to take fully a half-day by stage-coach and train. Our hostess commiserated with us on the long and wearying journey that would soon begin. This unexpected bit of unwelcome sympathy was a little too much for our Chicago lady, whose home-town is the greatest railroad center in the world, and she remarked, rather didactically, "Well, in our part of the world there are trains which run for a whole week at a time, with bath-rooms and barber shops and dining cars and reading rooms and sleeping rooms, so that the passengers are well supplied indeed." The Lady from Chicago expected several "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Dear Me's" and other ejaculations of overwhelmed surprise from the wife of the Devonshire fisherman. Not a bit of it came. "Humph," she retorted, "I should think you would need all those things if you had to travel so long on one train!" (Curtain fell.) We departed meekly for Wells.

As a matter of fact we did not keep exactly to the itinerary above given. We did not go to Holland, but stayed so long in the British Isles that we went at once from England to Antwerp, to catch our return steamer for home. The night was rather rough, and our little boat responded liberally to the suggestions of the various North Sea billows. I myself frankly succumbed, before the night was passed, and the cabin echoed with the loud groans of other and more stalwart men, who likewise caved in. There were some soprano parts to this chorus, also,



though Marie stoutly refrained from such vocal comments on her own condition and experience. The amazing thing about it all was that when breakfast-calls came, and we had been in calm waters for some time, there filed into the dining hall a long row of freshly-shaven, smiling-faced men and calm-souled women, all eager to discuss the ample menu served to this army of recent groaners and shrillers! Recovery was certainly rapid.

Cologne Cathedral is one of the great fanes which had figured intimately in the school and college life of us both. This majestic and historic pile was the theme of Marie's valedictory oration, when she graduated in 1880 from the Burlington high school, with the most tremendous marks—*e.g.*, for one whole term, she received 99 and three-tenths plus as a mark! When I somehow was awarded the place of "last speaker" at the exhibition of my U. V. M. class (1883) during our sophomore year, at the Burlington College Street Congregational Church (Marie's oration was delivered in the "White Street" or Winooski Avenue Congregational Church, modestly called in later years by its large congregation "the First Church") I deliberately chose the same subject, "Cologne Cathedral," as my theme. Marie always said that I stole it from her, which was probably true, though I barely knew who she was at the time of her high school graduation. So we looked forward with keenest interest, on this trip, to our visit to Cologne, that "town of monks and bones, and pavements fanged with hideous stones, and hags and rags and filthy wenches," where Coleridge also says that he "counted two and seventy stenchs, all well defined and genuine stinks."

Our train arrived in the early evening and our hotel was near the great Cathedral. I will never forget the impression I received when, backing up against a lamp-post close to the enormous West Towers, I looked up to the Cross surmounting the tower next to me. It seemed miles high. It is, as all know, one of the loftiest pairs of towers in all Europe.

Our night's rest was seriously interfered with by the barking and groaning of a loud-lunged dog, very near our window. I scratched off a load of dust from my German conversation achievements of college days, and tried to remonstrate with the bell-boy about the vocalization of "der Hund," but all to no avail. We were lulled to slumber by the sharp and solid message of said "Hund," but early the next morning we were awakened by the sound of a fine pipe organ in the adjoining church, where good people were already celebrating the 6 A.M. Mass, with music. We found, by the way, in Antwerp Cathedral, a full chorus at the earliest Mass on the week day when we awoke to the far-famed and gentle music of the great carillon in that Cathedral. In a moment of



what we hope was unusual mental decay even for me, I ventured in Antwerp, to say that I knew then why they called it "Bel (1)-gium"!

After sufficient breakfast we sallied forth for further vision of the Cologne Cathedral, and were amply rewarded. Our Puritan consciences were somewhat shocked, however, by learning that the expenses were met in part by an immense lottery!

From Cologne we went up the Rhine, in an all-day trip, which was one of the most dreamy and fascinating experiences of our entire tour. Romance and history, castles and armies, Cæsar and Napoleon and Bismarck, Beethoven and everyone else in German music, legends and myths and modern diplomacy, Wagner and Siegfried and the Franco-Prussian War, and all the rest, mingled with our memories and our guide book's data to fill that day to the brim with real tourists' joy.

Two Americans opposite to us at dinner, in the cabin below, found themselves really in a dangerous mood when the menu served butter as dessert! And there was one German couple, young and friendly, who spent several hours, not in looking at the scenery, but in compounding a most elaborate drink, with just the proper amount of ice and spice and various proportions of wines and liquors.

We finally reached "Bingen on the Rhine," where we spent the night. I eagerly searched the town for some Pond's Extract, in vain. I might as well have searched the public library for a copy of the Declaration of Independence, or of Washington's Farewell Address to His Officers. For somehow Marie had developed a blackness over one eye, and we wanted Pond's help. We got something else, but by the time we had reached Strasbourg the blackness was still there in almost full force. At these little German hotels they did not have an honest American register on the office counter, but they sent up to our room, on our arrival, a slip of paper, for us to sign. One line was to indicate our "Station," that is our social position. One would suppose that this meant the nobility, the military, or something else. Well, of course, being free-born American citizens (though the nation had not at that time extended to women the franchise), we were the equals of any "nobility" in Germany, or Patagonia, or anywhere else. But we could not quite bring ourselves to say this, even if we knew how to do it gracefully in German, which I certainly did not know. So we left that part of our slip blank, as we proudly registered from "Chicago, U. S. A." (We never added "Illinois." There is only one Chicago in this world, or any other!) We had to spend parts of three days in Strasbourg, on account of our laundry. This dislocated our itinerary schedule a little at the outset, but we couldn't help it. When, therefore, our bill came in on the following Monday, the hotel clerk, having seen Marie's black eye, directly assumed that we belonged to the "nobility," as that is in some

countries the "noble" way to treat women who need encouragement in the way of righteousness. So the bill was made out to "Herr Hopkins, Hoch Wohl-Gebornen." We let it go at that.

We spent Sunday, of course, in this old city, and we tried Church-going. There was an English Mission, which held services in some public hall, like one of our Court Houses, and of all the poverty-stricken misconceptions of how worship ought to be held, this service, led by that poor English Low Church Missionary, took the palm! We got over it as best we could, and then tried the great Roman Catholic Cathedral in the afternoon. It was crowded, mostly with women, and there was an enormous procession of clergy and choristers, or Acolytes, filling the immense chancel. The very minute, however, that the service began, a corps of lusty Vergers, as we would call them, each armed with a staff which he struck loudly on the stone pavement as he entered each row of chairs, sallied forth from somewhere to collect the offerings. Prayers or chants or whatnot might be going on from the crowd in the chancel, but the assiduous Vergers never flagged. They kept up their stamping and collecting during nearly the entire time that we stayed. We hope they garnered a rich harvest. At any rate, they did not sell lottery tickets, as someone must do to support Cologne Cathedral, if our informants were correct. And yet there are infatuated folk who want us Anglicans to ape the religious customs of Rome!

Marie had for years been deeply devoted to Charlotte and Emily Brontë, among her favorite authors. So of course, when in England, we went to Haworth. It was a pilgrimage of reverence and affection. How those brilliant women could have done their remarkable work amid such dreary surroundings is one of the amazing achievements of literature. Perhaps they actually grew to love the drab and dingy atmosphere of the moors.

I well remember once, years after this trip, when we had taken a return trip to Chicago from the Pacific Coast, via Canada, that we passed through some of the tree-less cities which stand out stark and hideous on the Canadian prairie. Soon after our return we were dining with two young parishioners in Chicago who had lived in a tree-less city out there for a while. I happened to make some remark about the miserable sight which a tree-less town must be, and my host bridled up in an instant. I saw my mistake. They had grown fond of tree-less places! I have learned also from my 700 weddings that people can be fond of almost any kind of a looking object, or subject, if they really want to be thus ensnared and attached. So it may be that Emily and Charlotte grew fond of the country round about Haworth. As for me, I was glad enough when we could flee.

We noticed in the ancient parish register an account of a Vestry

meeting in the Haworth parish, many decades ago, when it was voted that the clergyman should not, with the consent of the Vestry, get drunk on Easter Day. On second thought I am not quite certain whether it was the cleric or the Vestry who were not to appear at church drunk on Easter Day. It was somebody, however. This went to show me that people who had to live in Haworth simply had to do something to liven up on the great festivals, since they lived within sight of the awful moors. Nevertheless, ours was a dramatic pilgrimage, and we were glad to have made it. Marie wrote a most charming booklet about Emily Brontë, not long after our return home. She sold it, and gave the proceeds to Miss Thackara's noble and difficult hospital work among the Navajo Indians of our West.

In London we boarded, as we have said, at Miss Penny's boarding house near the British Museum. No one could get into this unique yet typical English boarding house without an introduction. We found there twenty or less boarding people, most of them elderly ladies with nice lace caps, who gossiped to their hearts' content about the Queen, and the awful doings of some of the nobility. We decided then and there that this is one great advantage of having an "aristocracy," namely, that it gives the old ladies an endless theme for gossip.

These fellow boarders were much interested in the two astonishing young Americans who came from that unpronounceable city called Chicago. "How do you pronounce it?" they would frequently ask: "Chick-kawgo, or Shickawgo, or Shickahgo, or how?" Marie was always a loyal Chicagoan, and after a while her spirits rose to the challenge of the be-capped old ladies. One day while we were sight-seeing, she happened to catch sight of a bus with the name "Wormwood Scrubbs" written on it in large script. She bided her time until the next occasion at table when the old ladies began again to wrestle with the pronunciation of Chicago. Then Marie opened up her machine-gun, and said, "It is a funny name isn't it! But I found one the other day in London which seems to me to be even funnier." "Why, how impossible! What was it, pray?" And then with her fullest accent, she burst forth "*Wormwood Scrubbs!*" "Oh! You must be mistaken, my dear. We have never heard of such a name in London. Are you sure that you read it correctly? There certainly is some mistake," etc., etc. Marie stoutly maintained her ground, and the old ladies eventually found that she was right. "Wormwood Scrubbs" is the place where the army have their target practice, far out on the outskirts of London. After that we had no more trouble about pronouncing Chicago.

One of Marie's most compelling and beautiful lectures, which she often gave, even after our retirement, was on "Torfréda," the wife of



"Hereward the Wake." This brought into the lecture the thrilling story of the conquest of the island by William the Conqueror in 1066, and the story of the battle of Hastings and the description of the fen country around Ely Cathedral and Lincoln, the monks of the fens, and all that graphic section of English history. So we had intense interest in our visit to Ely and to Lincoln, and in our journey through the fen country. The "Lincoln Imp" fascinated us so much that we bought two or three reproductions of his thoroughbred impertinence, and they still are ornaments, door-knobs, etc., in our home on Grand Isle, Vermont.

We had an amusing experience in the little café outside the grounds of the Lincoln Cathedral. Two Americans sat near us, and we simply could not avoid hearing some of their conversation. The gentleman asked the waitress to bring him some fresh fruit. She brought him a dish of stewed prunes. He controlled himself well, but stated very frankly that he had ordered *fresh* fruit. "Why, they were stewed this morning, sir!" We left him still gasping.

Our experience at Oxford, where we revelled in the atmosphere of the wonderful place, was notable for an extraordinary discovery made by myself. I recalled that a clergyman named Clark had been brought to St. James's, Chicago, by our Rector, Dr. Tomkins, during the second summer of the Chicago part of this biography. Fr. Clark came from the diocese of Oxford, and after two years in Chicago, *viz.*, 1892 to 1894, he returned to the diocese of Oxford. Marie didn't feel rested enough on the evening of their Oxford visit to do any sight-seeing, so I intrepidly went out snooping around alone, to see what I could see. I drifted into a large library, and at once got hold of the big English book which gives the brief sketches of the clergy in England. I thought that I might find the address of Fr. Clark, by searching in this book. I could not recall the Priest's full name or all his initials, and when I struck the list of "Clarks" I found it a very long one. About to give it up as a hopeless job, it occurred to me to sweep my eye along the list until I caught the word "Chicago." A half-hour gave me no such clue, for the name "Chicago" did not occur in the entire list of "Clarks." Finally the thought struck me that I would look closer. I found a Clark whose biographical sketch omitted entirely two whole years. These years were 1892 to 1894. These were the exact years in which the Clark I was seeking was at work in Chicago. I at once gambled on the very amusing possibility that the Rev. whatever-his-name-was Clark had been so ashamed of his American experience that he had not been willing to speak of it in his "Crockford" notes! This turned out to be the fact as the correspondence which fol-



lowed eventually disclosed! This was the most entertaining bit of sleuthing that fell to my personal lot for some years. The Priest in question was in charge of a small parish in the diocese of Oxford.

I cannot of course go into many of the details of this delightful trip. All American tourists follow somewhat similar itineraries, though no two see the same Europe, of course. Perhaps we may close this imperfect sketch with one or two more rather unusual items, as they occur to the chronicler.

One was the trip to Iona. Marie had for some years been deeply interested in all the historical data which show that the Catholic Church of England was not papal in origin, and therefore did not commit schism at the solemn time of Henry the Eighth. This of course involved careful study of the Celtic Church of the organization of Church life in the British Isles, as we call them, before 596, when the monk Augustine came to England at the behest of the Pope, and found the Catholic Church already there. Iona's life in those early ages of the Primitive Church was of course very prominent and vital.

We took the little steamer from the mainland, one Saturday morning. For an amply long time, during the trip, we were exposed to the full swell of the Atlantic Ocean, but we finally landed at the Sacred Isle of Iona on schedule time. A Celtic Cross is among the mementos of this very interesting trip. There is also a small replica of the great font at St. Martin's, Canterbury, in which King Ethelbert was baptized by Celtic missionary effort, about A. D. 596.

At that time we were reading *Westward Ho*, by Charles Kingsley, and that remarkable story includes a vivid description, as all lovers of English literature know, of the Spanish Armada and its overthrow. As we neared our destination on the return trip from Iona, I was busily reading in this book the very chapter which spoke of the Spanish ships that were sunk along the coast-line of the British Isles, and of the large amounts of gold and other treasures which some of them contained. I looked up, as the steamer neared a landing, and saw a steam dredge at work near the wharf. The men on the dredge were digging for gold sunk in a Spanish vessel of the Armada! This brought Kingsley's great historical novel pretty well up to date. We did not have time or opportunity to find out whether any gold was discovered by the dredgers or not, however.

We might easily fill many more pages with data from this varied and interesting tour, for we traveled with our eyes very wide open, and we covered, at least superficially, a large amount of territory during our three months' absence. The time rapidly drew near, however, when we had to turn our faces homeward, and we were not sorry.

Before we leave this brief sketch of it all, nevertheless, we must set

down a few data about our scurrying excursion to Ireland. My able and distinguished grandfather, John Henry Hopkins, "the Great," from whom I was named, was born in Dublin, and therefore to Dublin we went, from North Wales. The trip was a rough one, and Marie almost had the gratification of welcoming her boastful husband to her sea-sick side, before the rolling ceased and Dublin appeared on the inviting horizon. We stopped at a fairly good hotel, where the maids were nevertheless one of the most avaricious sets of hand-extenders that we encountered along the road. We reached the hotel in the latter part of the afternoon, and had decided to stay all that night, and the following day and night before leaving for Belfast.

After dinner we started out on a street car ride. The King and Queen had but lately visited Dublin, and the populace were all stirred up about it, for there was turbulent hatred of England in Dublin at that time, as at many other times. The streets were filled that evening with a motley crowd of young people, and our recollection of them as a mass was that they were the most pitiful, sore eyed, undersized lot of miserable-looking youths and maidens that we had ever seen. The city stank of stale alcoholic drink, and drinking seemed universal. We took a street car to ride out to Phoenix Park, though it was the edge of the evening. An oldish man, quite drunk, was on the platform of the tram, as we stepped aboard. He made some fuss, and the young conductor ejected him from the car. He picked himself up, white with rage and fury, and started to run after the car, swearing murder and everything else akin as he ran. Of course he was distanced as the speed increased, but he ran till he was far behind, shaking his fists and yelling vengeance at the quite calm conductor, who seemed to think it a matter so common as to be scarcely worthy of notice.

The next morning we went to Dean Swift's Cathedral, for Matins, at 10 A.M. The young organist gave a very attractive accompaniment of the chanted Psalter, and I lingered around after service, as was my wont under similar circumstances during our Cathedral visits, to thank the organist for his music. The young fellow, very much pleased, said that the organ had lately been rebuilt at large expense by Lord Iveigh (spelling doubtful). He was asked who Lord Iveigh was, and, much surprised at the ignorance even of tourists, said, "Why Guinness, the Brewer of Ale, of course." And then he went on to tell us the name of the big distiller of whiskey who had given a like large sum quite recently to renovate the other Cathedral of Dublin. They have two Cathedrals there, somehow, for the Church of England, or the Irish non-Roman Church. Later on I was telling this amazing story that afternoon on a street car, when the conductor of the car interrupted me and said, "Yes, Sir, and the big beer magnate of Dublin has lately refitted

up the large Presbyterian Church, too." So, what with ale, whiskey, and beer kings, the religious life of Dublin seems to be pretty well in the hands of those who do not believe in Prohibition. We never in any other city saw so many young women, at 10 A.M. or thereabouts, sitting on the curb-stones of the dirty streets, suckling their babies, and drinking either the goods of the religious ale-man, or whiskey-man or beer-man.

We simply "skedaddled" out of Dublin by the first available train, on the following morning. Before we left, however, I openly invented, in sheer self-defense, a barrage against the avarice of the domestics of the hotel. Fortunately I had given notice at the desk the night before, that I wanted, please, to be called at 6:45 A.M. so that we might have ample time to dress, pack, and breakfast before leaving to catch our 9 A.M. train for Belfast. Of course the clerk forgot all about it, and the faithful alarm clock saved us the loss of the day. As I went to pay my bill, on the way to the carriage for the station, I saw this long line of hungry hand-extendors filing up between the office and the door. So I began my "sermon." I announced as my text that "In America, if a clerk forgot to call a guest, that hotel was disgraced and apologetic." I spoke with unwonted deliberation for me, going step by step towards the door and the carriage, as I preached, passing by the lined-up army of hungry palmists with not even side-glances, as I continued my harangue, which did not reach its peroration until Marie and I were safely seated in the carriage, and the door thereof was closed with the climaxing word of said finale! Of course I had feed already the only waiters and others who had done anything for us, and I found that this "sermon along the hall-way" was quite a valuable investment, under similar circumstances. This was not infrequently the case, and almost always the combination of the request for being called at a definite hour, the utter failure of the clerk to ring the call, and the consequent sermon from this text, commencing when the receipt for the hotel bill was being placed in my faithful pocket book, and ending when Marie and I entered our carriage for the railroad station, worked like a charm. Of course we always feed those who deserved it, but the hungry horde who had done nothing for it got nothing but this very valuable sermon, which was delivered without any accompanying circulation of the offertory plate.

And so our rapid and eventful trip came to an end, as we neared Antwerp again, and boarded the *Zeeland*, companion boat of the *Kroonland*, for the return voyage. What a difference there is in the whole air and bearing of tourists on their return trip, especially if they have just completed their first tour in the old countries! Outgoing, they are filled with zest, and, at times, with something akin to a form of humility,



as they frankly are asking questions. Asking questions is a sign, often, of a certain phase of humility. Those who "know it all" don't have to ask questions and if they don't "know it all," they will not even ask questions if they are too proud to acknowledge their need of information.

But on the return trip, even the humble-minded "know it all." They have seen the sights, and each one has had, of course, the most remarkable and successful tour ever planned or enjoyed by anybody, least of all by any of the fellow passengers. Consequently the return trip on the ocean is apt to be a bit of a bore, whereas the outward trip from the Statue of Liberty is usually a keen delight, always excepting, of course, the experience which keeps people in bed, or leaning over the rail of the ship for the nonce. Ours was unusually boresome at table, for a while, for we were seated near a spoiled girl of twenty-something, and her indulgent parents. All three, especially the girl, found no end of fault with the menu at every meal, even when it was a good one, as it nearly always was. They would discuss the horrible character of dish after dish, in vocalization which was heard far beyond us, their unfortunate table-mates, until anything that the rest of us ventured to order would simply reek with the maledictions of the three: Pa, Ma, and the girl. Enjoyable meals under such circumstances were rare, until one morning since we both had stood this thing about as long as we thought that Scripture commanded I opened up and began. The three growlers (who lived in Philadelphia, as it happened) turned out to be such mere amateurs at food-condemnation, as I loudly proceeded to fling out adjective after adjective, regardless of all the laws of rhetoric, about the indescribable menu (which, as a matter of fact, was very good), that the three Philadelphians actually saw the point, and we had no trouble after that about comments on the menus.

The voyage was enlivened a little for our tourists, who were always such devotees of music, by the companionship of a very gifted youth of nineteen or so, who had such a command of music that he could sit at the piano and play the exact combination of chords and overtones and resultant discords sung by the famous carillon of the Antwerp Cathedral. This was really a musical feat, but it was at least fifteen years ahead of those awful days which followed the War, when even great orchestras were compelled by the degenerate to grunt and growl, screech and yell, whine and snarl in anything and everything but the established harmonies of the preceding two thousand years, and this, too, in the name of "progress" and "modern music." The jangling overtones of the Antwerp bells were as orthodox as "Home, Sweet Home," in comparison with this dreadful post-War cacophony which the galleries usually applauded, and the "up-to-date" always affected. This sensitive youth of the *Zeeland* passenger list really loved music. He would never enter



the dancing hall when the orchestra was playing, for he said frankly that it was desecration of music to dance to it.

Marie enjoyed the return voyage, excepting for one very stormy day and night, with zest, for she had developed a pair of "sea legs," to some extent, and so was not indisposed much of the time, in spite of her delicate digestion.

One day I began a rule of work, on this return voyage, which marked a definite change in my method of sermon-writing. And the change continued during all the rest of my active ministry as Rector. Every parish Priest knows that among the heaviest burdens, so far as brain-work or—to be more modest—head-work is concerned, the weekly sermons are in the front rank. It is quite doubtful if it was ever intended that the parochial clergy should try to preach twice or three times every week, largely to the same people as a matter of course. This custom is one of the inheritances from the Protestant Reformation (?) of the sixteenth century, and we are beginning to learn that the wisecrackers of that exceedingly impassioned and head-strong movement did not have a monopoly of all the wisdom of the ages. Nevertheless, as Church life is constituted today, the people expect, as a rule, that their Rectors shall preach every Sunday morning and evening, and shall usually give an address or a class-instruction or something on that order, at at least one week-day service besides. This is a heavy enough burden in the quiet of a small parish, or a small city where not so much is expected, besides, from a Rector, and where the population is not so continually on the move as in the great cities. But in a place like Chicago, and especially the West Side of Chicago, where the pressure was insistent and relentless, and where no two successive congregations, in a large parish, had the same people in attendance, the burden of selecting a sermon theme, and of preparing the message therefrom, was almost an impossible one at times for a busy parish Priest.

One day I sat down in the ship's saloon, on this return trip, and selected my sermon themes for every sermon up to the following January 1st, and wrote out the heads thereof, and selected the illustrations and composed the perorations for them all. I followed the Christian Year pretty closely, and took the texts from either the Eucharistic Scriptures or the Lessons at Matins and Evensong for the Sundays involved. When I returned to an unusually busy fall, in the parish, I found such immense relief, due to this preliminary work done on the ocean, that I resolved to continue it as part of my summer work every year. After January 1, 1904, when my list prepared on the voyage homeward was exhausted, I found that the task of returning to the hand-to-mouth schedule of all my previous years

was if anything intensified. So this resolution never to be again without all of my sermon-outlines for the whole ensuing time up to the next vacation was clinched by the difficulties which flooded me after that January 1st. As the subsequent years came and went, I found this habit so easy and so helpful, that I often prepared enough at my Grand Isle desk to make much further work on most of the sermons unnecessary in Chicago. Many a time I would find it unnecessary during the last decade or so of my active ministry to spend more than a half-hour or an hour at my desk during the entire week, in preparing the Sunday morning sermons, and these were the years when Marie said that I did my best preaching. This new departure began on the return trip from our European tour in 1903.

One more change in habit resulted from this trip. Usually I had been accustomed to drink one cup of moderately brewed coffee at breakfast, for a good many years. Marie never touched tea or coffee at any time, during her entire life. The pressure of work at The Church of The Epiphany was severe, and I very often awoke in the mornings with a heavy and tired feeling that was not promising, and might really become ominous. I could not tell how much of this would be due to work and how much to coffee, unless I stopped the coffee. And all our friends said that it would take three days to stop, and that the three days would be accompanied with splitting headaches so that I would be not only useless, but might become dangerous. I therefore went for some years without finding a group of three days when it made no difference to anyone what I did or where I was, as long as I kept out of sight and fellowship. The three days came to me, however, at the home of Marie's parents, 96 Colchester Avenue, Burlington, Vermont, as Marie and I spent a little time with her home-people, after arriving from this tour. Dear "Merum," as everybody near her always called Marie's mother, affectionately, made excellent Postum, and I fearlessly drank a cup or two at breakfast instead of my mild coffee. I then fled to the furthest corner in the Billings Library of my Alma Mater, the University of Vermont, near the Graves's home, and there I stayed until the time for luncheon. True, the headache came on at 9 A.M., and gave me ample companionship until noon. Then it stopped, short, and *never returned!* Thus did I emancipate myself from the thralldom of coffee for breakfast, and I took my place by Marie's abstemious side, so that ever afterwards it made no difference to us where we breakfasted. We could get along admirably on some crackers and fruit, or on either alone, if necessary. In our missionary travels later, around the Fifth Province (then called the "Fifth Department," with true Protestant Episcopalian caution in the avoidance of real ecclesiastical termi-

nology), this freedom from bondage to coffee at breakfast was a definite advantage.

This might be called the pinnacle of the climax of our altogether delightful summer's trip, and we hied ourselves back to the Great West Side of big, growing Chicago with the utmost zest and eagerness for the renewal of our work in the diocese and the parish.

CLOSING YEARS AT THE CHURCH  
OF THE EPIPHANY, CHICAGO;  
MARIE'S LITERARY WORK,  
AND HER BUILDING ENTERPRISES  
AT GRAND ISLE, VERMONT





## CHAPTER EIGHT

THE BUSY ROUTINE in the diocesan Auxiliary, for Marie, and in the parish for us both, began at once. There were at least three signal events during the months and years that followed this trip to Europe, which we might well chronicle.

One has been referred to, and will be again mentioned, namely, the publication of one thousand copies of Marie's delightful booklet on *Emily Brontë*. These were sold throughout the diocese, and the money was given to Miss Thackara's Hospital, as we have said, among the Navajo Indians at Fort Defiance, Arizona.

Miss Thackara afterwards thanked Marie in a very beautiful manner for this unusual help, not only by giving us a fine Navajo rug, but by enabling us to buy all the other Navajo rugs for "Wedding Bells Bungalow" direct from the Indians, thus saving us all of the large expenses which the middle-men would have charged us for such beautiful rugs.

The next event of especial character which came to pass during the months following our European trip was the horrible disaster of the Iroquois Theatre fire, on the afternoon of December 30th, when some 600 people, chiefly women and children, and youths of both sexes home for their holiday vacations, were burned to death or smothered to death by the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago's Loop district. Nearly every part of our great city and suburbs was smitten by sorrow, as either there were some residents from many sections of the city who were thus fearfully overcome by death, or those who perished were related in some way to the widely-scattered survivors. The whole community was horrified and grief-stricken, and Epiphany parish suffered keenly.

One of our new choir boys, Allan Holst, was found dead with his mother and two others of her children. Young Howard John Williams, son of one of our older Vestrymen, also perished, and the housekeeper of another Vestryman's family, Miss Gertrude Fitzpatrick of the George E. Shipman household, was among the dead. Relatives of the family of Mrs. John T. Knox of our parish were also among the victims. I afterwards found some Redeemer families who suffered keenly from the catastrophe. I will never forget the morning I spent with George P. Blair and young Edward Blair, searching for the morgue which contained the body of Howard Williams, Ed Blair's close friend.

One incident as our carriage left St. Luke's Hospital was especially poignant. There was a man who walked out of the hospital at the same time we did. He was a locomotive engineer, and we asked him where he was going. He was following the same trail that our party had blocked out and we asked him to ride with us. As he took his seat in the carriage I asked him for whom he was searching. He could barely speak, but managed to say "My wife"! I vainly tried to realize what would have been my own feelings had I been searching for Marie's body, that awful morning. And I then realized that one can never know a deep experience without passing through it personally.

The third signal event of this busy year 1903-4 was the arrival of the fifth anniversary of our Rectorate and life in Epiphany. This was commemorated on the First Sunday after Easter, April 10th, as we had reached Epiphany on Tuesday in Easter Week, April 6, 1899. In this connection we are obliged, if we would be truthful, to speak of the unexpected way in which some of our North of Ireland parishioners and their especial friends in the parish helped us to commemorate this semi-decade. At first nothing whatever was suggested by anybody, among my busy parishioners, as the date approached, so I at last made up my mind, after consulting with Marie, that I would observe the anniversary myself.

This I did in two ways. I preached a sermon showing how much God had blessed our work, giving some statistics of the five years' work.

There had been 326 baptisms, 116 of these candidates being of "Riper Years."

Six confirmation classes had enrolled 464 candidates. Diligent pastoral calling had added 675 other confirmed persons, but the constant removals and other changes had taken about 575 names from our list during the five-year period. The approximate number of confirmed persons on our books thus had risen from about 1,000 in April, 1899, to about 1,500 in April, 1904. Of these, 1,267 were considered in good standing at this anniversary time.

The average attendance at the Sunday 8 A.M. Holy Eucharist had risen from about 21 per Sunday to 38.

The Christmas communicants had increased from 342, of whom 105 were men or boys, to 382, of whom 125 were men or boys.

On Easter Day, 1900 (there were no figures recorded for Easter, 1899, during the interim between Rectorates), there were 593 communicants, 190 being men or boys. In 1904 there were 770 Easter Day communicants, with 228 men or boys.

There were 154 marriages during the five years.

Our pew rents for the first of these five years were \$4,901. They

had risen to \$4,973 per annum to which should be added \$660 from calendar envelopes, which 125 parishioners were using instead of renting sittings.

The total receipts for 1899 were \$17,041. For the fifth year they were \$23,293, similarly estimated.

There were when we arrived 17 parish organizations, which had increased to 22 during this period.

In 1899 there were 246 services, 93 being Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. For the fifth year there were 706 services, with 140 Celebrations.

Our first Easter offering was about \$2,500, and during the period it had been over \$4,000 three times, and \$3,500 or \$3,750 the other two times.

In 1899 the parish had given to diocesan missions \$863 and to six diocesan objects \$1,495. During the fifth year the gift to diocesan missions was \$1,095, and \$2,432 had been given to 12 diocesan objects.

In 1899 the gifts to Domestic and Foreign Missions were \$652, of which \$30 went to Foreign Missions. These figures had risen to \$967, of which \$185 went to Foreign Missions, and the total of extra-diocesan objects helped, even by small gifts, was 13.

In 1899, the women's organizations raised \$1,196. This figure, largely because of Marie's leadership, rose to \$3,510 per annum. The Woman's Auxiliary's share in 1899 was about \$400. It rose to about \$1,000.

In debt and interest payments the sum of about \$11,000 had been raised during the five years, clearing off the old debt of between \$6,500 and \$7,000, and paying \$2,600 on the cost of the new steam-heating plant, which had replaced the array of the six or more old and dangerous furnaces.

The total sum raised for all purposes during the five years was about \$88,000, exclusive of borrowed money.

The sum of \$1,143 had been added to the endowment fund of the parish, which was \$5,000 at the beginning of this Rectorate.

Repairs and improvements costing \$6,576 had been found necessary, all of which had been paid for except about \$2,000 worth.

As Rector I had made and received about 9,000 parish calls, and had served the parish practically without any week-day assistance for four-and-one-half of the five years.

After giving these helpful figures, in this sermon, and after other items showing how God had blessed the parish work, I quietly asked that one definite improvement might please be made in the regular worship, to signalize the anniversary. (I didn't say that DuMoulin's parish, a few weeks before, in commemorating the fifth anniversary of



his Rectorate, had not only given their Rector a fine reception, and some presents, but had raised his salary. Nor did I say that Epiphany parish had thus far done nothing to signalize the fifth anniversary.) What I asked for was the introduction of Unleavened Bread in the Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. I went into this very carefully, showing that it was not a Roman custom only, since many Lutherans observed it, but that it was simply a return in our Church to a custom which had been universal in the Western Church for ages. I also asked the people please not to discuss so sacred a topic among themselves carelessly, but to come to me if they had any scruples about it, in the interests of dignity and reverence concerning so very deep a matter as the Holy Communion. I added that if any of the communicants felt that they would be troubled instead of helped by the change, I would consecrate the yeasted bread for them if they would let me know when they wished to receive, and that they could all come either first or last to the Altar rail at any Celebration.

The immediate result was a painful surprise. The "North of Ireland" contingent were immediately loud and untrammelled in their opposition. One young Hebrew, a friend of the Irish contingent, whom I had not only baptized but had presented for confirmation, and whom I had appointed as an usher, was a member of the "Press Club," and for two weeks, owing, we fear, somewhat to his activities, the Chicago daily papers contained vivid articles about the "disruption of Epiphany Church," "the calling of an eloquent Low Church Rector from the East, who would carry with him secession of most of the parish," "the meeting of the secessionists at the home of So-and-So," etc., etc., till I was thoroughly miserable indeed, and Marie shared the pain with me deeply.

Of course no step backward could be taken after such an explosion, and the net result was that possibly six people went to some other parish, and that The Church of The Epiphany adopted for all the succeeding years of its parish history up to this date, 1933, the reverent use of Unleavened Bread at the Holy Eucharist, for all communicants.

After all, this was what I had asked for, though the manner in which some of our beloved parishioners selected as the method of adoption was not exactly the smiling and loving coöperation, which in my innocence and inexperience with "parish rows" I had naïvely expected. It turned out to be almost the only painful experience in all our nearly thirty-five years of parish life and work. Marie stood by me unflinchingly in the whole affair. She laughed at the funny side (which she always saw in every affair of every kind). She kept me from doing anything silly or foolish in my spasmodic temptations to rush into print in rejoinders to the press notices of my friend the Jew.

Of course the whole affair "blew over" in a month or less, and was almost completely forgotten by busy Chicagoans soon after. And the solid people of the parish, the Vestry and most of the leading parish officers in the various organizations, were most loyal and friendly.

Soon, however, there was a crisis in this Epiphany period before which this teapot tempest paled in comparison. Marie and I were asked to return to St. Joseph, Missouri, and the Vestry of Christ Church issued a call in due form. The temptation was a severe one. Much time and prayer and consideration followed. In the bottom of our hearts neither of us was eager to go. We felt that the ordeals that Marie and I had met in Chicago might have changed us at least a little from the warm and affectionate people we had been in St. Joseph, and we both hesitated. To disappoint our St. Joseph friends would be a heavy blow. Yet, with a lurking feeling in our hearts that the Epiphany Vestry might take the opportunity to give us a vote of confidence by refusing to let us go, I actually did resign, and to my utter amazement my resignation was accepted!

I went home to our little apartment that night and to my astonished wife with my mind in a stunned blank! We slept but little. It was the darkest hour of our life and work. We talked way into the night. We felt that we should not and could not let such an action on the part of our friends, the Vestry, remain unchanged. The next morning we went down-town to see these good men, one by one, in their offices, to explain that we really didn't want to go at all, but that I was sentimental enough to hope that the Vestry might give us a "vote of confidence." Never will the strange and home-less atmosphere of our beloved Chicago on that sad morning fade from our memory. It was all so different. Bleak and friendless were the crowded streets. Frowning and cold were the familiar buildings of "the Loop." It was the deepest humiliation of our lives. But it all turned out all right, for these good men did not want to lose Marie and their Rector after all, and another Vestry meeting was held at an early date at which these good friends reversed their former vote of acceptance, and so the last five years of The Epiphany period began for the much-relieved Rector and wife.

Probably the reasons for the first acceptance of this gestured resignation were many and complex. There may have been a lurking feeling in the minds of these good people that we did not appreciate all the strong support and generous giving which they had provided during our first five years. At all events, the whole affair was dropped by tacit consent, and never but once was it referred to in the hearing of either of us, during the remaining years of our work among the Epiphany people.

These five years were very much like their predecessors, except that

there was a steady drain in membership, caused by the nomadic tendencies of Chicago people, and by the ever-increasing lure of the suburbs. We have called this disease "Suburbanitis," and it is a very serious parochial affliction. Eventually it killed Epiphany parish, which, after a heroic struggle of many years, became a mission of the diocese of Chicago, in the year 1931 or 1932, although there were over 400 communicants enrolled at that time. This drain had begun when we arrived, but our first five years saw a growth in numbers. These last five saw a small but steady diminution, in spite of large confirmation classes, and constant additions due to diligent parish visiting.

There was no reduction in salaries, however, and the parish, as we have said, acquired a new heating plant, steam-heating replacing the old and dangerous furnaces which had wrestled with the wintry blasts ever since the erection of the beautiful church. The cost of this plant was over \$4,000.

Marie redoubled her parochial efforts as these five years went on. She became secretary (equivalent to president) of our Girls' Friendly Society, which at one time numbered fully one hundred fine girls. Her meetings were always delightfully planned, and were filled with the zest and aptness that she so invariably achieved. The girls were noted in the various Chicago business houses where most of them were employed, and most of them held their positions when the "hard times" of 1907 came on, though many other girls were discharged during that depression.

Marie did all this work while not relaxing one jot of the large and increasing oversight of her diocesan Auxiliary work. She would not only keep up all this work, but would from time to time accept invitations from neighboring diocesan branches to address their annual meetings. On these longer trips I usually accompanied her. One of them was to St. Paul, Minnesota, where some three hundred Auxiliary women met at St. Paul's Church and parish house. I was asked to preach at the mid-morning Holy Eucharist, and Marie addressed the women in the early afternoon in the parish house. Another time she went alone to Milwaukee, for a similar meeting, returning late at night after one of her delightful and interesting addresses. A third was to Kansas City, Missouri, where we both met our old Bishop, Bishop Atwill, and many others of our friends of St. Joseph days. At this time I suddenly found that the Rev. T. B. Foster, formerly of Rutland, Vermont, was Rector of Grace Church, Kansas City, and that he was aghast at the attack of "Suburbanitis" which was crippling his parish and plans. On returning to Chicago, where the fine parish (suburban!) of La Grange was vacant, I at once wrote to the Bishop and to the La Grange Senior Warden, and in the sequel Fr. Foster and his musical wife (who



was gifted with "absolute pitch"), were called to La Grange, and they made Chicago their diocesan home for the remaining years of Fr. Foster's active ministry. Another trip, before our return to Chicago, was to St. Louis, and it was one of the few trips which Marie ever took on matters that did not concern the Church. She represented "the Runcie Club" of St. Joseph, of which we have spoken. The meeting was a State Convention of Missouri Clubs of Women. It was a large convention, and, as will be stated below, her address made quite a sensation. I certainly will never forget my fellow-feeling for the six or seven other men who accompanied their wives to this convention of femininity. These poor fellows were not all as familiar with gatherings of cultured and high-grade women as clergymen usually have the opportunity of being, and the way they clung to me as they were swirled around by the throngs of women at the convention was something memorable.

Speaking of Marie's club life, one very amusing episode occurred to her in her early days as a member of the West End Women's Club of Chicago. It was on a Shrove Tuesday afternoon, and the ladies were discussing such themes as methods of dealing successfully with insomnia, and kindred forms of nervousness. Marie said that since she had read Annie Payson Call's *Power Through Repose*, she could always put herself to sleep by recalling the order in which her shirt-waists hung in her wardrobe at home. (Those were the days when women wore shirt-waists.) Imagine her state of mind when one of the leading Chicago daily papers next day (Ash Wednesday) came out with a staring caption and a very news-paperish article about the Episcopalian Rector's wife who had so many shirt-waists that she could put herself to sleep by trying to count them in the middle of the night! The typical reporter was sleuthing around the West End Club that afternoon, unbeknown to Marie and her friends, and the delicious tid-bit was too precious to be lost. Rarely did any reporter have a more beckoning "story" to tell about any Women's Club. The fact that it came out on Ash Wednesday but added to the spice, of course. Thenceforth Marie kept a sharp eye out for reporters, whenever she made an address at her club. She was on the programme committee for a long time, and she greatly enjoyed her whole connection with this fine group of women. I never could induce her, however, to join any other Women's Club, though she had many such invitations from friends, year after year, who belonged to more than one of Chicago's leading organizations of women. She kept all of her time and strength for the women's work in the Church. Her innate love for literature, however, led her on along the path of composition, in spite of her deep absorption in the unceasing work of the diocesan Auxiliary, and of her parochial leadership. During these years and those that followed, she composed more than one hundred lectures, on themes



of history, biography, travel, literary criticism, and the like. These she always gave without manuscript, other than a few outlines of notes, and her command of language, with her resistless humor and her depths of strong sentiment, always carried her audiences completely. She would give these lectures for Church organizations anywhere, and often she aided our own parochial groups of women by these charming programmes. A complete list of these brilliant lectures would be possible here if some of the notes had not been lost, but we can recall at least the following:

IN HISTORY: "Hereward the Wake and Torfréda"; "Mary, Queen of Scots"; "Marie Antoinette"; "The India of Today."

IN LITERATURE: "*Omar Khayyam and The Rubaiyat*"; "Shakespeare's Country"; "Sir Walter Scott"; *Emily Brontë*.

IN MODERN FICTION: "The Heroines of Mrs. Humphrey Ward"; *The House of Mirth*; *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie*.

MISCELLANEOUS: "Vacation Days in Europe"; "The Imagination of the Child"; "A Summer on An Island" (illustrated with fifty lantern slides from her kodak of scenes at "Westerly" on Grand Isle in Lake Champlain).

TRAVEL TALKS: "Mornings with English Cathedrals." Four lectures: Wells, Durham, Canterbury, Ely.

"Summer Days in Switzerland." Four lectures: Interlaken, Mont Blanc, Lake Geneva, and Lucerne.

"Leaves From French History": Four lectures: Strasbourg, Malmaison, Versailles, Paris.

"Highways and Byways in Bonnie Scotland"; Four lectures: Oban, Abbotsford, Edinburgh, Some Scottish Castles.

"An Hour of Original Prose and Verse"; Poem: "To My Chatelaine"; Essay: "The Epic of the Fens"; Story: "Little Miss B." Fantasy: *Sunset*. (This last named was published in booklet form, and had a large sale, over 200 copies being bespoken before it went to press.) It is printed in full in the appendix to these memoirs, as is also the poem, "To My Chatelaine."

Besides the above, Marie wrote a biographical story of her dear mother, called *A Book of Remembrance*, which was of such striking beauty that her friends spoke of it, now and then, twenty-five years after it was published.

Marie arranged a "gallery tour" for the West End Women's Club, the last year we were at The Church of The Epiphany. She selected the historical characters; and other members of the club, in historical costume, appeared in a large picture frame, as she described the lives of the following celebrated persons: "The Vestal Tuccia"; "Joan of Arc"; "Charlotte Corday"; "Maria Theresa"; "Queen

Louise"; "Catherine of Aragon"; "Baby Stuart"; "Evangeline." Her descriptions were the acme of pithy, condensed, and graphic summary.

At the important meeting of the Women's Clubs of Missouri, referred to above, held in St. Louis during our St. Joseph residence, Marie was selected to give the address in response to the opening address of welcome. Her message was a rare gem, "couched in choice language and was delivered with oratorical ability. Her address was brief, forcible, and was well received." (This is a quotation from one of the St. Louis daily papers.)

In St. Joseph, she arranged a symposium on "Education," and assigned to various members of the "Runcie Club" themes as follows: "The Education of the Hebrew Child"; "Greek Education, with examples from Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle"; "Roman Education, with data from Plutarch and Marcus Aurelius." "Influence of Christianity on Education, with quotations from SS. Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine." "Causes of the Intellectual Barrenness of the Middle Ages." "The Great Universities of Heidelberg, Bologna, and Paris." "The Great School of Port Royal." "Rousseau and the Emile." "Pestalozzi and Froebel."

She gave lectures on "the Southern Highlanders," on "Appalachia," and on her own trips through the diocese of Chicago, as Auxiliary president.

Another interesting theme was on "the Three Branches of the Catholic Church."

Another was entitled "the Miracle at Sagada." "The Dark Continent" was another topic. Others were "the Indian at Home"; "the Nation-Wide Campaign"; "the Treaty of Versailles"; "the Story of Alsace-Lorraine"; "Theodosia Burr"; "Cleopatra"; "the Empress Josephine"; "Pocahontas"; "the Alhambra"; "Lady Jane Gray"; "the Empress Catherine"; "Isabella of Castile"; "Queen Bertha"; "the Influence of Spain upon Colonial America"; "Cortez and Montezuma"; "the Electress Sophia"; "Henrietta of Orleans"; "Mary of Orange"; "Elizabeth of Bohemia"; "Winter Park, Florida." These last-named twenty-five or more lectures she delivered from notes only, having acquired such facility of expression that she no longer needed to write out every lecture and then largely to commit it to memory. Her audiences by this time suggested to her the language she desired to utter, and the only help she needed in giving these delightful addresses was an outline of themes, which she jotted down on small cards carried in her hand. She rarely hesitated for a word, and rarely gave the same lecture twice alike.

Among her "Book Talks" were four lectures on "Old Fashioned Favorites," viz., *Cranford*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted*

*Village*, and the *Lady of The Lake*. She often called herself "the visiting president" (of the Chicago Auxiliary), and once she wrote an address with that title. It brimmed with the humorous side of her experiences as she often visited one hundred local branches of the Chicago Auxiliary in one year. She was in demand as a toast-mistress, for her skill in presiding at meetings was unusual. One "Lincoln's Day" at the West End Women's Club in Chicago was especially noted by her aptness in presiding as toast-mistress.

She had an interesting address on "Arlington, Vermont," where she lived as a young girl. "What had India Done for England," was another address. "Women for Women" was still another. Other lectures were on "Portland, Oregon"; "Bishop Rowe"; "Robert E. Lee"; "Master Fiction," being reviews of the greatest standard works; "Madame de Maintenon"; "Shakespeare as a Moral Teacher"; "American Hero-worship"; *The Iron Woman*; "The Juvenile Imagination"; "The West from a Car Window"; "Retrospect and Prospect at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century"; "Tasso"; "The City of Washington"; "Modern Novelists"; "A Plea for Artistic Building"; "The Majesty and Mystery of Russia."

At first she wrote out the leading themes of her Bible class work, and her classes on "Deborah"; "Rachel and Leah"; "Rebekah"; "Esther" and other such, were carefully instructed. "Christ in Art" was another theme; others were "England and America and their Colonies"; "The Ideal and Practical Organization of a Home, comprising parents and four children, on an income of \$2,500 a year." "The Rupture of the Union"; "American Art"; "The Short Story"; "A Memorial Day Address."

Still other lectures and articles from her pen are those entitled as follows: *Tristan Da Cunha*, *The Lonely Isle*; "Marquette and La Salle"; "King Philip"; "Patrick Henry"; "English Government and Self-Government in the Colonies"; "The Social Questions of the Day"; "The Girls' Friendly Society" and "The Girls' Friendly Society Library."

On Monday, June 26, 1896, in St. Joseph, Missouri, some of the ladies of the "Runcie Club" and other organizations edited one of the evening papers of St. Joseph, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. They called it *The June Fiesta*, and Marie was the editor-in-chief. She wrote one of the leading editorials for this unique and interesting publication.

The above list of over one hundred lectures, addresses, and articles does not exhaust the outline of her writings and speaking. It is only the list of those whose manuscripts she had preserved, and which I



finally found filed away in her desks after her death. And I cannot recall one of the 107 (and I heard most of them, if not all, at one time or another), which was marred by even one dull page. They were all bright, humorous, dramatic, filled with pathos, beautifully worded, sparkling with imagery and crowned with climax. She enjoyed all this literary work keenly, and flung herself into it with all of her wonted ardor. She "lived" her characters, in her most dramatic lectures, such as "Torfréda" and "Marie Antoinette," with real histrionic ability. In fact during the early days of our engagement she used to tease me keenly by saying that she wanted to "go on the stage." She never did that, but in her historical and biographical lectures she forgot herself as completely as any gifted actress does when playing a fine part. Her audiences were always delighted with her, and she commanded their applause, laughter, and at times their tears, with consummate skill. I used to tease her, in return, by saying now and then, when I had the opportunity of introducing her to an audience, that "the only reason I held my position as preacher in the parishes where I was Rector was because the laws of the Episcopal Church do not provide for women preachers." It was true, all the same, for her speaking was the careful cultivation of a natural gift of unusual brilliance and magnetic power. Not only did Marie thus enrich her life and that of her many friends by these delightful platform programmes, but she was keenly interested also in genealogy. She devoted some months at one period of our life together to visiting the Newberry Library in Chicago, where there is one of the largest collections of genealogical books to be found in America, second only to that in the Boston Public Library. She took up the story of her own forefathers in the early days of Colonial History in New England, and she compiled in a "little red book" an astonishing amount of data concerning the Moultons and their distinguished connections (her mother was a Moulton), carrying her researches in both the Graves' forbears and the Moultons' way back into the distant centuries of English history.

Soon after "Wedding Bells Bungalow" was built on Grand Isle, she collected many of the Latin family mottoes from the various Coats of Arms of her ancestors and connections, and I at once, with the carpenter's help, lined the walls of the bungalow with these mottoes. They included those of the Bradstreets, the Chases, the Cottons, the Dudleys, the Graves, the Goodyears, the Lakes, and the Moultons. I likewise added that of the Hopkinses. Marie's "Little Red Book" became a household word, as the years at "Westerly" accumulated, and it was filled with the valuable genealogical data that she had compiled in these many hours of work, concerning the Graveses and the Moultons and



their forbears. After her death I promptly gave this rare little volume into the custodianship of her sister Charlotte (Mrs. Lincoln C. Andrews), who keeps it in her safe deposit box.

Marie was intensely interested in the story of Bishop Philander Chase, who was in her ancestral family connection, and she read more than one ponderous tome of memoirs, as she revelled in the vivid tales of his pioneer courage and achievement. She was fond of draping an historical epoch around one or more of its leading biographies, and her swift reading stood her in good stead as she devoured many pages in preparation for these remarkable addresses. How she found time for all of this, in addition to her great work for the Church, is amazing, yet she did find it, and the avocation was both resting and stimulating to her eager spirit.

Three times she wrote booklets, of which we have already spoken. *Sunset* is a prose-poem of our beautiful summer home at Grand Isle, of which an account must soon be given in these pages. *Emily Brontë* was a tribute of real devotion to a literary genius whom she deeply admired. *A Book of Remembrance* was a rare expression of love for her wonderful mother, giving the outline of that saintly and devoted soul's biography. These little gems were written from sheer love of writing, and while they were not widely published, their editions being limited, they won high praise from the most discerning critics. Her love for poetry also flowered out now and then in exquisite verse. *To My Chatelaine* is a set of verses which ought to live, for their choice imagery as well as for their poetic and moving sentiment. Her single verse describing the Lady Chapel on Grand Isle is cameo-like in beauty. (See the appendix.)

These references to Grand Isle bring before us at this juncture the unusual story of "Wedding Bells Bungalow" at "Westerly," and eventually of "Twenty Acres," our summer and winter homes on beautiful Grand Isle, in "Lovely Lake Champlain."

The six sisters and brothers of the Graves family established very early in their youth an unusually strong family feeling. As soon as each one graduated from high school or college, and as soon as the boys left home, to seek their respective fortunes, this unity of feeling found its chief expression in the determination to rally in the summer time, if only for a week of vacation together. One summer we (for the "in-laws" were just as strongly united as the inner members of the clan) all went to Shelburne Point, and Major L. C. Andrews, then at Fort Ethan Allen near Burlington, Vermont, secured army tents sufficient for us all. Another summer we all went to Mallett's Bay, in Lake Champlain, near Grand Isle, and rented Gokey's little hotel for a week.

A third summer we all went to Grand Isle itself, and rented the "Iodine Springs Hotel" in the town of South Hero for a week.

While driving around the island one afternoon during one summer, 1902, some of the family discovered a little strip of land, about three acres in extent, running along the lake shore west of the road, about a third of a mile south from Vantine Brothers' large farm house. It was for sale, and immediately the family bought it from Annie Roney, for about \$300. It ultimately cost about \$500. And to it there was added, through the kindness of a friend of the family, who advanced the money, six acres on the east side of the same road, on one of which there was a half-finished and homely little house, two stories and a large attic in height.

The strip along the shore was about 1,200 feet long, and it was at once divided into six building lots, plus space enough for a good tennis court. The six families drew lots for their respective building-places and thus "Westerly" was born. Vantine Bros., our nearest neighbors, were engaged to plant a hedge of small cedar trees between us and the road, this hedge running the whole length of the lot. And the first cottage erected was at the northern end, by Harmon Sheldon Graves, the second son of the Graves family.

Major (afterwards Brigadier General) Lincoln C. Andrews' lot was at the south end. Dudley Graves's was next south from Harmon's, ours was next to Dudley's in the middle of the row, Lily's just south from ours, and George Graves' lay just south of the tennis court, which adjoined Lily's lot. Thus our "line," as we came to call it, stretched for about 1,200 feet along the shore, and from the inception of the undertaking each family group applied itself, as soon as it was possible, to improving its lot.

At this writing (1933), there are some twenty buildings on the property, and it has taken thirty years of unstinted devotion on the part of us all to accomplish this result.

The year 1903 was the first one whose summer saw any of the family encamped at "Westerly." All lived in tents at first, including members of Harmon's family, whose bungalow, however, was erected soon afterwards.

Marie and I went abroad on our first and only European trip in 1903, but we gladly accepted our building lot as part of this group-undertaking.

The next Lent, 1904, we went to St. Louis for a week of Lenten preaching by myself, and on the morning when we arrived back in Chicago, at the rather homeless hour of about 7 A.M., we fell to talking about the whole plan of sharing our vacations with the rest of

the clan at Grand Isle. The expense of travel was no small item, but we realized that it would be almost impossible for us to keep in fellowship with the others, all of whom lived in the East, unless we spent our summers with them somewhere. Grand Isle being the place now chosen, we decided to make the venture. Accordingly one fine day in the early summer we went down to Marshall Field's, and bought a large tent, and a canopy for use by day. We furnished the tent with the essentials, and shipped the whole invoice to Grand Isle. The money came from Marie's store of wedding fees, which she had carefully saved, and she promptly named the tent "Wedding Bells Tent." We thought that we would try it out on this basis, and if it proved as satisfactory as we hoped it would, and as it certainly did, we would make the plan permanent.

With great eagerness therefore we took our way to Grand Isle in the latter part of June, 1904, and we arrived at "Westerly" in a vicious thunderstorm, with pouring rain. The east side of Harmon's porch was the only shelter within reach, as we alighted from the wagon that brought us from the little station on the Rutland Railroad—a trip of about two miles. We clung to the porch until clearing skies and the smiling lake aided our labors in setting up our "Wedding Bells Tent," and its adjoining canopy. When these pleasant tasks were finished, we both drew a long breath, and sat down by the edge of the little cliff which rose some ten or fifteen feet from our shore-line, and tried to realize how fortunate we were to possess a site for such a summer home!

It would be by far too long a tale were we here to tell one by one of the many improvements which we made in our corner of "Westerly" during the busy years which followed. Suffice it to say that there was scarcely a day, for some thirty years, when we did not spontaneously say something to each other, no matter how absorbing might be the whirl of our life, about "Westerly," or the dear family whose unification centralized more and more each year around this very unusual summer home.

Of course everything was very simple and almost crude at first. The wild grape-vines had to be torn away and uprooted from the trees on our lot. The wild bees also had to be ejected from jumping our claim. The wild grass had to be driven out by our little lawn. The wild waves and the wilder ice, in the spring break-up of Lake Champlain, had to be curbed by a strong sea-wall from biting into the shale of our shore-line. The tent and its canopy after three summers had to be replaced by "Wedding Bells Bungalow," seventy feet long and twenty feet high, and thirty feet wide, with its four rooms and two closets, its two tiny bath-rooms, its kitchen and kitchen porch, its north and west porches, and finally its water supply.



WEDDING BELLS BUNGALOW

At Westerly, on Lake Champlain. Built in 1907 with wedding fees.





This at first was simply a large barrel, placed on the rafters of the kitchen, and filled by a hand pump through a small pipe which ran down into the lake. Soon we added a large metal tank, for the other bath-room near our bed-room at the north end of the bungalow. This also had its own hand pump. All the other bungalows were likewise thus equipped at first. All drained into their own cess-pools, for we agreed from the first that nothing should drain into the lake from our cottages.

For three years we rented a row boat from "Charlie Shambo" of Burlington, the friend of our boating jaunts in college days. With this we rowed north and south, and across the lake (about two miles) to the New York shore where Cumberland Head, of great battle fame in the War of 1812, stretched out its friendly neck all along our water-front, and winked at us at night from the brilliant light-house at its southern point. The famous and epoch-changing "Battle of Plattsburgh" was fought on water off "Cumberland Head" just three miles from the end of our little wharf.

The Westerly wharves all were set on old mowing machine wheels, with various sections and "horses" attached, some being sixty or seventy feet in total length. Each bungalow had its own wharf, and we all respected each others' landings and swimming places, tents, cottages, tools, and everything else. We all also took our turns in being just as good as we could be to each others' guests. This was no slight item, at times. One summer there were seventy or more of the clan's friends who dropped in or stayed a while.

The food problem, of course, was always with us. We settled it very readily at first by all going down to Vantines' (about a third of a mile north, on the same shore-road), three times a day. We walked, or we went in our boats just as the spirit (and the waves) moved us to do. After some summers we began to use our own kitchens, as the various bungalows replaced the tents on our building lots. Later on, Marie fitted up the East House with our savings of a couple of years or so, and the kitchen, glass-porch, dining room, and other conveniences made it possible for us to have a common dining room where we all met three times a day for our meals, during many summers.

Marie began very early in "Westerly's" history to try to help along the welcome and beckoning tasks of improving the family's summer home. She built the "summer house," which most of the family called "the pavilion," opposite the tennis court. This little structure stood firmly from its inception, and was a large factor in the group-consciousness of us all. She bought Japanese lanterns for all the openings, and at times there would be evening "fêtes" or parties, when, for instance, some birthday would come swinging along, or something else that demanded special expression. She laid out the road which wound around the tennis

court, and is today the chief opening into that part of "Westerly" which lies west of "the hedge."

As time went on, and Dudley was not ready to build on his lot, she asked his permission to build a "guest house" on his lot, and Father and Mother Graves were our "guests" there until 1910, when dear "Merum," as we all lovingly called Mrs. Graves, entered into her rest and reward. Then Marie, who had years before devoted a year's wedding fees and other savings to building a neat little "boat house" for our row boat, just south of our bungalow, added to this a north wing, where dear Father Graves lived during all the remaining summers of his life, as our "guest." This boat house was originally used, as its name implies, to shelter during the ten or more months of our absence in the Middle west our beautiful cedar St. Lawrence skiff, our row boat, which she named "Lady of the Lake."

As we used to row around the lake in the mornings and afternoons, Marie would often read aloud to me, as I wielded the oars. *Lady of the Lake* was our first poem, and many another work of poetry or fiction followed. This beautiful boat was purchased by a whole year's wedding fees, and was seventeen feet long, with four oars, soft cushions, rudder, nickel finishings, chair-back, and the like. As the years went on, she became a bit decrepit, but at this writing (1933) though she is in her twenty-seventh summer (as is our bungalow), she is still afloat, though we will not enlarge upon her propensity for admitting water through her aging joints, at least at the outset of the summer!

After a while we housed her elsewhere, and turned the "boat house" into a comfortable though tiny guest house, with two beds, a lavatory, and all the other essentials. It was to this that Marie added the wing for Father Graves, after 1910.

One of the moot questions at "Westerly" concerned the religious life of the summer colony. Father Graves brought up his children to have "family prayers," and being, as Major Andrews once said of him, "the Godliest man he had ever known," it was ruled from the start that we should have "family prayers" every morning, and at least a mid-morning service on Sundays. To this the clan agreed, with more or less enthusiasm, and with more or less regular attendance so far as the week-day devotions were concerned. On Sundays all turned out loyally at the service, which was usually at 10:30 A.M. Marie and I (I think I will continue to say "I," instead of "John Henry") spread an improvised Altar in our tent, and had our Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 A.M. every Sunday. Those who wished to come then also were of course most welcome.

I felt also that there ought to be some recognition of Sunday at the nearest summer resort, which was Vantines', and that friendly family

kindly agreed that I would hold a kind of Morning Prayer with brief address in their parlor, at about 11:30 A.M. every summer Sunday. Marie always went with me to these "extra" services, and Father Graves would come when he felt strong enough so to do. The "summer boarders" usually attended in good numbers, and for seven summers this was our order on Sundays. We also always read Evening Prayer in our tent on Sundays, and those who wished to be with us were heartily invited.

When we substituted "Wedding Bells Bungalow" for our tent, we were able to shelter these services far more acceptably, yet Marie was not satisfied. So she went to the office of the best Church architect in Chicago, after seven summers of thus using tent or bungalow, and this John Sutcliffe, who had drawn the designs for all of our other buildings at Westerly, produced a very attractive design for a log chapel, which the family were willing to have erected on part of the common property near the "east house." Others of the family besides ourselves helped to pay for this unusual little building, which Marie called "The Lady Chapel on Grand Isle," as it was a memorial to dear Mother Graves, and, after his death, to Father Graves also. The cost was a little over \$1,200, and at this writing it has stood through the storms and snows and sunshine of some twenty years, and is still in good condition. It is built in perfect proportions, with chancel, and rood-screen, and seating capacity for about thirty-five chairs. We have had congregations of some seventy, however, at times, and often during August we would have fifty or more at our 10:30 A.M. service.

We at once added a good reed organ (an Estey instrument) in memory of my parents, and from time to time the others of the family, and some of their friends, have presented memorials in brass or books, so that the tiny building is completely furnished, with sanctus bell, missal and missal rest, its own silver paten and chalice and ciborium, its own Altar linen, its own hymnals and Mission Prayer Books, and with several very beautiful sacred pictures which adorn the walls of the chancel as well as of the nave.

As the years have accumulated the cedars have grown around its door-ways, and the vines have embowered its pergolas so that it is a fascinatingly beautiful structure. The candlesticks for its Altar lights are of birch and cedar, and the illumination is entirely from candles, both inside and outside the chancel. Its fame has spread far and near. It has been pictured and described in both the New York and Chicago papers, as have been "Wedding Bells Bungalow" and the settlement of "Westerly" in general. The bell is most properly a farm bell, bought from Sears, Roebuck and Company. The chapel has been pictured on postcards, which have been sold in large numbers at the Island stores, as well as at the chapel itself.



Opening from the chancel is the chapel cloister or yard, which is surrounded by settles and is furnished with cedars, vines, placques, a large Cross, a bird-bath, some flowers, and diagonal paths cut into its sward of grass. Marie planned every detail of all these buildings, with great care. Here we have always had our daily family prayers except in rainy weather, when the east house has been our rallying point for these brief 9 A.M. daily devotions.

Until his death, Father Graves always conducted these devotions and services, assisted by his eldest son-in-law, who was also the organist, and whose limited but well-meant vocalization led in the congregational singing of chants and hymns. Marie was the Altar Guild chairman, and filled in, with some help from the others, as sexton, usher, and general utility helper. There was a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist every Sunday at 7:30 A.M., and occasionally at 10:30 A.M. also, though the mixed ecclesiastical character of the many summer visitors who came in such numbers, year after year, made it usually advisable to hold Morning Prayer at this mid-day service. All could join in that, without any confusion or difficulty. Mainly to accommodate the few residents of the Islands, who had been confirmed, with opportunities more available for busy farming folk than those at 7:30 A.M., there would be one or more 10:30 A.M. Celebrations each summer. There gradually grew to be about fifteen of these communicants, some coming ten or more miles when they attended.

I preached at each mid-morning service, as a rule, unless some visiting Bishop or Priest were willing so to do, and there was usually an offering, which was always devoted to missionary or charitable purposes. Sometimes there would be nearly 100 Communion made during a summer, with a total attendance of some 500, and offerings of over \$150. Baptisms were administered, marriage was solemnized, and alas! burials were held from our chapel, during the years, all of which items were reported through St. Paul's Church, Burlington, as the chapel was a purely private and family affair, and not organized as a mission of the diocese of Vermont. The little building was always open all day long, during the summers, and nearly every day some visitors would pause in their motoring, and would drop in to see it, and to admire its beauty and the seclusion and attractions of the cloistered yard. This was surrounded by a high stone wall, of Island stones, and it became so vine-clad at times as to be scarcely visible.

All in all the chapel became gradually a deep factor in the lives of all of "Westerly," and also an attraction to many outsiders who came to Grand Isle for their summer vacations. After our retirement, it was a haven of refuge to me, as it was a place where after all I was in charge, with my own Altar and all that that means. I wore the Eucharistic



THE LADY CHAPEL AT WESTERLY, GRAND ISLE  
Built in 1911



vestments (the linen vestments) which I had used for ten years at The Church of The Epiphany, after we left that parish in 1909, and after our retirement in 1929 I wore the colored silk vestments (white, green, and violet) which I had used at The Church of The Redeemer, and which had been given to me by the Altar Society at our departure. These included the beautiful white set which was my parting present from the Altar Society of the parish. Marie and I bought a silvery-voiced sanctus bell of brass, and it was used for several seasons by some of our nephews whom I trained to serve as Acolytes at the Celebrations.

Marie herself made all the kneeling-cushions for the twenty-five chairs which were always in the chapel, and sewed little hooks on their denim covers, so that they could be suspended from the backs of the chairs when not in use. She bought all the candles, which were used in no small quantities, both at the Altar (which was properly furnished with the six office lights as well as the two Eucharistic lights) and for use by the congregation at the evening services. Her first activities on Monday mornings were to gather around her what help she could, from her nieces, and occasionally from her growing nephews, and later on from the older members of the family. They would reverently put on the little head-coverings provided for use by women and girls, and, after a brief prayer used by Altar Guilds, would put the chapel in thorough order, cleaning the candlesticks from any drippings, replacing any that were burned out, sweeping away any mud which weather conditions might have made unavoidable, placing the permanent chairs in exactly the right positions, and seeing that "all things were decently in order." Once a week she saw that our cleaning-woman gave the dear little building a complete overhauling, and when the fire insurance ran out she for years had it renewed. This finally became a "Westerly" item, that all were glad to share. I grew to have a very deep attachment for the chapel, and for its little sacristy. Here I kept my mail and writing materials, typewriter, etc. Here I diagrammed and blocked out all of the sermons which the Sunday services would demand during the ten months following our regular return to our work in Chicago. Here I prepared the sermons which I preached in the chapel itself, and over which I always worked as carefully as I did for all the others. The log walls here were lined with some of my favorite pictures, and much time each morning was regularly spent here, during the precious days of the summer vacations.

The family grew to love the little chapel more than was at first imagined possible. From the start it was decided that hospitality should be our watchword in the mornings. Now and then some devoted Churchman or Churchwoman at the various summer camps on the Island would care enough for the Holy Eucharist to rise early, take the needed drive



(sometimes several miles), and receive at the 7:30 o'clock Celebration. The largest numbers of visitors, however, came to the more accessible 10:30 A.M. service, and these soon became proverbial for their simple charm, the heartiness of the singing, and the unique setting of their very real and devotional atmosphere. Not infrequently people who had dropped the sacred habit of Church-going at home, or had never formed it to any extent, would be regular attendants at these mid-morning services during their vacations. This was especially true of several able and thoughtful men, as the years came and went. People who had neglected the baptisms of their children would bring them on week-days to be baptized. One of the descendants of Commodore MacDonough, hero and leader of the "Battle of Plattsburgh," was thus baptized within sight of the scene of this fierce and sanguinary naval struggle, for "Cumberland Head," as we have said above, is only three miles from our settlement at Westerly. The younger members of the family, as their wedding days approached, would plan if possible to be married in the chapel. And they brought their children to be baptized within its beloved walls. Guests nearly always hailed the opportunity of attending the daily family prayers at 9 A.M., held for the most part in the chapel cloister, and this was even true of those courteous guests who did not belong to our branch of the Church.

Our singing, as has been said, was almost always purely congregational, and yet now and then some choir-member from the cities would be a guest at some of our bungalows, and would add his or her skill to our music as an offertory solo. When I would be standing at the Altar, at the mid-morning Celebrations, Miss Edith R. Hopkins, my sister, usually played the little organ for these services.

This excellent little Estey instrument stood the hard weather of the winters very well, and was always carefully wrapped in newspapers and denim coverings, as we closed up in early September each year, and was left under shelter as far removed from the possible attentions of mice as our Westerly arrangements could make certain. One winter, however, we were not so successful, and when the organ was opened at the commencement of the following vacation season, the signs of mice-residence were entirely too evident to be pleasant. So well was the little instrument built, all the same, that no destructive effects were noted, though for all the many years that followed it was minus some portions of its interior, which had figured on the menus of our uninvited and unwished-for guests.

Mice were rigidly refused entrance to Wedding Bells Bungalow, and all during the years of its existence we were but rarely troubled by their ravages. This rule also applied to our later home at "Twenty Acres" on Grand Isle, as well as to our Rectory of The Church of The

Redeemer in Chicago. No mice were allowed by Marie, anywhere, in her habitations or vicinity. As assistant in this chronic warfare, I became gradually somewhat of a technician in setting traps, and in disposing of their occasional victims.

And so our life at Westerly during the summers went on, year after year, without any interruption. We never wanted to go anywhere else. It never occurred to us to try to go abroad again, though Marie now and then said that there were some portions of Europe which she would like sometime to see, if possible. This never became possible, however, though we had looked forward to some European travel after my retirement, as we planned somewhat vaguely ahead. When our kind friends used to press us, now and then, to be their guests somewhere during parts of our summers, we always declined, with as good grace as we could command, the only exceptions to this being that a few times we stopped at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, to be the favored guests of our Redeemer parish Senior Warden and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hawley. We usually did this on our way from Chicago to Vermont, and of course we greatly enjoyed the gracious hospitality they offered us. One summer we likewise spent a few delightful days with the Lillie family at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, on our way to Grand Isle.

The year 1912 was a distinct turning-point in our Westerly life. That spring our "big" life insurance policy achieved its twentieth year, and there was a dividend of about \$1,000 for us to spend as we should. There were almost as many suggestions as to its disposal as there were to the well-known historical sum fifteen hundred or more years ago, which the Thebaid monk had sinfully sequestered in his cell, and which was found after his guilty death. The whole community of monks debated for weeks, we recalled, as to what to do with this unspeakable find. We had no such scruples as they, of course, for we had earned the money and it was rightfully ours.

Marie asked me what I wanted most in the world. I hesitated between a little Ford automobile, and a little motor boat. "Well," she said, "I think that we can manage to have both." She, with her accustomed skill in handling money to the best advantage, did accomplish both.

I will never forget the thrill which was mine when I first stepped into our little brass-ornamented "Daisy," as we called our 1912 Ford runabout (\$590, F. O. B., at Detroit), as I did, with Marie at my side, one happy morning in early July, in Burlington, where we bought the car! The roads to Grand Isle then, as now, were two, as one left Burlington. One went through the northern part of Burlington, and thence around Mallett's Bay, joining the other route, which ran through Winooski, about five miles from that little manufacturing city. There was an abundance of good sand along the 24 miles of this drive (it was

nearly seven miles longer around by Mallett's Bay), and there were comparatively crude arrangements for turning out, at definite points, for some miles of the narrower portions of the road. When one compares the present splendid concrete roads, and even the "black-top" that prevails for some miles on Grand Isle, with the conditions that obtained in 1912, one can scarcely believe that there could be such a change in roads. All the same, it was good enough for us then, and we felt quite like real proprietors as we brashly (I was the brash one!) started out from the garage in Burlington to assay our first drive to Westery. I had had three or four lessons in flat Chicago, before leaving for Vermont, but I had had no experience with hills.

Just as one enters a certain part of the road near Mallett's Bay, there is a vicious hill, with a curve at the bottom, and another hill rising at once from this curve. Experienced drivers feel of course that this is a trifling affair, but for the neophyte it had its terrors. My little car stalled in the midst of the second hill, after I had fairly well negotiated the first one and its curve at the bottom. I did not know how to "start her up" in the middle of a hill, so I proceeded to do something which in my ignorance I did not know was far more difficult for a tyro, namely, to back her down the hill, in order to start afresh from the bottom. Of course I ran off the track, and into a deep ravine which lay close at hand. Had it not been for a friendly and providential stump, as our car turned over, we both would probably have been severely injured, if not killed outright. As it was, we turned over on one side, and Marie calmly crawled out as best she could, and made her way to a fallen tree, upon which she quietly sat down, saying that I could get out of the scrape as best I could. In this suggestion, of course, she was perfectly justified.

So I acted upon it as best I could. The first thing was to stop the gasoline from running out of the tank. I did not then know the serious risk of conflagration which we ran at that time. Providentially there was no igniting of the escaping "gas."

The next thing was to find some help. A little way south of us I saw a group of road-menders, with several strong horses. We had just passed them on our way to the fateful hill. I hailed them, and made at once an astounding discovery! We had leaped into the hated class of the capitalistic rich, the instant that we climbed into our tiny Ford! "Help you?" "Not on your life! You help yourself! You are one of those fellows who make all this hard work for us. Go 'long with yourself!" And they wouldn't lift a finger, even though I offered them a good "tip"!

So I meekly trudged on, until I found a friendly farmer who looked approvingly at the "two beans" which I openly displayed from my slender purse. He hitched up a good-natured and sufficiently able horse,



with a chain and a whiffle-tree, and back we marched, past the road-menders who were still enjoying their nooning in silent contempt.

Though these were the days when the road-menders hated the motorists (now they all have cars themselves!) they were also the days when motorists had hearts and brotherly love. We found a good-sized car, with a kindly-faced driver, stopping at our wreck, as we returned. The owner of both car and face tried to pull "Daisy" from her overturned predicament, but he didn't have a big enough engine, so he stepped aside while Mr. Farmer and Friend Horse grappled successfully with the situation, and as my two dollars wafted themselves into the pocket of the farmer's over-alls, "Daisy" resumed her rightful position upon the hill-road, and the friend with the other car and the benignant face started her up, and up the tragic hill she sped, with practically no injury from her narrow escape beyond a few scratches on her shiny skin.

And then the heroine of this tale showed of what mettle she was built.

Without an apparent qualm, and without an instant's hesitation, she stepped into the rescued Ford, took her place to the right of the incompetent driver who had just nearly killed her by his clumsiness, and on they both went, for twenty miles of driving, until Westerly was reached at last! It must be confessed by the driver, who is typing this tale, that the drive was at times a rather strained one, with sundry and various comments from the lady on the right. These took on a vocalized expression at times, when the little car responded with some unwonted emphasis to the unskilled driving over what was really a very difficult and exacting road at that time. The radiator found itself filled with boiling water at one juncture, when the liberal amounts of sand on the poor road obliged the use of "second" speed too much, and the needed stand-still which was thus occasioned was, we confess, accompanied with some other perfectly justifiable remarks from the passenger who was not doing the driving. "Songs without words" took the place of similar remarks at certain rather "skeery" moments on the "Sand Bar Bridge" and at some other crucial points along the way, but at last all was over, and we reached our bungalow some time in the early afternoon of that hot and memorable day, a little the worse for wear, it must be confessed, but after all glad that we were the owners of a real car.

We called her "Daisy" because she ran up the hills (after the Mallett's Bay experience had yielded its dearly-bought lesson to the driver) with the same zest that Will Lane's little bay mare "Daisy" used to do in those distant college days in Burlington when buggy-rides and cutter-rides were the expression of devotion and the means of joy. So "Daisy," the spirited mare, gave the name to the dear little Ford which was destined to give to Marie and myself such a widening of horizon, and so



many hours of keen pleasure, that all the rest of our space might easily be commandeered for the chronicling. We kept her in shining brass and good repair until 1927, when she was replaced by our "Nash" sedan, "special six," and we drove her all in all about 12,000 miles during those sixteen subsequent summers. Then we gave her to Julius Bluto, our family caretaker, who in his turn gave her to the Grand Isle Creamery. And they took her engine and rigged it on a sled with a big circular saw, and at this writing it has for two winters cut all or most of the ice used by the farmers of Grand Isle, sometimes cutting 5,000 cakes a day, and keeping twelve trucks running from the lake to the ice-houses. I wrote this item to Henry Ford himself during the winter of 1933, and his secretary replied very courteously that the item was noted. Still running after twenty-one years—that is the record of "Daisy's" little engine!

But we are anticipating in our chronology. This automobile era of our life together began in 1912. Also the motor boat era began at the same time. And we did not leave The Church of The Epiphany until 1909. So we must retrace our steps a little, but not, please, until we have said a few words about the motor boat with which we began our gasoline life on the dancing waves of "lovely Lake Champlain."

At this juncture it may not be improper to say that Marie thus introduced to "Westerly" the first automobile, and the first motor boat of the clan. The other members far surpassed our modest investments in these machines, as time went on, but Marie was the pioneer in this, as in the building of the "sea wall" and in several other items, in Westerly's development.

Well, to return to the motor boat, which she also purchased out of our wind-fall of \$1,000 from the "big" life insurance policy in 1912. There had been a motor boat show in Chicago during the previous winter, and I had noted the address of a firm in Michigan. In my innocence of salesmanship I fancied that it might be a good "ad" for this firm to have a boat on Lake Champlain, and so I suggested to them that they had an opportunity in my order. They must have smiled, as they sent us what we promptly called the "Wenonah"—this being Indian, in some dialect, for "the Eldest Daughter." The little boat had some good points. It would accommodate five or six people at once. It would go about six miles an hour. The little gasoline engine finally ran fairly well, though I had my humiliations in being once towed home from Cumberland Head by an "Evinrude," and there were other like experiences, from time to time. Once in a while the little engine would catch the explosion at the wrong time, and would run backward, just for a change. We had to keep her moored to a buoy about 200 feet from the shore, and this demanded night-lights in all kinds of weather. The time I spent in

rowing out to her for this purpose would have availed for reading several good-sized books. In rough weather this was no joke, either.

Marie would steer her once in a while, though she never cared much for motoring on the water. She much preferred the automobile. The "Wenonah" sprang a leak at her mooring one night, and sank almost out of sight. Her rescue provided several of the family albums with vivid kodaks. Finally she broke away from her mooring one stormy night and was discovered some fifteen miles south on the New York shore. The salvage demanded was no small sum, and I was at last moved by some inconsiderate impulse to give her away to one of my indulgent relatives at Westerly.

I was rather ashamed of the gift at the time, and have become more so as life has gone on. I have tried to make it up to this kind-hearted relative, since, in one way or another. All the same, the "Wenonah" was our motor boat for several years. I drove her over 1,000 miles around this part of Lake Champlain. She gave us much pleasure. She has now reposed on dry land for some years in the rear of our caretaker's cottage. The children found her a convenient plaything. And she doesn't sink any more, nor drift below Plattsburgh from her mooring! She was finally replaced by a skiff made on the island by our friend Sidney Tobias with a Johnson outboard motor which drove this row boat at six miles, and this one has lately been replaced by a new motor which drives at about nine miles an hour. In the meantime our brothers of the Graves clan have bought racers, with big Johnson motors which fling apart large sections of Lake Champlain at the rate of twenty or more miles an hour, and fly by me and my sober craft at a bewildering pace. The "Wenonah," however, as we have said, was the pioneer at Westerly. Marie saw to that.

It is time that this narrative returned to Chicago, and to The Church of The Epiphany.

Our last five years there saw the continuance in general, as we have said, of the work of the first five, with but few changes. Our rare and unique choir-master, E. C. Lawton, accepted a call to St. Paul's Church choir, Minneapolis, Minnesota, soon after the observance of my fifth anniversary, above mentioned. I advised him to go, against our best interests. That parish was a comparatively wealthy one. Ours was not wealthy. They could afford to pension him after his working years were done, and we could not so afford. Our brilliant and gifted organist, Dr. Francis Hemington, had the ambition to be both choir-master and organist. It was an almost impossible task for any one man, with that large choir of sixty-five boys and men. Yet he manfully struggled with it all the rest of our stay, and at times our programmes of music were even

larger than before Mr. Lawton left us. The boys made it a very difficult experience for Dr. Hemington, however, at times. Choir boys have to be a "live bunch," and cottas do not always mean a certainty of demure dignity.

Marie continued her large amount of parish work, with the Girls' Friendly Society and the Altar Guild, her Sunday evening Bible class for women, and her attendance at the Auxiliary and other organizations for women. How she managed to do all this with the ever-increasing scale of the diocesan Auxiliary work I can scarcely imagine, as I write about it. She devoted all of her time and strength to these ceaseless affairs, and the two months of vacation in the summer barely sufficed to give her sufficient recuperation. Her heart was in this work, completely, and no sacrifice of time or strength was too severe for her, at any time. We didn't have a meal in our Chicago home for seven years. We sampled every available boarding place within walking distance of our apartment at York street and Ashland Boulevard.

THE FIFTH MISSIONARY  
DEPARTMENT





## CHAPTER NINE

OUR MISSIONARY INTEREST after a while began to attract extra-parochial attention, and in October, 1908, when the Church had enlarged her missionary machinery sufficiently to establish Eight "Departments," thus covering the entire U. S. A. with organization, I was elected by the first Synod of our "Fifth Department" to be the "Department secretary" of the General Board of Missions in that wonderful territory. This included Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Marie at once seconded my instinct to accept this election. She saw that we both together could do more for "missions" thus, for a while, than by staying in parish work, even at The Church of The Epiphany.

Among the chief facts which impelled us to accept this election was the undeveloped field of the "Home Base" in this great Province. Here we were assured were to be found twelve dioceses, with 120,000 communicants, giving \$2,000,000 a year for all Church purposes, and yet giving only \$61,000 a year for the support in whole or in part of the 1,530 missionaries of all kinds then looking to the General Board of Missions for their stipends. These missionary workers were scattered throughout twenty-six districts at home and abroad. Surely these 120,000 communicants, who thought enough of their religion to raise \$2,000,000 a year for some expression of its organized life, could be led to give more than an average of one cent a week apiece to support the chief work for which the Church is organized, namely, the conversion of the world to our God and Saviour Jesus Christ! To tell some of them the story of the need and the opportunity, as well as of the beginning already made, might well enlist our efforts for a while, since we were asked to devote our time to this labor of love. Of course Marie was not elected to any office (the more's the pity), but anyone who knew either of us knew also what a power and an inspiration she could be to anybody near her who was so elected. So we decided that I should accept. And Marie said that she would go with me, and would do what she might find possible. She found a great deal possible, and she did it all with her wonted ability and thoroughness.

The election came in October, but it was not until the Feast of the Purification, February 2d, which came in 1909 on a Monday, that we started forth on this new and untried path through our truly astonishing "Province"—as the General Convention afterwards decided to call it,

in conformity with all ancient usage and also with the modern custom of the entire Anglican communion.

It was no slight task to change from parish life to this life of constant travel. Our good people of Epiphany parish did not at all like to have us make the change. Some of them took the position that it was no promotion at all, and that if I had been elected Bishop somewhere it would have been far better. We felt that, no matter what was involved, we were glad to devote some time to building up the "Home Base," since we could not think it wise, all things considered, to leave our parish work for any part of the strictly mission field, at home or abroad. The sacrifices which missionaries eagerly made and never mentioned had had little or no parallel in our comfortable though very busy parochial experience, and we both hailed whatever adjustment was involved in this new office, to which I had so unexpectedly been elected by the clergy and laity of our Province at their first Synodical meeting.

There were several things involved. There was a drop of \$1,500 a year in salary, and our living expenses in rent, life insurance, etc., were just the same as always. The General Board of Missions paid me \$3,000 a year, with only \$1,000 allowance for all expenses of travel, secretaryship, hotels, and the like. We felt that we ought to keep up our apartment at York street and Ashland Boulevard, though our itineraries for the first several months allowed us only two or three days at home each month. Marie promptly said that she would accompany me as long as her strength held out, and this was joyous news for me, for it made it a partnership, and banished loneliness for both of us. The good women of the Chicago Diocesan Auxiliary shared our appreciation of the rare opportunity thus provided, and by a "valentine" gift to Marie they raised a large part of her railroad fares and other incidental expenses.

Part of my decision to accept this election came from the conviction that my work at Epiphany Church was about done. The constant drain of "Suburbanitis" was slowly sapping the growth of the parish. I would work with all my might, for a year; would present 80 or even 100 for confirmation; would find from 75 to 125 other communicants who had moved into our large territory during a year (this involved unceasing effort in calling, of course) and the result would be a net decrease in our enrolled list of communicants. At the close of my first five-year period, we numbered 1,267 in good standing. At the close of my Rectorship, on January 31, 1909, we numbered 1,116. I had presented about 800 for confirmation during my nearly ten years in the parish, and I left nearly 250 more communicants than I had found in April, 1899, when I took office. Yet I felt that a new Rector would do better than I could do, and, though I would not have dreamed of giving up the work

unless I had been called to something else, when this election came, it seemed by far the better plan to accept.

It involved giving up 95 per cent of my preaching topics, for there are 100 themes each year for sermons in parish life, and there were only four or five sermons on "Missions" that could be used "on the road." It involved giving up my Altar, for I rarely Celebrated away from home.

It involved on Marie's part, eventually, the most poignant surrender of her life, for after some months of travel she felt that she ought to resign from the presidency of the Chicago Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, where she had served so remarkably for nine consecutive years, and with such notable success. She dearly loved this work and often said that "the Auxiliary was the only child she ever owned." She devoted to it all the love and care and joy and ceaseless attention that motherhood lavishes upon children. And she felt, after trying it out, that she could not travel with me and care for the Auxiliary as it deserved. I did not feel as she did about this, but her convictions, of course, carried the day, and at Grace Church, Chicago, in May, 1910, after presiding for the last time at her splendid annual meeting, with hundreds of her devoted friends in attendance, she read her resignation, and immediately left the church, her eyes brimming with tears.

She was adamant, in the months and years that followed, about refusing to take any position that might embarrass her successor. She declined the invitation to be a vice-president of the diocesan branch. She did not attend the monthly meetings of the parochial branches to any great extent. She felt that the new president ought to have free rein, and she knew that the courtesy which obtains among Christian ladies would impel her successor to defer to her again and again, were she at hand officially or even personally. What this isolation cost her no one ever knew, for she rarely mentioned it even to me, and then only casually. Her great strength of character was shown in this very wise but taxing decision. Of course it was now and then misunderstood. People sometimes inferred that she had lost her interest in the Auxiliary. That was about as sensible a comment as one which would accuse a mother of losing interest in her daughter because she would not live with her after her marriage.

A few years after this painful resignation, I urged Marie to resume some diocesan activity connected with the Auxiliary. She finally consented, and for a year or more was diocesan vice-president in charge of the South Side branches. A pulse of new vigor at once began to throb through the twenty-five or so branches of the South Side (this was during our nearly nineteen years at The Church of The Redeemer), and Marie enjoyed the partial resumption of her one-time work, as she visited



the local groups and arranged "sectional conferences," as she used to call them, some of which were held, with large attendance, in our own parish house. All the same, her important connection with the Auxiliary ceased that afternoon when she fled from Grace Church, Chicago, to hide her tears. She never flinched or wavered when anything was seen to be her duty. And it seemed to her that her duty lay with me, traveling around the twelve dioceses, large and small, of our "Fifth Province," deepening interest and raising money for the mighty cause of General Missions.

Had either of us known that this new experiment, which was simply the hurriedly concocted project of a General Convention's imperfect leadership, would not last more than two years, she might not have resigned her diocesan presidency. In that event our life at The Church of The Redeemer would have lacked the wonderful stimulus which she gave to it by taking hold of the organized work among the women, and by leading the parish house and afterwards the new Rectory into the brilliant life of hospitality which she so successfully managed, year after year. Of that, more later on in these memoirs. As it was, however, she felt that she could not do both kinds of work effectively, and as our life of travel opened new and beckoning opportunities for pushing Auxiliary enterprises, she shook off the whole plan of busy and delightful activity which had been her steady enthusiasm for nine remarkable years. And when she bade it "good-bye" she never allowed the weakness of "looking back" to dominate her for one instant, whether she "remembered Lot's wife" or not. There was something truly Napoleonic in that fine and determined attitude. It seemed to me truly wonderful, as I saw it from our home angle.

Our Epiphany friends were really grieved at our decision to enter this untried and roving life. They had developed some warm missionary spirit, in our ten years together, but not enough, as a parish, to glow with any pleasure at the high ideals of widening the "Home Base" for the greatest work of the Church. Before we left there was a Vestry-party at the beautiful home of our dear friends, the Senior Warden and his wife, and there was a very touching set of "Resolutions" which the Vestry drew up and signed, and which one of them brought to our apartment on our return from our first month's travel in the diocese of Ohio. The women's groups gave Marie some beautiful gifts, as expressions of their undoubted affection. The choir gave me a fine silk cassock (the pinnacle of clerical luxury, so far forth). The "Epiphany Guild" gave me a very beautiful gold watch, an Elgin, which has kept perfect time for all of the twenty-four years that have since elapsed.

In our last number of *The Epiphany*—our parish paper—the edition

of January, 1909, I summarized in a few statistics the outlines of our ten (or nearly ten) years of work together as People and Rector.

There were 662 baptisms (213 "Of Riper Years"); 809 candidates had been confirmed; there had been 308 marriages and 364 burials. The total amount of money raised for all purposes was about \$170,000, of which about \$25,000 had been given to extra-parochial purposes, diocesan and missionary.

The parish's list of communicants in good standing had risen from 865 in 1899 to 1,116 in 1908. At the outset of our term it stood fifth in the diocese, being exceeded then by Grace, St. James's, Trinity, and St. Peter's. When we left it practically shared the second place with Grace, Oak Park—we reporting 1,116 and they, 1,120—and was exceeded only by St. Peter's, Chicago. During the decade we had once reached 1,267 communicants as has been stated above. This gain of about 250 was reached by the addition of the 809 candidates confirmed, and 991 other communicants who had moved into the parish and had been discovered by unremitting parochial visiting. To offset this gain of about 1,800 names there had been a loss of 1,550 by death, transfer, removal, or otherwise.

The property of the parish had been improved by the installation of a \$4,000 heating plant, and by other improvements aggregating some thousands of dollars in cost. The endowment fund had been raised from \$5,000 to over \$11,000 in cash and pledges. The floating debt of \$7,300 which we found had been paid off. The old funded debt of \$5,300 on the old Rectory on Ashland Boulevard still remained, awaiting the sale of the building, some fine day.

During these nearly ten years I had made and received over 17,000 calls; had mailed 20,000 letters; had delivered over 4,500 sermons, addresses, and instructions. During seven years I had no Assistant, and for over eight years no secretary. The Easter Communions had increased from 593 in 1900 to nearly 800. The services had increased from 425 in 1900 to 839 in 1909, of which 255 were Celebrations of the Holy Communion. The organizations of the parish had increased from 20 in 1899, to 35 in 1908. The property was left in first class condition, and was fully insured.

So we started out on our travels. I afterwards learned that it was this decade of work, coupled with my election, which won me a place in *Who's Who in America*. My two honorary degrees were also received during this decade in 1906. We have already spoken of the "valentine" which the Auxiliary women gave to Marie to help in her traveling expenses. It was a generous gift, and it also was a great help to us both, as we faced the unknown budget of our new life.

And so, after instructing a confirmation class for some weeks, and presenting the class on my last Sunday evening as Rector, so that the parish should report some candidates for that diocesan year, no matter when the new Rector might arrive, and after all the other preparations for an entire month of travel in Ohio during February, we put on our best clothes, packed our four grips, bought our tickets for Lima, Ohio, and started out early on Monday morning, February 2d, the Feast of the Purification, 1909, to reach the Twelfth street station in time for an early morning train. Thus began nearly two years of one of the most varied, interesting, and useful periods of our entire life and work together for our Lord and His Church.

There were almost no precedents. We had not had time for much careful preparation, in the whirling weeks which followed my election, but it was clear to us both that the first thing to do was to visit as many congregations as possible, in each of the twelve dioceses, to meet the interested women in the afternoons or mornings, and to preach a missionary sermon in the evenings, with an offering for general missions, and to leave what literature we could as we departed. This, we knew, was only scratching the surface of the problem, but it was certainly the first step.

So we asked Bishop Leonard of Ohio to have his Archdeacon make out an itinerary for us, sending us to the parishes and missions which he knew should first be visited in this way. This the good man did, most thoroughly. We further asked, without the slightest abatement of the need, that we might please be entertained, for the allowance of only \$1,000 for travel, board, and office expenses would not allow us to go to hotels unless it was absolutely necessary. It would be well nigh impossible for me to state adequately the amount of generous and cordial hospitality which was promptly extended to us everywhere.

Rectories, and the homes of Wardens and Vestrymen and other parishioners were freely opened to us, as we wound our way around this vast district. Homes with many rooms and ten domestics; homes where the head of the house and his toiling wife slept on the floor and insisted on having us occupy their room; homes where we found so many children that we soon learned to accommodate the family by dispensing with the bath-room in the mornings. Marie would take her bath before going to bed the night before, and I became expert in bathing and shaving with the help of a glass tumbler filled with water! We always left our room just as tidy as we found it, making the bed and gathering up any litter. We usually sat up for a while after returning from our evening services, and chatted with the family and any guests that might come in. I am free to say that the physical effort thus involved was at



times as much of a drain upon us as the making of the addresses and preaching of the sermons, though it was always enjoyable, and very helpful to us both.

I kept a little red book with the names of all the leading people whom we met in each town, village, or city, and I also kept the mileage record of our many journeys. I also entered the amount of the offerings, for one of my nightmares was the fear that we could not raise, from these offerings, enough fresh money for "missions" to offset the \$4,000 a year which my salary and expenses cost the General Board of Missions. I am thankful to say that in neither year did we fail to raise more money than I cost, so that nightmare was needless—as most nightmares are!

Marie entered into all this utterly new experience with the utmost zest. She willingly shared the many economies which my limited allowance demanded, and she bravely carried her two grips, weighing from 35 to 40 pounds, while I struggled with the two larger ones, weighing from 65 to 70 pounds, as we walked from trains to our abiding places, or clambered into street cars when necessary. On our very first morning we encountered a wrathful and abusive street car conductor, who railed at us lustily, in the face of a crowded car filled with factory hands on their way to work. I bit my lips and "held my peace though it was pain and grief to me," for I was determined not to begin our travels by a "row" with a street car conductor. He simply could not coördinate Marie's Persian Lamb furs and my good overcoat with four grips and a street car. He said frankly that we ought to take a cab. When he cooled down enough to listen I gently told him of our uncertain budget and new enterprise, and when, two years or less later, we were coming into Chicago late one night and ran across his car, he instantly recognized us, and shouted "Hullo, Grips! Come right in! Plenty of room!" He probably was concerned for some time after that memorable tongue-lashing that he gave us, lest I should report him, which, of course, I might have done, but didn't.

Probably our most exhausting day of "grip-toting" was at the very end of our first five months' travel, in late June, when we were in Western Michigan. We rose early, after a poor night's rest, and after a very poor breakfast at a boarding house we had to walk one mile to the railroad station, carrying our grips. We had to sit down several times along the road, to rest, as we took this walk. We had to change cars, grips and all, more than once, during the early part of the day. We arrived at noon at one city where we had an afternoon meeting, in a beautiful garden, both of us making addresses. Then on we went, taking another train, after long waiting at a junction, and finally we reached our destination at midnight, the last three hours having been spent in a



crowded train, filled with Chicago people who had fled from the city to spend Sunday at a bathing beach resort! For this was on a Saturday, after a month's continuous travel.

Marie at once composed a most admirable set of afternoon addresses, which she usually gave in some parish house, or in someone's home, to a group of women, some of whom could not come to the evening service. I always preached at this evening service, and I soon found that the message I had to deliver occupied about 45 minutes when I had the time. I had a Sunday morning or evening edition of it which was condensed into thirty minutes. Marie soon learned these sermons by heart, for I found that it was by far the better plan to give the same message everywhere. And her reputation for long-distance endurance might well have been placed on record in missionary archives, for she heard me give this sermon nearly 335 times! And she would greet me at the close of these evenings with a reminder that "You left out two 'ands' and three 'buts' this evening," or some such good-natured comment on my imperfections! How she stood it I cannot imagine, but she did, and never flinched for a moment!

One evening we went directly from the train to the service, and I stored the four grips under her pew in the church. During the midst of my sermon the alarm clock went off, with stentorian clamor! She at once grasped the situation, and looked around demurely, with raised eyebrows, to see who it was that had imported an alarm clock into a missionary service! No one ever knew whose clock it was. I am afraid that there were more than two "ands" and three "buts" that were omitted from my message that evening.

Marie at once became the repository of confidences from distressed parishioners, as we journeyed over the Province. She calmed more than one malcontent, and cheered many a discouraged guild officer. She gave her beautiful addresses just as earnestly and vividly when there were six women present in some forlorn mission, as when she had a roomful in some large parish house. And she took her trick at dish-washing more than once, when we were entertained by some over-worked and under-paid parish Priest and his wife, none of whose parishioners were willing to entertain anybody connected with "missions." What it meant to me to have her wonderful companionship along this trail words can never express. We chummed it together as on a great picnic-time, and she always made the best of every experience and opportunity.

More than once she organized a new branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, having received from diocesan officers the request so to do when possible. Mrs. Leonard, the wife of the Bishop of Ohio, was so deeply grateful to her for her work in that diocese, that she gave Marie a most wonderful quilt, the work of one of her finest guilds.

Time and space forbid that I should go into many particulars, as these two vivid years come to mind. They were not quite two years, unless we begin to count in November, 1898, soon after my election. This it may be fair to do, as the correspondence and plans began at once, though, as I have stated above, we did not actually start out until February 2, 1909. We first took a month in the diocese of Ohio as I have said. This is the northern half of that great State. The outstanding events of that opening month centered naturally in Cleveland, where we were the guests of Dean and Mrs. Frank DuMoulin, formerly of St. Peter's, Chicago. Dean DuMoulin and I maintained our very real friendship all through the many years which followed our common entrance into Chicago in 1899. When he became Bishop this still continued, and when he resigned his Episcopal work and once more joined us Rectors, it was stronger than ever. He and his charming wife visited us at "Westerly," for a few hours, during Marie's final illness, in the summer of 1932, this being, of course, long after the death of his first wife, who entertained us so kindly at the Deanery in Cleveland when we were "on the road."

One evening Bishop and Mrs. Leonard made a delightful dinner for us at the Episcopal Residence, with several guests, and another evening in Cleveland there was a remarkable gathering of some 400 men at the Cathedral parish house, for dinner and addresses. Dr. John W. Wood of the Church Missions House shared with myself the main addresses. Years afterwards Bishop DuMoulin said that this was an epoch-making meeting of Ohio Churchmen, so far as interest in missions is concerned. It was the largest gathering of Churchmen that I addressed during these two years. At that time the Cleveland Cathedral was giving over \$3,000 a year to General Missions, this being the largest single offering from the 800 parishes and missions in the Province. It was somewhat surpassed in later years, when our own Redeemer parish in Chicago gave about \$9,000 a year to the National Council's work and another \$9,000 a year to diocesan missions in Chicago. Other parishes, in those later times, did also much generous giving to the Church's greatest work, the Cleveland Cathedral, doing as always its full share.

Our itineraries took us into all of the twelve dioceses of the Province, as the busy months of travel came on apace. Each one had its unique characteristics. I am not giving them in the order in which we traveled through them, going to their chief congregations first, but before we ceased we had taken journeys pretty well over the whole territory, reaching as far north as Ashland, Wisconsin, on Lake Superior, and as far south as Anna, Illinois, in the diocese of Springfield. We thus covered some 60,000 miles, and visited at least once some 335 congregations, going to about fifty of them from twice to a half-

dozen times. Most of our journeys were of course by rail, but we soon became quite familiar with the trolley systems in many of the dioceses, especially in Indiana, and we had some automobile and some horse-and-buggy experiences which are worthy of mention. Also we crossed Lake Michigan twice on the big boats, on one trip.

In the diocese of Springfield we had a colorful visit to the soft-coal mines, afterwards the scenes of so much industrial strife and even bloodshed, though quiet enough during our stay. Marie was much impressed with the plight of some Englishwomen who had come recently from Durham in England, to accompany their husbands, these being coal miners by profession. There was a "lay-off" during our visit, and yet these good people came out to service in their poor, bleak "Town Hall," and some of them insisted that Marie and I should be their supper guests in their little home instead of staying for that meal at the shabby and not very clean hotel in the village. The Bishop protested against my bringing Marie along on this part of our journeys, but she insisted on going, and she put up with the unattractive conditions without the slightest hesitation. She afterwards gave a very appealing and effective address on this whole visit to the diocese of Springfield, enlightening the people in Chicago and other large cities of the Province concerning the state of the coal miners and their families in that part of Illinois.

One experience we had on this particular trip was memorable. We were in a small town, a county seat, and our services were held in the court house. A fearful storm came up about 9 P.M., and the poor little hotel where we stopped was so shaken by the gale and stormed at by the torrential rain that our room was drenched. Most of the other guests dressed and huddled together in the hotel office, fearful lest the whole building should collapse. Right around the corner was the wretched little county jail, and we could hear the terrified prisoners shouting and screaming above the roar of the hurricane. When we appeared at breakfast, and turned out to be the only people who had not been scared into dressing at 3 A.M. or so, our stock rose several points. All the same it was a frightful night. Several people in Chicago, perhaps 300 miles north of us, were killed by the storm. This whole trip to the southern part of the diocese of Springfield was a very interesting one. It brought us, and later, many of our hearers, into new contacts with the missionary needs of our own Province.

It is difficult to say which of the twelve dioceses of this very remarkable territory was the most interesting. No two were alike. The three in Illinois, *viz.*, Chicago, Quincy, and Springfield, were each different from the others. Northern Indiana was not like "Indianapolis," as the southern diocese was named in that State. Southern Ohio, with its old river-towns along the great Ohio, was vastly different from



"Ohio," with its great Cleveland and its enormous industries along Lake Erie. Michigan has three dioceses, the eastern section centering around Detroit and the automobile industry, and running up into the burnt-over lumber districts, while "Western Michigan" radiates from Grand Rapids, and the furniture industry, and abounds also with fruit farms. And "Marquette," the "Michigan peninsula," is filled with copper mines, as well as some lumber camps, and is quite unlike the other two dioceses. Wisconsin had two dioceses in our time, but now has three. The diocese of "Milwaukee" then covered three-quarters of the great State, and was shaped like a big letter "L," while the diocese of "Fond du Lac" occupied the northeastern quarter and also ran up to Lake Superior.

Incessant travel on our part brought us into all of these large dioceses, and we gave our missionary message as best we could to all kinds of congregations, big and little, rich and poor. A careful estimate of the offerings showed a general increase of about 80 per cent at the close of our second year. Of course this was not entirely due to our efforts, but we had some share in this achievement.

Our mail was handled in a rather unique way. We returned to our Chicago apartment about every thirty days, to repack, and to get a little rest. I would then buy as many large manila envelopes as the towns or cities which we were to visit on our next trip. I would address each one of these to myself, care of General Delivery, at each town, and I would direct the Chicago postal-clerk please to put into the proper envelope all of the first-class mail for either of us every day, mailing it to me at the close of the day. I advanced the duplicate postage, and thus I got our mail daily. I answered it as best I could, wherever we might be.

One day, in Coldwater, Michigan, we could not find our big envelope. It disconcerted us sadly, for there were some changes in appointments that were pending. Finally, at the end of the disappointing afternoon, a boy from the Post Office rushed into the Rectory with the lost envelope. It had been mixed up with the mail of "Sis Hopkins," the actress, who, with her troupe, was barnstorming the town that same evening!

The local papers sometimes made a good deal of our visit. Marie especially interested the reporters. One morning a young girl interviewed me about the addresses we planned for the afternoon and evening, and I wrote out the headlines for her, writing after my own name the initials "D. D." Imagine our amusement when the paper came out with words about "the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, O. O.!" My blind handwriting has often led me into trouble.

We usually lunched from a paper bag, on the train, our menu being



apples and crackers. "Social Tea wafers" were our favorites, made by the National Biscuit Company, of which our old St. Joseph friend and Senior Warden, John D. Richardson, was vice-president. Marie had a fondness for red apples also. We were usually so heartily supplied with breakfast and dinner menus, as our generous hostesses welcomed us "along the road," that we were glad to ease up a little on luncheons.

All the same, the wear and tear of travel, with the lack of exercise and the constant change of diet, finally broke down Marie's digestion, and one day in Ohio we had to cancel our other dates, and return to Chicago. Then we started for Vermont, and I left Marie for six weeks with her parents at "96" Colchester Avenue, in beautiful Burlington, while I returned to the Province to wander around our itinerary alone. This was the only time in our entire married life that we were separated from each other for even twenty-four hours, and it was the only time that we wrote letters to each other during all of the nearly forty-three years of our companionship. It was a hard wrench for us both, and when it closed, and I was able to bring her back to the "Fifth Department," as our Province was then called, it was a time of rejoicing for me indeed.

The General Convention of 1910 was held during our missionary travels. I was elected one of the deputies from Chicago. The Convention met at Cincinnati in October, and we stayed at a second-class hotel during its sessions. Marie had some opportunities in the Auxiliary meetings, but I found out that the new office which I held was something so new that it had little or no standing or leverage. The other "Department secretaries" also made a similar discovery.

We had not been encouraged very much by our second round of visits in the Province. It was clear to me that this new office was only an experiment, and that it was really not worth while, as a permanency. So we cast about to find some possible opening for the resumption of our chosen life-work, that of a parish Priest and his wife.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,  
CHICAGO:

OUR FOURTH AND LAST PARISH

OUR THIRD RECTORY

THE BUILDING OF THE NEW RECTORY



## CHAPTER TEN

AT THAT TIME (the fall of 1910) there happened to be four of the leading parishes of the diocese of Chicago that were vacant. This unique condition was quite unprecedented. These were St. Peter's, Trinity, and The Church of The Redeemer, in Chicago, and Grace Church in Oak Park. I was honored by preliminary "nibbles" from all of them except The Church of The Redeemer, which was the smallest and least equipped of the four. This parish, however, under the Rev. Simon B. Blunt, had achieved, during his seven years of Rectorship, a daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Reserved Sacrament, the colored silk vestments, the occasional use of incense, and established use of Confession, the Daily Matins and Evensong, and at least twice a month the 11 A.M. Holy Eucharist on Sundays. The two Altars were completely and properly furnished with lights, and the whole atmosphere of the little church (it would hold about 500 including the chancel and choir, when filled) was Catholic instead of "Protestant Episcopalian." Besides this, it was near the great University of Chicago, most of whose buildings were situated within its parochial boundaries.

This was the kind of worshipping atmosphere which I had always coveted and longed for, and eventually I was called as Rector, and took charge on December 1, 1910. The Church leaders in New York and in the Province were very kind to me as I frankly told them that I desired to return to parish life. I felt that I was using only a very small part of my equipment as a Priest, in the missionary secretaryship, and I was quite clear that all that I could do, even with Marie's help, "on the road," could be done far better by the Bishops in the smaller dioceses, and by committees of laity as well as of leading clergy in the larger ones. The sequel has proved this opinion well founded. In Chicago, for instance, where we both were best known, the total gifts for General Missions at the close of our second year had risen from about \$6,000 a year to about \$9,000 a year. In the most recent year of general prosperity (1928-9), with only about 7,000 more communicants than during my secretaryship, Chicago's communicants gave \$126,000 for General Missions (we called it then the National Council's Treasury), instead of \$9,000. And my office of department or Provincial secretary had been vacant for more than fifteen years! So I felt that we were fully justified in resigning such a work, when such an opportunity for continuing my



life as a Rector opened before us, and I was called to The Church of The Redeemer, Hyde Park, Chicago, corner of Washington Avenue and East Fifty-Sixth street. Washington Avenue was afterwards named Blackstone Avenue.

This parish, then of about 500 communicants, was formed not long before the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and at that time Hyde Park (or South Park, as it was originally called) was a suburban village of home-owners, with few if any apartment houses. The University of Chicago had been revived but a few years, yet then, as now, it was a leading factor in the life of the surrounding community. Our parish was self-supporting almost from the start, but the start was on a very humble scale. During the "World's Fair," as it was commonly called, the congregation worshipped in a little building whose largest room would hold about two hundred, and whose basement had two other rooms besides a tiny kitchen. This was the only building for some four years or more. Its cost was about \$4,000, and it was the parish house when we arrived. As such it was one of the most used edifices in Hyde Park, for there were soon some thirty-five kinds of work going on, either during most of the year or at certain seasons, and this little parish house was the scene of most of their meetings. After the "World's Fair" the present church was built, at a cost of about \$15,000, and during Dr. Blunt's Rectorship the chancel had been enlarged and a very beautiful carved wood Altar erected, all at the cost of some \$6,000. Most of this chancel-cost had not been paid when we came on the scene. It took us four years to pay off this debt, and about \$3,500 more, which I inherited, and on Whitsunday, May 31, 1914, the little church was consecrated. The original Altar which had served in the parish house, was moved into the church, and placed at the end of the south aisle, where it was used for some twenty years or more, for the daily Celebrations, and its tabernacle usually sheltered the Reserved Sacrament.

This historic Altar, with its vestments, was given by the parish to us, in 1926, when the new parish house and chapel were built, and we moved it to our home at "Twenty Acres" on Grand Isle, Vermont, where it stands at this writing in our little oratory on the second floor. It was used for Celebrations on most of the Sundays when Marie and I occupied this winter house of ours. It sheltered the Reserved Sacrament for the days and nights just preceding Marie's death, ready for her viaticum.

We soon discovered that, at the age of forty-nine, we had really begun all over again in our parish life. The West Side is a long distance from the South Side, in this great city, and little or nothing of the work which we led for nearly a decade at The Church of The Epiphany was known in Hyde Park. To tell the truth, we were very lonely for some

months, as we found that we had to commence all over again the task of making our neighborhood and even our parishioners feel acquainted with us. When we had been two or three years at The Epiphany, we were well known throughout the West Side. "On the road" we were always introduced by our connection with the Church Missions House in New York, and with its officials. But in Hyde Park all this amounted to very little, outside a limited circle, and we were strangers with our way to make, as it was in the beginning of our Chicago life, a dozen years earlier. We frankly found it a bit difficult, but Marie rose to the situation with all her unconquerable humor, and we laughed it off until this was no longer necessary.

Another element in our South Side life was unique. For the first time in my ministry my "tools" were of less use to me than ever before. Never before had I found myself and my parish of so little consequence in the community. In Calvary, New York, we were members of one of the leading parishes in that great diocese. In St. James's, Chicago, we were unusually conspicuous because of the prominence of the historic old parish. In Atchison, our congregation was almost the largest in the diocese, and one of the largest in that little city. In St. Joseph, we also had one of the largest parishes in the diocese, and our people were among the leaders in the business and social life of that solid city. The Church of The Epiphany, Chicago, was equipped with a beautiful building of such size and architectural charm that it was for many years one of four churches of any kind in all Chicago that were "starred" by Baedeker's "Guide to Chicago." And there was not another Prayer Book church in any city in the whole world that had 500,000 people living within thirty minutes' ride of its doors, with no other similar church of equal size to compete with it.

But in Hyde Park, our building was far exceeded by St. Paul's Church, seven blocks distant. And this sister congregation was fifty per cent larger than ours, with two or more available dollars to our one. And its general atmosphere was far more congenial to the University of Chicago's neighborhood than was ours. Our dear little brick church, utterly unpretentious, with its large roof and perfectly plain windows, was almost the only church building in Hyde Park that was not pictured on the local postcards found in the surrounding stores.

When we arrived, our organ was small, with but two ranks of keys, and though our music was always good, our organization, in 1910, was not accorded much influence in the neighborhood. There was no Rectory, and our little parish house was as unpretentious as the church. In diocesan circles, St. Paul's, as the "mother church" of the South Side, was of much greater prominence than was ours, and altogether, as we discovered the features of our new environment, we had come to a place

where we had to row up-stream if at all. This was simply a challenge to Marie, and therefore to myself. For the first time since our life in St. Joseph, she was able to devote all of her energies and abilities to the parish, and this she did from the very first to the last week of our nearly nineteen years of wonderful life and of parish growth in Hyde Park. Of course I never asked from her one ounce of strength or one moment of time, so far as helping in the parish was concerned. This was my attitude from the beginning. Yet she threw herself into the work, always, as far as her strength and time would permit, and here, to repeat, she was able to give it all to the parish.

Fr. Blunt, my very able predecessor, had resigned several weeks before we arrived, yet the people had loyally stayed by the parish, and we found a kindly welcome on December 1st. Our last expedition as "Department secretary" and wife was at Joliet, Illinois, where the Men's Club of Christ Church had arranged a dinner with addresses on missionary themes. I was with distinguished speakers at this finale, for the others were Charles E. Field, by far the most eloquent and attractive lay speaker in the diocese of Chicago, and Dean Shailer Mathews, internationally known, of the University of Chicago Divinity School. This men's meeting was a corollary to the great "Men's Missionary Meetings" among the Protestants generally, that made such a sensation all over the nation that year. I was one of the speakers at thirteen of these great meetings of men, when from 800 to 3,500 men would gather at dinner, and the programmes occupied the mornings as well as the afternoons and evenings. My usual place was the "inspirational" twenty minutes at the close of the morning sessions, though I occasionally spoke in the evenings also. I made some good friends among the rather remarkable "crew" of this extraordinary affair, and I learned a great deal about the real strength of Protestantism, as well as about its weaknesses.

So we finished our missionary travels at Joliet. Marie stayed over for the morning of the next day, to address the women, so she really finished that interesting chapter in our work together for our Lord and His Church. An amusing anti-climax on my part was that I carelessly took the south-bound train at about 9 A.M. (the two trains meet at Joliet within a few minutes of the same time), and I had to cool my heels in a little country town all the rest of the morning, while waiting for the north-bound noon train. When I finally boarded it, and reached Joliet, imagine my feelings when I saw Marie, escorted by a bevy of friends, board the same train. I fled to the smoking car, and at a psychological moment I entered her car, to her decided consternation as well as subsequent amusement. So ended my missionary travels. The south-bound conductor mildly asked me if I had "asked the trainman on entering



earlier in the morning," and I had to admit "No." "Well," he commented, regardless of my 60,000 miles of travel, "it's always a good plan to ask where your train is going." And I do it now, for even the suburbans!

We had to move our furniture from the flat at Ashland Boulevard and York street, and Marie finally picked out our Hyde Park apartment at 5701 Washington Avenue (afterwards Blackstone Avenue). Judge Rush was our landlord, and the apartment was a pretty one, on the third floor. We had seven rooms, with two bath-rooms, and I fitted up one of the rooms as my study and office, for there was no room in the little parish house which I could solely use for such purposes. We stayed in this apartment for five years, and Marie fitted it up with our belongings until it was a bower of beauty, as were all of our homes. Her magic touch placed every picture and every piece of furniture just where it would adorn and serve to the best advantage. We brought from Winoski, Vermont, one after the other, three sisters of a family known for years to Marie's parents. These girls made excellent maids for us, and two of them afterwards married, while the third, Eugenie, gradually acquired her own home some three or four miles south of us. She became one of the maids in a wealthy family when we retired in 1929. So Evelyn Le Clair came to us, and stayed with us until her marriage.

Our first year at The Redeemer was, of course, our hardest, for, as was stated above, we were almost strangers, and had to make our way step by step. My first confirmation class was one of the smallest in my ministry, for I knew so few whom I could invite into the class. These circumstances soon began to change, however, for the better, for the parish was well supplied with able, intelligent, and loyal people, and they soon began to respond to our leadership. This was especially true among the women, for Marie at once went to work to develop the organized activities among the fine women with whom we were destined to become so closely identified as the years accumulated.

When we arrived, we found a few organizations well established, but working so independently of each other that there was very little cohesion or coöperation. So Marie set to work to remedy all this by a masterly plan, framed in part after the pattern of the most successful clubs of women which she had known in previous years. She was, I think, a local pioneer in this, as in so many other activities. She wanted to form one big parochial society of women, to which all the women in the parish could belong, and whose demands would be so simple and limited that scarcely any woman who might be invited to join would find it possible to decline. There were to be two classes of membership. One class consisted of all the women then enrolled in the various societies. These were to pay only fifty cents as dues, in addition to their other



dues. Each of these societies was to continue just as it always had done, electing its own officers, and arranging its own work as heretofore. Its members, however, were asked to add to these activities the monthly meeting of the "Federation of Women," as she called it, and each member was also asked to serve on one of the eight Federation luncheon committees of the parochial year. Backed up finely by the leading women of the parish already enlisted in its work, Marie then set about to make the Federation a real factor in the parish life of just as many women as she could interest. She put on her hat and started out on a tour of calling which would have dismayed a less experienced and determined leader. Hyde Park was already becoming a section of Chicago where the apartment houses abounded, and to put one's lips to the orthodox tube in the vestibule of one of these contraptions, and to shout up into said tube one's name and errand to a not always even-tempered recipient at the upper end, took a skill in the art of salesmanship, and an amount of unruffled self-control, that many would have been unable to supply. Marie's store of these essentials seemed inexhaustible, and day after day she sallied forth on this otherwise monotonous errand, until she had accomplished her purpose. This was to offer to every woman in the parish, who had control of her daylight time, the opportunity to join the Federation.

The response was ultimately very gratifying. Before long the enrollment of paid-up members, at one dollar a year (fifty cents for the women who had already joined some organization in the parish), amounted to 237, and this for some years was the largest organized enrollment of women in any parish of the diocese. The next thing was to secure a list of speakers for each of these eight meetings each year. The usual date was the second Wednesday from October to May inclusive, the luncheon beginning promptly at 12:30 P.M., and the business meeting, which included the afternoon address, commencing promptly at 1:30, and closing at 3 P.M., if not earlier. There are large numbers of eager men and women in Chicago who have a message for earnest and intelligent women, concerning civics, philanthropy, art, travel, or literature, with an occasional dip into specifically missionary philanthropy as carried on by our own Church. When these learned from us that they could have a hearing from such a group as our Federation luncheons soon provided, numbering from 75 to 125 each month, many of them gladly accepted our invitations to be our speakers. And if one were to look over the list of invited speakers that came to us, month after month, for the next twenty-one years (up to this writing the Federation has completed its twenty-first season), one would be truly astonished at the names which would be found, and the wide range of subjects that were thus presented.

From the start Marie took the position that the parish would leave its definite instruction on religion to the Sunday sermons, the confirmation classes, and the Church school and Bible classes. The purely missionary topics were left for the Woman's Auxiliary, and the corresponding work among the children. So the Federation selected programmes of affiliated themes, which Christian women ought to welcome, and about which they ought to be informed or exhorted. Much grateful appreciation was felt by both of us for the lavish kindness with which these able and busy ladies and gentlemen came to speak to us, year after year. After a while we found that the monthly Federation luncheons were being used as social functions by many of our women, so that a festive air often predominated, and many visitors found the atmosphere inviting and enjoyable.

The first thing at the opening of the business meeting was Prayer, and I always made it a point to be present, and to offer the suitable collect. Then, after the usual minutes and reports from secretary and treasurer, there followed some data from some representative of every organization in the parish where women were enrolled. As time went on this list was an inspiring one, and those who belonged to only one or two societies were often astonished at learning the amount of work being done by others in the parish. Announcements of events to come in the following month were also in order. As the ideal chairman, which Marie always was, both by intuition and by long experience, these periods were never allowed to be dull, or to occupy too much time. In fact we had to make rules, as the popularity of the Federation grew in Hyde Park, to prevent our time being absorbed unduly by outside interests zealous of calling attention to their special announcements. This plan, of having a review of at least the women's work each month, was later adopted, for the whole parish, by the General Headquarters of the Church, at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, in their efforts to standardize the parochial organization of the Church. It was not as generally successful in this wider horizon, however, because so many organizations in the active parishes were for the children and the young people, and these parishioners were not interested in the work of the grown-ups. Of course the idea was not entirely original with Marie, but at the time she established it there was nothing exactly like it in our Chicago diocese, at any rate so far as we know. It was perhaps the chief factor in vitalizing with social service and social life the relationship of our hundreds of women to their Church. The task of securing competent chairmen for the eight luncheon committees was no easy one, but Marie grappled with it with her wonted ability, and it was not long before we had a chairmen's group of eight of our most reliable and willing women. These gladly took the leadership of the twenty or thirty

other women who volunteered once a year to help supply the luncheon menus, and to serve them, and who were also willing to pay their luncheon fees at the same time. For some years these fees stayed at twenty-five cents, but were finally raised by common consent to thirty-five cents per plate. The menu provided could not have been duplicated down-town for anything like that sum, as a rule.

These committees had to be assembled a week or so before each luncheon, in order to arrange for the supplies. This was always a difficult matter, because a full attendance was almost too much to expect from busy Chicago women, unless they belonged to the inner circle willing to make sacrifices for any kind of work connected with the Church. The Federation was organized, however, to include those who were not very deeply attached to the life of the parish house, and therefore Marie, for a number of years before we resigned, adopted the custom of inviting personally to the Rectory by mail all the members of each month's luncheon committee, and of serving to them at her own expense an appetizing luncheon in our dining room. After this the ladies would adjourn to the living room, where all of her skill in presiding at meetings would be involved in the work of securing sufficient donations of food to supply the expected guests of that month's Federation luncheon. When they had all gone, then she would undertake the additional work of communicating with the absent members by telephone, and of securing from each some donation towards the menu. This was hard work, of course, and not at all showy work. But she never flinched, and year after year, as president of the Federation, she uncomplainingly applied herself to this monotonous effort, and during some of the years, when there were not enough willing women to total the eight luncheon chairmen, she would often add that to her duties as presiding officer, and now and then she would find herself the speaker of the afternoon as well! Such devotion gradually won the deep affection of our best women, and well it might! Probably a thousand guests were thus served at the committee-luncheons in our Rectory. It was a great privilege and joy for us.

During the eighteen years of the Federation's existence before we retired, Marie was its president for all but four or five of the seasons. There were plenty of able club-women in the parish who were capable of serving as president of this important work, but the feeling was general that Marie was the one wished for by the other women, and so she complied, at no matter what cost to herself. She was well seconded by her secretaries, and also, for some of the later years, by a very competent finance committee. Her successor, Mrs. O. P. Alford, who was her admirable secretary and treasurer for several years, carried on the work even after our retirement, with notable devotion and success. This



was very gratifying to Marie, especially during the last year or two of her life, when she was able to do so little herself in the way of activity. To the day of her death she was the honorary president of the Federation—a courtesy which she deeply appreciated. This large and exacting work, however, was only a part of her life and influence in our busy parish. She was a member of nearly all of the societies for women, and she attended their meetings, whether weekly or monthly, whenever possible. The Altar Society depended greatly upon her help, and under Fr. Blunt (the Rev. Simon Blinn Blunt) our Redeemer Altar Society had already taken a position as one of the leading ones in the diocese. Especially at Christmas and at Easter Marie was of service in helping to decorate the sanctuary and the side Altar.

She joined the Daughters of the King, when that Chapter was organized, some years after we came, and occasionally she presided at its meetings, and made addresses. She helped the Woman's Guild in every possible way, and also the Mothers' Bags Committee (afterwards called the Babies' Bags Committee), whose layettes gradually attracted even the attention of the American Red Cross, for their excellency and completeness. Widespread requests for these layettes came constantly to our ears, and for some years the faithful members of this charitable committee met even throughout the summer months, in order to supply the demand.

In the Woman's Auxiliary she took of course an especial interest, and was always present at their monthly and other meetings. Under her inspiration our parish's contributions to the United Thank Offering at times reached very gratifying sums. She did not, however, serve as custodian of this, her favorite offering, but she lent all of her influence towards developing it among our good women.

For five years we lived, as has been said, in our attractive apartment at 5701 Blackstone Avenue, and then something happened. I preached a sermon one Sunday morning on the difficulties of living an ideal home-life in an apartment-house. The Hon. S. T. Mather, afterwards the internationally known director of the national parks of our country, and always one of our strong supporters and earnest communicants, was in the city that Sunday morning, and a few weeks later, as Marie and I started down-town one Saturday evening for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra programme (we had the same seats, "G 1 and 2, Right," in the balcony, for twenty-five years), I took from our mailbox a letter from Mr. Mather. On the way to the concert I opened it, and imagine our excitement and delight, when we found an offer of \$5,000, starting the Rectory fund! It was conditional upon having the parish raise another \$5,000 within one year. Mr. Mather was good enough to say in this letter that he wanted us to have a house to live in,



so that the parish might have an example of what a home could be! This generous offer was the largest single gift that had been made to our parish since its organization. It created a sensation among our people, and of course aroused our own deepest gratefulness. With characteristic modesty he desired that his name as donor should not be known. Eventually he allowed us to announce that he had made the gift.

This was in the spring of that fateful and awful year, 1914. The horrible World War broke out that summer, and little or nothing was done about Mr. Mather's offer until January, 1915. Then our Senior Warden, Henry S. Hawley, called together a meeting of Vestrymen, at which I was present, and they decided to go ahead with the effort of raising the other \$5,000 by Easter Day, war or no war. In the meantime Marie had done a remarkable deed of promptness and foresight, in connection with the Rectory lot, adjoining the church.

The oldest house in Hyde Park had occupied that lot, in part, and for years the property had been for sale at a price which did not secure any bidders. The sign had been taken down for some time, but was suddenly replaced, and Marie's sharp eyes saw it one afternoon, soon after it had been again set up next to the church. She at once got me on the telephone, and I as promptly got Mr. Hawley on the telephone. Mr. Hawley acted at once, and paid a deposit for an option on the lot, and it was well that he did, for the next day he was offered \$1,000 more than the stated price (\$6,000), and had we not acted within a half-hour of the time when Marie made it possible, we would have probably lost the opportunity of buying the only available lot for a Rectory and parish house!

Thanks to her keen vigilance and to Mr. Hawley's able promptitude, as well as to Mr. Mather's generosity, the Rectory proposition in 1915 went forward, and the cornerstone of the very beautiful building was laid, with an appropriate service, in early July, 1915. Three of our women set out during the latter part of Lent to do some canvassing towards the goal of raising the Easter offering to the needed \$5,000. They succeeded so well that the offering was over \$6,000, and Mr. Mather's gift was assured.

J. E. O. Pridmore, one of the Vestry of The Church of The Atonement, Chicago, and a brother of Mrs. Zelotes E. Martin of our parish, was selected as the architect. He very willingly conferred a great deal with Marie about the general plan of the house. It was to be of brick, with half-timbered second storey and attic, and was thus to have three stories and a basement. Marie at once saw that the whole length of the lot's front would be necessary for the living room, if she were to have a room which would be adequate as well as properly proportioned. At once there arose the question of a front door and a vestibule.

Here Marie's shrewdness and determination rose to the occasion and triumphed over all the many difficulties that were involved. The lot was small. The church was very close to the building-line of the proposed Rectory. Some advisors demurred at the plan of having the vestibule and front door placed at the side of the house. Yet Marie found just such a situation in another house in Hyde Park, and she took her measuring rod and found that there would be just enough room for such an entrance of the Rectory, leaving a passage-way between the church and the Rectory of sufficient width to enable the wheel-barrow to take the ashes and other garbage from the basement of the parish house to the street—there being no other available passage. She held her own in this matter, and the result is an adequate front door, a beautiful living room, and plenty of room in the passage-way as well.

Of course there were the usual troubles which try the patience and baffle the plans of those who build, but the work went on apace, and finally the very beautiful structure was completed, with fourteen rooms, and space for four more in the attic. The Vestry asked me whether to build large or small. I replied that this Rectory ought to be so built as to accommodate any ordinary kind of a family that grows. We of course needed only a few rooms, as we had no children, and no relatives that were dependent on our home for shelter. Other Rectors might need much more room than did we, and the parish ought to be equipped with a building adequate for any reasonable demands in the future. So they built a fourteen-room house. It was at that time the most beautiful Rectory in the diocese. Since then it has been equalled or surpassed by some, but not by many. We were complimented by university professors on having added to Hyde Park such a comely and attractive structure.

At first the sleeping porch and the sun-parlor were omitted by the building committee, for these would cost \$500, and there was not enough money in sight to pay this additional sum. So the building committee had held a meeting in the early part of June, and had decided to wall up the back end of the Rectory temporarily, until there should be an additional \$500 subscribed for the porch and sun-parlor. This also was to include a basement cellar for cold-storage, underneath these two upper stories of parlor and porch. These wise counsels were suddenly changed, on June 11th, by an event of unexpected and far-reaching moment.

Marie and I were married on June 10, 1890. Therefore on June 10, 1915, we were keeping our Silver Wedding Anniversary. Marie made a great deal of this quarter-century date, for during the eight months which preceded or followed that glad anniversary she graciously provided no less than eight social events, in Chicago, in Canandaigua, New York (where my brother Richard lived), and in Grand Isle,

Vermont, in our summer home, to signalize with different groups our commemoration of this Silver Wedding year. There was a "Hopkins Party" in Chicago, to which every person in Chicago even remotely connected with either of us by marriage was invited, for a dinner and a festal evening. There was a fine dinner for the Vestry and their wives. And then, on June 10th, there was a big parish reception in the parish house, the building decorated with tin ("silver"!) hearts and red balloons and all sorts of things. At a psychological moment in this largely attended reception, Marie and I were asked by the ladies in charge please to go to the south windows and to look out at something in the street. We obediently did so and then, when bidden to turn around, what was our astonishment and delight to see a tiny fairy cart, all decked in white, drawn by six little girls, all also in white, and bearing a box containing 535 silver dollars, the gift of our parishioners to their grateful leaders! There was a beautifully painted little card, inscribing this gift to the Rector and his wife, and saying that it was from all the parish organizations. I used to think that I knew pretty well what was going on in the parish, but no! This committee of kind and generous friends (and I never did find out who were the leaders of the really extensive enterprise) went around to every organization in the parish for weeks before June 10th and collected from these, and I don't know how many other kind friends, gifts ranging from the pennies of the dear children in the Church Sunday school up to the large givers among the adults. They then took all the trouble of going to the place in Chicago where they change other money into silver dollars, and then got up this little white-trimmed cart, assembled the six little girls and dressed them all in white, and then poured out upon our astonished and wondering selves this most beautiful Silver Anniversary gift! We were about speechless, though I stumbled through some kind of a response, and Marie, as always, rose to the occasion with her wonted grace and ease. The rest of that memorable evening (the parish house was thronged) of course centered around this delightful and novel gift. And the next morning Marie and I started down-town with a heavily laden bag (it weighed about thirty-five pounds), and deposited the whole \$535 in one of the big banks in the Loop. The clerks themselves paused in their nonchalant way, and gazed with open mouths at the glittering array of silver dollars. Even in a great Chicago bank the sight was unusual.

What should we do with such money? The question was a real one. We promptly settled it by devoting \$500 to replacing the sleeping porch and the sun-parlor as part of the Rectory, and with the \$35 "change" we bought a beautiful silver tray and one or two other silver articles for our home, to commemorate visibly this very touching expression of affection from our people. And we placed in the sun-parlor, and afterwards



OUR SILVER WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH

Taken in 1915





in our Grand Isle home at "Twenty Acres," the attractive legend which accompanied the gift, and inscribed to us on our Silver Wedding Day from our friends of The Church of The Redeemer.

So the summer of 1915 wore on, and while our hearts were bowed with sorrow along with all the rest of the world's as the awfulness of the Great War ran its frightful course, we found ourselves legitimately busy with the progress of the new Rectory. We had not yet reached our own entry as a nation into the war, and it did not seem Neronic or anachronistic to be building, while millions of others were suffering. The Vestry were undoubtedly right in acting when they did, in order to save the original \$5,000 gift which Mr. Mather's generosity had provided. Had we waited longer than we did, before beginning to build, we would have lost that large portion of our building fund. Along in December the beautiful home was finished, and we moved one block, piece-meal, as we left our little apartment and began to live in this spacious and attractive home. Marie at once began to furnish all the rest of the rooms, as fast as she could, and before long the entire house was occupied by our Lares and Penates. Then something else happened.

Our generous Vestry met, one evening, at the Rectory (where we usually held our Vestry meetings), and they asked me to step out into another room for a few minutes. Somewhat surprised, I yet complied, of course. And when they again invited me to resume the chair, they had raised my salary from \$3,600 with rent to pay to \$5,000 and the Rectory. This very handsome deed of the leaders of our congregation gratified us deeply, not so much because of the additional money, though Marie and I were saving as much as we could, for many years, against the inevitable years of retirement, but because it bespoke in a way that no one could misunderstand, the confidence and kindness which are a constant inspiration to any fortunate Rector. Marie was very much excited. When the Vestry had gone home, she exclaimed to me: "Let's not go to bed at all! Let's stay up all night and talk about it!" All the same, we did not stay up "all night," but we did have a very important talk about it. The upshot of it was that we should continue to live on the old salary, and that she should put away every month the additional sum of \$116.66 which had thus been added to said old salary. And this slowly accumulating sum, which she carefully saved every month, gradually became large enough to build for us the beautiful permanent home on Grand Isle, Vermont, at "Twenty Acres," for us to occupy, after our retirement, when it would be too cold in "Wedding Bells Bungalow."

This increase in income also enabled us to add to our summer home at Grand Isle, from time to time. In 1912, as has been stated above, we devoted to our first "Ford" car ("Daisy") and to our first motor boat

("Wenonah") the sudden sum of \$1,000 which our "big" life insurance policy provided for us on the completion of its twenty-year period of premium paying. We next built a small garage for \$200, near our bungalow. We also added a summer house and drive to the common property of "Westerly," in that same year, 1914. This was before the outbreak of the Great War. In 1917, when "Henry" (as millions of people, all over the world, love to speak of him, meaning Henry Ford) put out his first five-passenger car (costing the mammoth sum of \$350) we bought one, and for ten years it was our best car. In 1917 and 1918, we bought "Twenty Acres" on Grand Isle situated just one mile inland (east) from our summer bungalow, the price \$1,750 including also six acres of wood-lot, about three miles from "the Farmlet" (as we grew to call "Twenty Acres"), this supplying us with all the soft wood we could possibly need. As I write there are probably twenty-five cords of it, sawed and piled up, in our little barn.

In 1919 we built this barn at a cost of about \$1,100. We had already built on Grand Isle, at Westerly, with some help from Father Gemont Graves and other members of "the clan," the log chapel which we named "the Lady Chapel," our share of the expense being over \$900. That was in 1911. In 1921 we rebuilt and enlarged the Community House of the "clan" on Grand Isle, at a cost of nearly \$1,900. Beginning in 1922, and during the four years that followed, we engaged the same Grand Isle contractor who had done all of our other building, namely, Edson W. Gordon, to build for us our "winter house" at "Twenty Acres." All of this building was planned by Marie, and was supervised by her, through correspondence, while she was 1,000 miles away from the scenes of activity. This was a feat that required rare skill on her part. Reams of paper were used up in this long correspondence that ranged over a period of twelve years. Of course she and I talked over most of the important details, before she would write to Mr. Gordon about them, but she did all of that work, and to her belongs all of the credit. She saved the money, and met every payment with absolute promptness. How she managed to do all this, in addition to her literary life and work, and her constant duties in the parish and as home-maker at the Rectory, I cannot imagine. Yet she did it, and gloried in the doing. Our home at "Twenty Acres" cost us about \$12,000, besides the land.

In 1924, we bought another motor boat, already mentioned (having given away the "Wenonah"), and our new venture was a strong row boat capable of bearing an out-board Johnson motor of from two-and-one-half to four horsepower. I found this a much less troublesome and much more useful affair than the "Wenonah." The boat and engine cost \$235, and Marie named her "The Honey-Moon." She was probably



OUR HOME AT "TWENTY ACRES," GRAND ISLE  
Completed in 1926





paid for by wedding fees! Finally, in 1927, we cashed in our oldest life insurance policy, and added enough to it to pay cash for a \$1,300 Nash Special Six sedan, which perhaps was our greatest single luxury. At this writing (July, 1933) it has begun its seventh year of service, and has been driven some 27,500 miles.

Marie enjoyed this car of ours more than anything else that we ever purchased. She always sat on the front seat next to me, and she never wearied of "taking a little drive" around the Island, or to one of the neighboring towns. The longest drive we ever took together in "Cousin," as she called the car (for the five-passenger Ford was Daisy's "sister," and the "Nash" was Daisy's "cousin") was to New York City, in the spring of 1931. I sometimes called the "Nash" by another name, which Marie didn't like very much, so I didn't use it often. I coined the name from several facts. One fact was "Nash." I didn't want to call her "Nashti," for it somehow didn't sound just right. So it occurred to me that a queenly name was "Vashti," and "Vashti" she was accordingly called, now and then. She has proved a very good car, and I intend to drive her as long as she will keep up her reliable speed and as much as possible of her good looks.

One event in the January of 1915 ought to be specially mentioned. It was the parochial mission that Marie and I conducted together in Trinity Cathedral, Omaha, Nebraska, for eight days. Marie had the afternoon addresses to the women, and she was much more successful than I was with the evening messages. In fact her afternoon gatherings were so largely attended, and were so filled with zest and interest, that she herself was very much pleased, and I of course was delighted. She had never before undertaken any of this kind of speaking, and she did the women that came a great deal of good. We stayed at the Deanery, as the guests of the Dean and his hospitable wife, and we enjoyed the experience deeply. The weather was very cold most of the time, but the people took hold of the mission with earnestness, and I hope that some of the results may have been permanent. After we returned, the members of the Cathedral Chapter sent us a handsome check, which I at once turned over to Marie, and with it she purchased a beautiful bureau for our Rectory guest-room. I have never had much experience in mission preaching, but the opportunities that have come to me have been much appreciated. To have had Marie's help in Omaha was a rare privilege.

During all of the dreadful years of the Great War, we mentioned in our daily Church services all the names of our own men who were under arms, and when people began to find this out other names were sent to us so that we had, besides the 135 or so men who were closely or remotely connected with our parish, about forty more on our daily list.

And on Sundays we prayed by name for these 175 men twice. And we used the parish house for meetings of both women and men, to make sponges and other hospital supplies. With the very great help offered to me by the "American School of Correspondence" in Chicago, through R. T. Miller, Jr., its president, I was able to write twice a month to all of these 175 men, a signed letter which I composed, and which the friends in this large Correspondence School multigraphed and addressed, the school also generously contributing the postage. Many replies came to these letters, and one Chaplain remarked that "The Church of The Redeemer did more for its men at the front than many parishes did." For a third communication each month I mailed to each one myself a copy of our parish paper. I did not try for a Chaplaincy. My "leaky valve" would not have brought me further than the first examining physician, as I knew. After a while this relic of my seventeen years of bicycling healed up, and troubled me no more, but during the decade in which the war occurred it was troublesome at times. Marie and I subscribed as best we could to the Liberty Loans and in all other ways tried to do our share in keeping up the base of supplies. The parish commemorated its "Gold Stars" by a bronze tablet erected on the outside of the chancel wall, which gave the full names of all of these honor-men.

Our young organist and music director, Robert Royal Birch, was one of the men who rallied to the draft, and I kept his position open for him all during the fifteen or twenty months of his absence. We had the help of Mr. Graham, of the Columbia School of Music, during those months. I could not without betraying confidence speak further concerning the applications for Mr. Birch's position which came to me during his absence. Of course I would not listen to any of them for a moment. The sequel has more than justified this decision, since Mr. Birch has become one of the distinguished musicians of Chicago, and the comments in Chicago's musical papers upon the work of the Redeemer choirs under his remarkable leadership have often used unstinted superlatives. I never dreamed in my early life that I should be allowed the inspiring luxury of such music in my own parish. The memory of it, as I write, is an echoing joy. To Marie also it meant so much that she never thought of going anywhere else to church.

We went to the General Convention of 1910, in Cincinnati, as I have stated, but we did not go again until 1919, when I was elected to the Detroit Convention. Part of the time during the intervening years I declined to "run," as I had been a deputy to five of these legislative assemblies of the Church. At Detroit Marie felt the lack of leverage due to her not being a diocesan president of the Auxiliary and I felt the effects of nine years of absence. So we tried it only once more, three

years later, at Portland, Oregon, and after that experience I declined to let my friends vote for me for any subsequent General Convention. The most important committee work offered to me during these six Conventions was that of the Commission on the New Hymnal. I stayed on this Commission for about a year, thinking that I could do my work in its connection by correspondence. This proved not to be the case. The Commission met in Philadelphia or in some other Eastern city, and I could not go to its meetings. So I resigned after about a year. I would have been glad to have continued as a member, but the other members very naturally preferred one who could attend the meetings. The Commission was at work for several years.

And so our life at The Church of The Redeemer went on its busy and varied way, year after year. Marie surveyed the empty lot behind the Rectory, on which the new parish house and chapel were erected in 1926, and she planted flowers and shrubs in this back yard, and called it "Hopkins Park." She also planted shrubs, and vines in the little nook of the corner made by the chancel wall, and many a friendly conversation she had with the Fifty-fifth street children about helping her to keep that tiny space as neat and pretty as possible. These earnest efforts were not always successful, but the shrubs grew apace, and the vines were not always torn down. The porched entrance to the sacristy was another of her ideas. She overcame all the objections, including the attitude of some friends who said that it was architecturally impossible!

Marie felt that she owed a great deal to the parish for building such a beautiful Rectory for us, and so she entertained a great deal within its attractive rooms. Every year she made it a rule to invite to our home at least once, for some kind of a social gathering where refreshments or luncheons or dinners were served, every organization in the parish except the Boy Scouts. (These bright boys were largely recruited from beyond our own membership, and we loaned them the parish house gladly, but did not feel that they were as much a part of our parish family as, for instance, the boys of the choir.) We also belonged for some years to a small literary club of very interesting people. It was called the "Motley Club." And they met with us once a year. After a while our work became so heavy that we had to drop everything that was not immediately connected with the parish or the diocese, so we resigned, with regret, from the "Motley Club."

The next important step in the improvement of our plant was the enlarging of the church organ. This instrument was made by an Ohio firm, Hilgren and Lane, before I arrived. It had but two manuals, and though its tone was sweet, with an especially good "swell" manual, it was not sufficient for our increasingly fine music. Our trouble was lack of space. So the parish spent \$1,000 to build an upper room over the



little sacristy, which should contain the pipes for a third manual (the "choir" manual), and some other "stops" were also placed on the other side of the church. The total cost was no small sum, but it gave us finally a very beautiful instrument of some 70 or more "stops" and mechanical registers, and Mr. Birch has graciously made the best of it for all of his many years as our organist and director. Marie always attended with me his organ recitals, which he gave for more than one season, but he finally discontinued them because Hyde Park somehow did not support organ recitals, and he had too much to do to prepare the programmes for the limited attendance that came. They were very fine programmes, and the instrument was as large, in proportion to the size of the church, as was at all necessary for any kind of organ music. The total cost of enlarging the organ was about \$7,000.

Passing over the remaining years with simply the comment that they were all exceedingly busy ones, filled with our daily and Sunday services, our parish house buzzing with at times forty-one different kinds of work, regular or occasional, Marie's time was so thoroughly occupied that she rarely had sufficient rest, and mine was a whirl for sometimes sixteen hours a day, during ten months, with a fairly busy period of two months' vacation at Grand Isle, during which vacation time I wrote for the parish paper and answered all my mail, and blocked out, as has been said, all my sermons for the next ten months, besides holding the three Sunday services with at least one sermon each Sunday in our log chapel. My contract provided one month's vacation, but the parish very generously gave me two, and so I devoted a good deal of time to parish matters during these delightful summers at Grand Isle.

I have already spoken of the time when, after absenting herself from the diocesan Auxiliary gatherings in deference to her successors as president, Marie accepted the vice-presidency of the South Side Auxiliary branches for a year or two. She visited the local branches as in the days then gone, and the rallies she organized at our parish house and elsewhere were very successful gatherings. She later on accepted the diocesan chairmanship of the "double-extra fund" which the men at Headquarters in New York asked the devoted Auxiliary women to raise in addition to their general work and the United Thank Offering. This fund was to raise \$100,000 for six of the neediest objects in the great mission field. Chicago's Auxiliary quota was \$3,000 and Marie raised it by correspondence with the local chapters. She did this so finely that our diocesan Auxiliary took front rank among all the others for the promptness with which its quota was paid. She enjoyed this work, for it gave her a taste of the "old days" when the Auxiliary was such a large part of her life. She composed one or two telling addresses in connection with this fund, and gave them here and there at strategic points.

During one year soon after the Great War, our parish invited two remarkable men, "Ted" Mercer and "Tom" Farmer, to conduct a laymen's mission in our church and parish house. It was a very unusual affair, and did much good. I have kept Mr. Mercer in my daily prayers ever since, and have always sent him at least a small subscription for his personal expenses every year. It was Courtenay Barber, our devoted Warden, who found these earnest men for us. Another parochial mission, which I arranged as well as I could, at another time, was conducted by Bishop William W. Webb, of Milwaukee. It was very helpful and was especially effective among the children, who were simply fascinated by the Bishop's afternoon messages to them. The older people came out well, also. These were the only two attempts at parochial missions which I made during our life at The Redeemer.

Our Lents were always very earnest seasons. There could not be much addition to our service list, for there were always four or five each Sunday and from three to five each week day, throughout most of the year. Yet we did add a Thursday evening service, with visiting preachers, and the congregations were usually among the largest in the diocese on Lenten evenings. And our choirs always gave a Passion cantata on Sunday evenings, our repertory including every Lent at least four of the best that modern music provides. We repeated two of these so that every Lenten Sunday was thus observed. As the radio, and the Sunday evening music at the hotels, began to compete with us, as with all the churches, these special services of sacred music gradually lessened their influence, but we never gave them up, and they were always well attended. Evensong was said at 5 P.M. on those Sundays, to observe the Prayer Book's rule.

We gradually increased our 11 A.M. Sunday Holy Eucharists, until some two or three years before I retired it had become the regular 11 A.M. service. This I regarded as the chief devotional achievement of my entire ministry. The congregation loyally and devoutly seconded this great improvement from the start.

Another special service was introduced about nine years before we left. It was the "Healing Mission" service at 11 A.M. on Thursdays. It followed the visit to the parish of that wonderful man, James Moore Hickson of Australia. This world-famous layman of the Church came to us largely through the influence of my friend, the late Miss H. Eloise Hersey of Boston. I had great difficulty in securing him for our church. The weather provided one of the heaviest snowfalls of the winter, and scarcely a wheel of any kind was turning in all Chicago. Yet the church was filled with possibly four hundred semi-invalids and their escorts, and they came from California, Canada, Missouri, Denver, St. Louis, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Washington, Alabama, and Peoria, as well

as from distant parts of Chicago and her suburbs. Most of them were strangers to me and to each other. A Canadian Priest from Toronto, sent by his Bishop to arrange with Mr. Hickson for a visit to Toronto, was with me in the chancel during this service. All the people who wished for improved health advanced one by one to the Altar rail, and Mr. Hickson laid his hands upon them, individually, with prayer, a private prayer for each one. We sang familiar devotional hymns, to organ accompaniment. Many signed cards either requesting prayers, or volunteering to become intercessors for others. With Mr. Hickson's compliance and encouragement, I at once formed a "Prayer Circle Union" which has held Thursday morning services of intercession for the sick ever since, my successor having continued it, as I did for the nine years following this memorable visit and service. I made no pretensions to having what are called the "Gifts of Healing," and I have a deep suspicion against modern "psychiatry" and all such methods of "suggestion," but I have an implicit belief in Prayer, and in the efficacy of the sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Holy Unction, and I could fill some pages of this chronicle with accounts of remarkable healings which God sent through the prayers and sacraments of our Healing Mission services, year after year. Mr. Hickson has been in my daily prayers ever since this visit. He came to us on Easter Monday, April 5, 1920. He died in 1933.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,  
CHICAGO:

THE NEW PARISH HOUSE

THE HAWLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL

MARIE'S HEALTH BEGINS TO BREAK  
OUR FIRST LONG VACATION





## CHAPTER ELEVEN

WE HAD LONG NEEDED A NEW PARISH HOUSE for our growing work. Our parish had increased in numbers steadily, every year, till we once had 1,137 communicants in good standing, and possibly one or two hundred more who were indifferent, but who of course took even more calling-time than did most of the faithful. Yet our little parish house, with a kitchen about as large as "a good-sized Saratoga trunk," and only one lavatory for "young men and maidens, old men and children," and all others as well, was the same as when there were but 300 communicants and less than one-half of our forty-one kinds of organized work. We had full discussion of this problem, and the Vestry had gone so far, in 1919, as to have plans for forty-thousand dollars' worth of improvements on the church and parish house. Designs were then drawn, and a picture of the improved plant was made. The artist who painted it insisted on his commission of \$400, which one of our most generous parishioners paid, and the picture has adorned the walls of the Rectory ever since.

But, in October, 1919, the General Convention of the Church at Detroit adopted the "Nation-Wide Campaign" for increased gifts to "Missions," and the diocese of Chicago took hold of this new enterprise with unprecedented enthusiasm. Our parish, which had always been one of the leading givers to "Missions," and had increased its gifts from about \$1,000 a year when we came, to over \$3,000 a year, suddenly rose in its might, and increased its income so splendidly that we pledged 45 per cent of our general fund to the Diocesan and National Councils, "fifty-fifty," and the sum was for the next two years about \$18,000 a year. This, supplemented by our Auxiliary's gifts, and by those from my Rector's fund, amounted to about \$19,000 for these two years, and was the largest total of this kind in the diocese. For the three following years we kept up our total, but St. Luke's, Evanston, led us by about \$1,000. After that, in 1924, I found that I could no longer do the work without the full time of a Priest Curate. So we could not give quite so much. The parish, however, has maintained its strong position as a part of the "Home Base," even during the dark days of the Great Depression that followed the "crash" in the fall of 1929. So in 1919 we rolled up our \$40,000 plans, and never looked at anything of the kind until 1925, when we found that we simply had to have a new parish house.

We have received many compliments as a parish, for the way in which we have utilized every square foot of our available space in this new parish house and chapel. The "Hawley Memorial" Chapel, consecrated as All Saints' Chapel, was largely built by a bequest of several thousand dollars from the will of our former Senior Warden, Henry S. Hawley. It is a gem, and J. E. O. Pridmore, our architect, may well be proud of it. The late Hon. Stephen T. Mather, of our parish, on entering it for the first time exclaimed, "It is worth a trip from Washington to see it!"

But, Ah! Alas! all of this work was a costly affair for Marie and for me! Had I known of this cost, I fear that I might not have had the courage to lead the enterprise as Rector. No one knew it, but Marie suspected it, though she bravely put her shoulder to the wheel and never wavered one moment during all of the eight long months of turmoil while the buildings were being erected. The cost was the permanent impairment of Marie's health and strength.

It was a stirring time. Our Vestry, under Courtenay Barber's leadership as Junior Warden and chairman of the finance committee, backed up by our generous Senior Warden, Arthur Dole, and by all the Vestrymen, grappled with the \$80,000 proposition so determinedly, that the whole sum, a very large one for our parish, was subscribed without a cent of mortgage, and we kept up our missionary giving all during the period of building. And of course all of our running expenses were promptly paid. The members of the Church of The Redeemer proved to be no ordinary set of Church people.

The old parish house was demolished as the summer vacation period of 1925 began. Marie and I went at once to Grand Isle, for July and August. My greatest anxiety on returning in September was how to keep the parish work going during these months when we had no parish house. I tried every available building and large room in the neighborhood, but could not rent one inch of space from anybody. Yet there were the Church Sunday school, the three choirs, and several other organizations that had to be housed somewhere, or else disbanded during the indefinite period while the new buildings were being erected.

I finally took my foot rule and measured most carefully the width of the choir's grand piano. I found that the piano could be dragged through the Rectory basement door with about a half-inch to spare. I then went to Robert R. Birch and asked him if he thought he could conduct the choir rehearsals in the basement of the Rectory, and he said, "If there is room for fifty chairs, yes." I found that there was such room. I then went to Marie and asked her whether she would be willing to have the basement of the Rectory so used. And the brave-hearted woman said "Yes, but I fear it will be the death of me." In my stupidity and clumsi-

ness I didn't realize all that that remark meant. I simply thought that she meant that the unavoidable noise, and so forth, would annoy her, and that the privacy which she valued and deserved would of course be invaded, even at best. She did mean that, though she placed only a very small amount of emphasis on that side of the sequel. What she really meant was something that I did not dream was true. Had I thought that it was true, I would either have asked her to let us store our Rectory furniture for the necessary time, and move to a hotel, turning over the Rectory to the parish as a parish house *pro tempore*, or else I would never have consented to the erecting of the buildings during my time. It is too late now to speculate on what would have been the result of the next seven or eight years in our respective lives, or what would have been the result for the parish. The die was cast. She courageously assented. The billiard table was removed in pieces to the attic from its room in the Rectory basement. The fifty chairs and the old grand piano and the music of the choir-library were moved in, and David our sexton rigged up temporary hooks and boards for the 100 vestments of our three choirs. Five rehearsals a week at once began, after 3:15 P.M., and the Primary Department of the Church school met in this new choir-room on Sunday mornings. And the room proved to be so desirable and pleasant that the Vestry wanted to meet there, and the Church school teachers, and so on. All of which helped us indeed to keep the parish running during these eight very trying months. The other portions of the Church school met in the church. We stretched a curtain before the sanctuary at these times.

And then began the severe and unremitting strain upon Marie's strength. Busy as her days had always been, she had up to this time had quiet afternoons and evenings. Her knees were never over-strong, and the three flights of stairs in the Rectory made heavy demands upon her knee-strength from the first day of our thirteen years of our home life therein. She would of course have to keep up her morning marketing and other regular duties of housekeeping. And then, just as she would be beginning to have some needed rest after luncheon, the children would begin to come to the back door for choir rehearsals, or something else, almost every day.

Now the plague of our lives in one direction at this time was *rats*. Every enterprising rat in the neighborhood soon found out that the workmen left lots of fragments of their daily luncheons lying around loose in the buildings, and they held high carnival accordingly. David caught seventeen of these wretched vermin in a few weeks by relentless trapping. They would run into the church and run up the aisles even during services! And Marie was terribly afraid that they would get into the Rectory. That is something that no rat or mouse had ever been



allowed to do in any of our homes. The only protection that there was against them in the basement was a flimsy screen-door and its colleague, the door of the basement. I simply plastered these doors with signs "Please Never Leave These Doors Open." And it had about as much effect as Mrs. Partington's broom had when she attacked the on-coming tide. To have to open two doors to get into one basement was too much to ask from the eager girls and boys of our parish. They would hook back the screen door, and take their chances on closing the other door as they rushed into their various rehearsals or classes or meetings. And poor Marie, trying to get a little rest upstairs, would strain her ears for the slamming of the doors, when the children began to come. If she didn't hear the slam, and she often didn't, then she would wearily climb down the two flights from her room to the basement, and stand guard over the doors as long as she felt necessary. Thus the rats did not get in, but she became utterly worn out, as the months dragged along. Her old knee troubles, which had bothered her for some years, began to return. She went down to our faithful and able physician, Dr. Howard N. Lyon, time after time, for his magic electric treatments, and they helped some, but could not offset the wear and tear at the Rectory.

Then the Rectory was used for many things. We always went to the door ourselves, I in the mornings, and she when I was not in. Our maid simply could not do her work and also answer the doorbell. When the telephone in the workmen's shanty broke down, they would come to the Rectory to use our telephone. When things had to be delivered for the parish house work, they were not infrequently sent to the Rectory. And so the path to the doorbell was worn smooth, and this was largely done by tired Marie.

And she was not willing that the Federation should go to pieces during these months. Our friendly neighbors, the Congregationalists, rented us their rooms a block away, for these occasional meetings, and for some dinners. Marie one time sold two hundred one dollar tickets for a dinner given by our Woman's Guild in these rooms. She stood at our telephone for hours, day after day, at this work. She collected every dollar, with a little help from me and my old "Reo" car, and we delivered each of the two hundred tickets, and placed the \$200 in the hands of the Woman's Guild one week before the dinner! And right after that, when her friend of St. James's days, then Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, agreed to address the Federation in a Travelogue, Marie sold two hundred other tickets at fifty cents, in the same way. All this was besides watching over the rattish basement door, and carrying on all the other work of her busy routine.

This, of course, could not go on forever. One day in June, during the great Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress, I was escorting her to

the banks in the Loop where she had our accounts. During those years we found that it was not wise to have her try to do our banking alone. I could save her some steps by going with her, and doing the necessary walking. This particular morning the streets were very heavily crowded. Suddenly she stopped, with a cry of pain, and could walk no further. I well remember just where it was. We were on Adams street, opposite the Federal Building. I at once hailed a taxi, and we drove rapidly to Dr. Lyon's office on Washington street, opposite Marshall Field's, in the Venetian Building. I helped her to hobble to the elevator, and Dr. Lyon, who at once applied his electrical machine to her aching left leg, said that a half-hour more of delay would have involved her being crippled for several weeks. We managed to get home, and Marie had to be very careful for a long time about her walking, especially up and down stairs.

The new parish house was finally completed, and the new chapel was consecrated, and then came vacation. I asked the Vestry (this was in 1926), please to let me have my first long vacation. They had called a Curate from New York City, the Rev. Alfred Newbery, who with his wife and little girl of three had moved into an apartment close to the church. He was fully competent to carry on the parish work until mid-December, and the Vestry very kindly allowed me the long leave of absence. We paid to an express company \$1,000 to pack and to move our furniture from the Rectory to Grand Isle. We left in the Rectory only the kitchen and dining room furniture, and enough besides to furnish the living room and the library room downstairs, and one bed-room upstairs, besides my "den." The rest we moved to "Twenty Acres," preparing for our final move, which we knew would come in 1929, the year of my 68th birthday anniversary, and of my retirement and admission to the roll of pensioners of the Church. The very exacting and laborious task of deciding what to take and what to sell or to give away and what to leave fell wholly upon Marie. I was not competent to decide these things except in connection with my own books and a few other personal belongings. It exhausted Marie very much to do all this, but there was no way out of it. It simply had to be done. She of course buckled to and did it without the slightest hesitation.

And when the 203 boxes, barrels, and crates, completely filling one freight car of the New York Central Railroad, were all packed and shipped, and the \$1,000 paid, we ourselves started for Grand Isle. And there Marie sat in a chair, morning after morning, for nearly two months, while our nephew, Garrett Van Antwerp Graves, and I wrestled with the crates, boxes, and barrels, unpacked them all, toted them over from the barn to the house at "Twenty Acres," carried them all into the house, bit by bit, and placed them where Marie, from her

chair of state, ordered us to locate them. We took a good deal of pride in the fact that everything upstairs was carried up the only flight of stairs that there was, and only one little scratch was inflicted upon the walls. I think I did that myself. "Garrie," as we all called him, proved to be of exceptional help about the settling. He had had a good deal of instruction from his mother in their home at Hartford, Connecticut, concerning moving and settling, and Marie found him to be of most welcome assistance in this long and tiring task. He is now a successful officer in the United States Coast Guard.

At last the final load was brought over from the barn. Two friendly farmers helped us to carry upstairs The Redeemer parish's original Altar, which I had used for so many years for daily Celebrations in the church as our side Altar, and which was superseded by the new Altar in the memorial chapel. It just fitted into the little oratory at the south end of the house, adjoining my new "den." These good friends also helped us to carry up the fragments of the billiard table, and to set it up at the south end of the large room upstairs. Otherwise Garrie and I did all the "toting" and the carrying.

After all this work there were a few days for Marie to rest at Wedding Bells Bungalow, before we moved up into our home at "Twenty Acres" for the fall and early winter. She needed the rest greatly, for all this work and planning, and the strain of it all, had told heavily upon her limited strength.

Labor Day came and went, and with its going the family group at Westerly dispersed to their respective homes in New York and Hartford, and we settled down in our new home "on the hill," to enjoy the fall in our unaccustomed but beautiful surroundings. A flying trip to Chicago in later October, to attend the wedding of our dear young friend, Avice Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zelotes E. Martin, on Saturday evening, October 16th, was the only occasion of our leaving "Twenty Acres" until December 10th, when we packed up and started for Chicago.

We started that early in order to spend four days in New York City. This was our first visit to New York since our St. James's days in 1892, thirty-four years previous. We greatly enjoyed seeing our kith and kin in their own homes. And I was highly honored by an invitation to preach in "Old Trinity" Church—something I had eagerly longed to do for many years. I owed this unexpected privilege to the fact that I was introduced to Fr. Kinkaid, the first Assistant, by my sister Edith. This introduction was on Friday noon. I preached the following Sunday afternoon at Evensong. I will never forget my feelings, as I mounted the steps of that historic pulpit.

Back we then traveled to Chicago, partly but only partly rested.



Marie's knees were still in evidence, and somehow I had been so busy with all the unpacking and the like that I was not as ready for the full routine of work as I had expected to be. We found at home the same kind of a situation, I suppose, that every city Rector finds after he has been away on a long vacation. It took me just about one year before I felt that I had the parish once more as thoroughly in hand as when I left it. This was somewhat of a surprise to me, and of course it was entirely unintended by our good people. It is only one of the unavoidable features of the whirling, driving life that people seem to be obliged to live in a city like our beloved Chicago. Fr. Newbery stayed with us for ten months, and then accepted the call to The Church of The Atonement, Edgewater, on the North Side of Chicago.

I called Fr. Benjamin Horton, from the neighboring mission of St. Edmund's, on the South Side, to be his successor, and he stayed with us until his sudden and unexpected death from appendicitis in a year from the following August.

Our life in the parish soon took on its accustomed activities, after our return from our long vacation. Marie bought about \$500 worth of new furniture, rugs, etc., to make the rooms that we used in the Rectory more homelike and attractive, and she resumed her leadership of the Federation at once.

I am frank to say that the next two years were shadowed for me by the thought that I must resign the work which I loved so dearly, and I felt that it might be better if I did not wait until 1929, the year when my 68th birthday anniversary would arrive, but that I ought to give a younger Priest the opportunity to be the parish's Rector at the close of June, in 1928. So on Low Sunday, 1928, I preached what I supposed was my "farewell" sermon, and I told the large congregation that I had written out my resignation to the Vestry, to take effect on the last day of the coming June. This sermon was preached at the usual time during the mid-morning Holy Eucharist. Fr. Horton was celebrating, and at the close of the sermon he was about to proceed with the service, as usual, when young Harry Harkins (one of my "honorary Acolytes," and son of Professor William D. Harkins of the University of Chicago, who was the Willard Gibbs prize-man for that year, and in some respects the most distinguished member of our parish), suddenly stepped up to the chancel rail and tapped me on the shoulder. I at once turned around, and said, "What is it, Harry?" He replied in a low voice, "My father wants to know if he can say a few words to the congregation." I answered, "Why, certainly." I stopped Fr. Horton, and spoke briefly to the people, introducing Professor Harkins. He occupied about five minutes with the most earnest appeal to the people not to let us go, and at the close of his remarkable message the



whole congregation broke out into applause. It was possibly the most tense and dramatic moment of my life in the chancel, and I was almost speechless. I managed to get sufficient control of my voice to thank Professor Harkins and the people for their tribute, and to say that I would change one item in my letter of resignation. It would read 1929 instead of 1928. Never will I forget the thrill of astonished gratitude that filled my heart that morning. Marie rejoiced with me for it was a tribute to her as well as to us both. So we stayed on, and the year passed all too rapidly.

As has been stated above, Fr. Horton, who was a dear young Priest, a gentleman to his finger-tips, endowed with a gift for poetry, and also very earnest and studious, fell desperately ill during that summer, from what proved to be a deadly attack of appendicitis. The telegram announcing the hour of his Requiem reached me just too late for me to catch the train for Chicago that would have brought me home in time. Marie and I, however, closed up at Westerly, in early August, and went straight back to the parish, so that I might have at least a month or more in which to find another Curate.

August is part of Chicago's play-time. Hundreds of people come to the city during that month for their vacations. We felt at once the difference in atmosphere, and we thoroughly enjoyed our August in the parish. I kept up the services, of course, but I made scarcely any calls except on the sick. And I spent a good deal of time with Marie in our faithful old "Reo." Finally I called Fr. William C. Downer to help me through the rest of the year, and he came in September, and stayed with us until I retired, on June 30, 1929.

This final year passed all too rapidly. I confess that there was a clutch of deep-seated fear at the bottom of my heart, day and night. It had begun even two years before, during our long vacation. How could I bear to give up this life-work that I loved so tremendously? What would I do with myself, when the high pressure was removed? A listlessness blighted me whenever I sat down for even ten minutes. I would look at my library, and not a volume of all its hundreds seemed to me to be of the slightest interest, if I had no more preaching to do. I looked at the clock, and one desperate day I asked Marie "What should I try to do with myself after 3:30 P.M. in the afternoons?" Those hours always were the most crowded of my busy days, as I was always out in the parish, trying to do the impossible task of keeping up with my calling. Marie looked at me with that affectionate twinkle in her wonderful eyes that I had learned to associate with deep wisdom, and calmly replied, "Well, I should think it a good time to devote to letter-writing."

As I write these words at this very same time of the day, after my

usual mid-day post-prandial rest and "read," at Grand Isle, I think of that merry twinkle, and I recognize the wisdom. All the same, there was a dark and dismal fear within me most of that final year. I never allowed it to interfere with my work however, and my earnest prayers that I might be helped to rise above it were answered sufficiently to permit a good "finale" to the nearly thirty-five years of Rectorship that a kind Providence had assigned to me.

With Marie, the impending change did not bring so many other changes. Her life would go on in many parallel channels, and the relief from the responsibility of her self-chosen leadership among the women in parish matters would be most welcome. Of course the greatest help that came to me during these trying months was the thought that I would be at liberty to be with her constantly. It galled me to have to leave her alone in the Rectory, while I was trudging or motoring along, calling largely upon strangers in my pastoral rounds, or while I was on duty in the parish house in the evenings. And the thought that soon it would be right for me to be with her just as much as she found convenient, exhilarated and cheered me greatly. When people asked me why I was resigning, when the parish didn't want us to go, and when I was perfectly well and sufficiently strong, I always gave two replies, both of which were true, and either one of which was sufficient. One was that sixty-eight was an official age set by the Pension Fund for the beginning of a Priest's retirement. If I let that date pass, what could be the next signal? Either that my health should begin to break, which would cripple my plans for helping Marie during our remaining years together, or that the work should begin to sag because the "old man" had stayed around too long, and people were honestly and reasonably tired of him. Neither of these signals ought to be permitted. I must keep my health, so far as I could control this, and the parish work must never be allowed to sag because of incompetence or infirmity on the part of its Rector. And then there was the other reason. Marie had devoted her life and strength to me and to my work, in a degree rarely dreamed of or paralleled. Her health had become impaired by the "occupational disease" of keeping house and keeping open house, with the Rectory stairs in the background. At this time she had chronic trouble in walking. She could walk, but only with difficulty and not very far at once. There seemed to be no cure. With my help, however, and with our car, she had still a great deal of pleasure and of variety before her, provided I could be with her all the time. So I felt that there was every reason for me to accept the hint of the Pension Fund, and to resign as I approached my sixty-eighth birthday anniversary. That occurred on September 17, 1929, and my resignation took effect on the last of June,

1929. Our faithful "Reo" had been given to me by our kind parishioner, Francis A. Puckey. I drove her 19,000 miles during our last seven years in the parish.

Our wedding anniversary on June 10th that year was a memorable day indeed. Dear Mrs. Z. E. Martin had invited all the parishioners to her beautiful and hospitable home at 6700 South Shore Drive, where Marie and I had spent so many happy Christmas days with Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their delightful family. And hundreds of our good people came, afternoon and evening. The guests wandered at will around the garden and house, until our hostess summoned everybody within, and then Arthur Wyman of our Vestry read aloud the truly wonderful "Resolutions" which the Vestry had had so handsomely engrossed in a bound booklet, and at its close, which conveyed to us tidings of my election as Rector Emeritus of the parish, he handed us a most generous purse of \$1,500 from our friends of The Church of The Redeemer. I think that those Resolutions ought to be a part of these memoirs, for they rise to their climax of gracious and affectionate eloquence by including Marie, as they should have done, in their message. An expert in English has pronounced these words to be a rare piece of language.

"To John Henry Hopkins, our beloved friend and Rector: It is with profound regret that, in response to your urgent request, we are called upon to relieve you of the duties which you have so happily, so lovingly, and so ably carried forth throughout the eighteen years of your splendid ministry with us.

"In so doing, we are guided but by one motive: that of yielding to your desire for a period of much-needed rest, following the ever increasing strain attendant upon your years and the growth of our parish. Under no other circumstances could we for a moment consider, without prayerful protest, the decision you have reached.

"Bound to you, as we are, by ties so sacred that they cannot be translated into words, we are deeply conscious of the irreparable loss to which we must submit; yet holding fast for all time to the loving memories which no earthly power can wrest from us.

"That we shall sorely miss you; that we shall continue to think of you, and most happily; that we shall never feel that the separation involved in your action will make any real change in our hearts—these are the thoughts we shall cherish, for we shall continue always to revere and to love you.

"And, as further evidence of our grateful appreciation of all that you and your beloved wife have been and have meant to every member of our parish, we beg you, in their behalf, and our own, to accept your election as Rector Emeritus of The Church of The Redeemer, together with our earnest prayers that God's richest blessings may attend you both always.

"Signed by Courtenay Barber, Senior Warden; Zelotes E. Martin,



Junior Warden; Arthur Wyman, Alex. M. Davis, Carl H. Ruether, H. A. Lewis, L. H. Kellogg, Paul T. Bruyere, Edward F. Kenyon, Maurice N. Lovewell, Irwin N. Walker, and Malcolm Campbell, Jr., Vestrymen."

This beautifully engrossed and illuminated testimonial occupies a sacred place in the library of our home at "Twenty Acres."

Another remarkable and unprecedented gathering in connection with our "finale" was the choir reunion which Mr. Birch and his helpers arranged one evening in May. He invited all the previous members of our choirs whose addresses he could find, to meet at the parish house, then to have a choral Evensong in the church, and a reception following the service. There was a large and interested attendance, despite the pouring rain, and we all grouped ourselves on and before the parish house stage while one of our photographers, Mr. Roehlke, succeeded in getting a fine picture of us all as a memento. A copy of this picture adorns our billiard room at "Twenty Acres," near a large picture of Epiphany choir which was taken just before Marie and I took our one trip to Europe, chronicled above.

So the final days sped on, and we packed up our last belongings, and the last Sunday arrived on time. It was the thirtieth day of June, the Fifth Sunday after Trinity. I had nerved myself unnecessarily for this experience, for when it came it passed just as it should have done. My successor had been called, my friend of long standing, the Rev. Edward S. White, from The Church of The Holy Communion, St. Louis, and formerly of our congregation at Libertyville, in the diocese of Chicago.

Our many friends paused in their busy lives to give us a fine "send-off" as our final weeks came on. During May, our Altar Society invited us to a social meeting at the home of one of their members, and there they presented me with a most beautiful set of white silk Eucharistic vestments and also gave me the green set and the violet set which I had used for so many years in our Celebrations. These beautiful vestments have enabled me since to Celebrate at Grand Isle, in our log chapel and in our oratory at "Twenty Acres," properly vested, and I deeply appreciate the kindness which made this possible.

Our Brotherhood Chapters held a Local Assembly meeting and service in our church during May, which was an opportunity for me to bid "good-bye" to the Brotherhood, with which I had been connected for all of our Chicago life.

The Federation of Women arranged the May meeting as a reception to Marie. One visitor pronounced it to be "the most perfect reception I have ever attended." There were guests from at least a dozen



parishes, largely of the South Side, and the parish house was crowded. The women presented Marie with a purse of gold, and she acquitted herself in the response far better than I did at the Altar Society's reception when they gave me the beautiful Eucharistic vestments. Our Woman's Guild and our "Tuesday Night Club" (the young married people's club, which was the last organization that I formed in the parish, and in the organization of which Fr. Horton so admirably did most of the work) held meetings for us, and gave us purses and presents.

I used most of these unexpected gifts of gold to buy records for our graphophone library at "Twenty Acres." The clergy of the diocese gave me a luncheon, attended by some fifty. The Rev. Dr. Duncan H. Browne, Rector of St. James's Church, where Marie and I began our Chicago life, presided, and the clergy presented me with a fine box of carpenters' tools, which has ever since adorned the bench in the basement of "Twenty Acres." I was asked to preach the sermon at the annual festival of Acolytes, held that year at Grace Church, Oak Park, with some 500 Acolytes and clergy in the procession. It was the nineteenth annual festival, and over 1,000 people crowded the large church. This service was started at The Church of The Redeemer, during my first January, with 100 Acolytes and 25 clergy.

Our final number of *The Kalendar*, as we called our parish paper, was devoted to a brief summary of our life together, with a description of our Grand Isle home, a list of all the members of our three choirs, a list of the 154 donors to the memorial chapel of the parish, the chronicling of the various "farewell" gatherings and services, and a very beautiful poem by Anne Abbott called "Borderland," which Marie had received twenty years previous, and which was printed in this paper by the express permission of Messrs. Gorham and Co., Inc., of New York.

I also gave a brief summary of statistics of our nearly nineteen years at The Church of The Redeemer. It was as follows: baptisms, 893 (223 candidates being "Of Riper Years"); confirmation candidates, 807; marriages, 467; burials, 489. Our Easter Days' Communion totaled 12,114. There had been 9,134 Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist; and 514 administrations, usually of the Reserved Sacrament, to the sick and "shut-in" parishioners. There had been 15,272 "choir offices," that is, Matins, Evensong, Litany, etc.

Up to one month before I retired, the parish raised for all purposes about \$691,166. We spent for parish purposes and support, \$310,952. We gave away, for diocesan missions, including our quota of diocesan assessments for Bishops' salaries and Convention expenses, about \$98,000. Likewise for General Missions and other extra-diocesan objects, we gave away some \$94,322. These two extra-parochial items total

away over \$192,000. For improvements, new buildings, lots for the Rectory, parish house, and chapel, and for enlarging our organ, and for incidental repairs to our property, we spent \$161,852. That is, we gave away for Missions, etc., about \$31,000 more than we expended upon improving and maintaining our own property.

So the final day came. I Celebrated my last Holy Eucharist as Rector, and my first as Rector Emeritus. We left about \$500 worth of furnishings in the Rectory, which we did not need at Grand Isle. Fr. and Mrs. White were very gracious in accepting them just as they were. We took the Michigan Central train for the East, and wended our way towards the unknown future with hearts full of gratefulness for the myriad blessings of our nearly thirty-five years of work for our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and for His Church and Kingdom in the wonderful city of Chicago, and for the six years of similar work in the Missouri Valley, the unusual two years or less of travel in the "Fifth Department," and that active year among the tenements and "sidewalks of New York."

My own feeling was that I wished I could begin it all over again and try to do all much better. I do not see how Marie could have done her part better. She was always a marvel to me. And the more I think it over in retrospect, the more I wonder at her brilliance, her versatility, her adaptability, her unchanging loyalty, her large and gifted generalship, her tireless energy, her great-heartedness and lofty nobility, her refined instincts and grace, her shrewdness and thrift, her steady devotion, her executive power, her absolute accuracy (finding Chicago's biggest bank in mistakes more than once, to their deep chagrin), her irresistible humor, her eloquence and literary charm, and her solid reliability. When did any fortunate Priest ever have a greater helper by his side during "the changes and chances" of even six utterly different parochial experiences! I think that we did not talk very much for a while, as our familiar train-route opened before us on our Eastward way. I hope that I spent most of that time in penitential prayer and humble thanksgiving. That is what I should have done, anyway.



AFTERNOON AND TWILIGHT





## CHAPTER TWELVE

BEAUTIFUL GRAND ISLE welcomed us with open arms. The smiling lake looked up at "Wedding Bells Bungalow" with all its wonted sparkle and fascination. The family were all glad to have us come straight to them, as we "tackled" the new experience of being among "the Unemployed." This was in July, 1929. The big Depression was utterly unexpected and undreamed of then. Everybody was flush and excited with the prosperous times. We had enough income for our modest needs and for some modest luxuries. Of course we were thoroughly tired, and glad to rest. We agreed that my pension, which started in at \$600 a year and soon mounted to \$750, and within a year or two grew to the helpful figure of \$1,000, should be divided between us equally for our respective "allowances," as of yore, and that Marie should continue to care for our "general fund" as she had done so superlatively for so many years. I ought to be very grateful that I have never known the pinch of insufficient money. Except for a few months in my California days, when beginning my three years in Oakland, California, I have always had money enough for my modest needs, and I knew always that there was an ample "emergency fund" in the savings bank, ready at any moment. That this should not make me pampered and "soft" I have striven earnestly, and we have always given our "tithe," and often a good deal more. All the same, I have felt at times uncomfortable that I have been so comfortable when the world has been swamped in such dreadful misery and depression, and when there has been so much starvation and utter destitution among so many thousands, far and wide. It may be that the civilization that is ahead of us will not allow anybody, no matter how thrifty and careful, to be as comfortably off as we were when we joined the "Unemployed" and started for our homes on beautiful Grand Isle. As it was, however, we found ourselves thus delightfully housed in a back lot around the corner from "Easy street," as the slang phrase goes, and we appreciated it thoroughly. The sense of freedom from responsibility was a great relief to us both. We revelled in it. The sense that my time had no financial value, and that it all belonged to Marie and to me, was also a joy.

The first year of the nearly four that God was allowing me to spend with her in this new atmosphere was a busy one. We went to St. Albans, Vermont, on Sundays for several weeks, while Fr. Merton W. Ross, the Rector, was on his vacation, or, later, was taking further and

needed rest. We went to New York City in September, where I conducted the annual "Retreat" for Deaconesses, in the chapels at St. Faith's House and in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We went to the remarkable farm of our old Chicago friend, Burton F. White, during this trip, and he said at once that we ought to go to Winter Park, Florida, for the winter, where I could assist the local Rector, the Rev. Dr. James B. Thomas, who was recovering from a breakdown, and who needed help during the Florida "season."

This we did, arriving there in December, and staying for three surprising and interesting months. We spent at "Twenty Acres" the months from Labor Day or soon after it, until we started for Florida, and it was a most interesting experience. I got the breakfasts. We went "next door" (about 1,500 feet) to our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ross D. Pearl, for our mid-day dinners. Marie and I together got the suppers. I was the furnace man, the ice man, the "get the mail man," the dishwasher, and the chauffeur. Mrs. May Bluto, wife of our Westerly family caretaker, Julius W. Bluto, bought and cooked for us our dinner meats. One week it would be chicken, the next, a "leg of lamb." We varied it now and then by buying some meat from Burlington. When it came to the Sundays, we always had our Holy Eucharist in our oratory at 7:30 A.M., and then would either read Matins together at 10:30 A.M., or would drive to Burlington (24 miles) or elsewhere for our mid-morning service, and we always read Evensong together at 7 or 7:30 P.M., usually in our living room. This of course, besides our daily family prayers, which we never omitted, except on Sundays.

We read aloud to each other a great deal. We usually followed the custom which we began years before in our busy Chicago life, namely, of having always two books on the library table. One would be from the best fiction of the day, and the other would be something historical, either contemporary or of days past. And we would read aloud a little in each book, daily. This was in addition to any other reading that either of us had on hand. I usually had some new books to review for *The Living Church*, as I was fortunate enough to be taken on by their Book Review Department as soon as I resigned our parish. The mail was delivered near us in our box about 8 A.M. daily, and we had always the Chicago and the Burlington daily papers, as well as many letters, and a lot of weeklies and monthly magazines. We took out cards from the Burlington Fletcher Free Library, and what with our graphophone library, which now began to include several of our favorite symphonies and concertos, we found that the days and the evenings passed very quickly and enjoyably. We played "Honey-Moon Bridge" galore, and found it interesting. Marie played better than I did. We closed up our home on Grand Isle soon after Thanksgiving Day, and went first to

Schenectady, New York. Fr. Bambach, the Rector of old St. George's Church, Schenectady, had summered on Grand Isle a little, and he had invited me to conduct an eight days' parochial mission in his parish during the first week in Advent. We were generously entertained by the parish at the leading hotel, and among the kindnesses shown us by the parishioners I recall especially those of Mr. and Mrs. John Conover, and Mrs. Van der Bogert. Mr. Conover was Senior Warden of this fine old parish. If my memory serves me aright, the parish dates back to about 1685. Fr. Bambach said very kind things about the mission, and the invitation was deeply appreciated, coming just at the threshold of our new life among "the Unemployed."

A year or so later we went to Arlington, Vermont, where I conducted another eight days' parochial mission in the dear little church which Marie attended when she was a girl. Fr. Brush, the Rector, made most careful and thorough preparation for this mission, and whatever good results followed were largely due to this fine work on his part. Later on still, we returned to Arlington, and I gave one of my three organ recitals of these first years of retirement, on the very same instrument which was in use during Marie's childhood. The other two recitals were at St. Albans, Vermont, and at St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vermont. This last one was part of the service and in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of this fine old parish. The Burlington organ, a beautiful Austin instrument, is perhaps the largest in Vermont, at this writing.

We then started for Florida and took a room in Winter Park, at "The Whistling Kettle," where we also boarded, our hostess being Miss Lucy LeBoutillier, a relative of our friend, John LeBoutillier of Calvary Vestry in our New York days of the long ago. I wish that I had a great deal of space to devote to the description of Winter Park, its beautiful homes and spacious grounds, its great trees and orange groves, its tree moss, lofty palms, and flame vines, its remarkable college (Rollins College), the flavor of culture, music, poetry, art, literature, lectures, leisure and social graces, its fifteen little gems of lakes, its artistic homes and hospitable people, and all the rest of its unusual features, including its excellent orchestra of 70 pieces with its charming series of programmes during the "season." No little city of 5,000 people or so in America, so far as we know, can boast such an array of attractions, and we simply revelled in them as we discovered them all, one after the other.

I assisted the Rector of our dear little church, "All Saints' Church," and he was kindness itself to both Marie and myself. The people who attended were of Winter Park's best in every way, and the stimulus of their generous attention was a strong factor as I did my little best with



my share of the preaching. Bishop and Mrs. Wing were delightfully cordial to us both, and Bishop Wing said that as long as I could make it possible I should "belong to South Florida" during the "seasons." Bishop and Mrs. Cameron Mann, whom we had known so well during our Atchison days when they were at Grace Church, Kansas City, were also warm in their welcome, and we soon found out that we had established a most unexpected and valuable home atmosphere in a part of the country of which we had scarcely heard at all, previous to Burton F. White's introduction. Bishop and Mrs. Mann both died before these memoirs were printed.

We had fully expected to stay until the usual close of the "season," that is, about the first of April, but most unexpectedly there came a telegram one day from Courtenay Barber, asking me to take the Holy Week theatre services in Chicago, since Bishop Anderson, who had taken them for years, had recently died. This was an unexpected invitation, which I gladly accepted, and so we packed up and took the train north in Mid-Lent. We went to Vermont for a few days, during which I was able to help a little with the Lenten services at St. Paul's, Burlington, and at Brattleboro, where Marie had lived for that year of teaching during my California days.

In Chicago we spent several days besides Holy Week, and I began at once to see how rare and friendly Fr. White, my successor, was proving himself to be. Our relationship of real friendliness and co-operation, which deepened so much in subsequent years, then began to add its solid gratification and interest to our lives, and the thanks that we both felt and expressed to Fr. White came from the bottom of our hearts. We felt that we were beginning, in these much-feared days of retirement, to have three homes—real ones. One at Grand Isle, where we claimed residence (and paid taxes!); one in Florida, in charming Winter Park; and our old home in Chicago, which was perhaps even more bright with affection and kindness than when we were hard at work among its people and problems. Besides this, we came to feel really more at home in New York City than I had ever dreamed could be possible. Burton F. White always insisted that we should be his hotel guests while visiting in the metropolis, for he had more than one hostelry under his able management and care. And the family in New York were of course a center of kindness and hospitality. My sister, Miss Edith R. Hopkins, lived at the "Allerton" in New York, when not at Grand Isle. She loves New York with an unshakeable affection, and knows it thoroughly from the Battery to Harlem and more. And as time went on, I found that Dean Milo H. Gates of the great New York Cathedral called me "John," and insisted that I call him "Milo," and his cordial welcome to the wonderful Cathedral included a place for me

in the procession whenever I should be in the city, and three times he made dates for me to preach from its pulpit, one of which invitations I was able to accept, in Eastertide, 1930. I will never forget the deep sense of privilege that I had when mounting those pulpit stairs and facing that congregation.

It was not long before I found that an old friend of Chicago days, the Rev. Dr. Frederic S. Fleming, had been called to be the Rector of Trinity parish. One Sunday, in 1933, he invited me to occupy a stall in the chancel during the morning Holy Eucharist, and the memories of sixty years of reverence for "Old Trinity" flocked into my mind like a kind of dream, as I went back to boyhood's days when a visit to New York and a service at Trinity Church reached the apex of my wondering appreciation. Dr. Fleming also invited me to preach in "Old Trinity." And, in that same year, to anticipate a little, another friend of Chicago days, the Rev. G. P. T. Sargent, was called to St. Bartholomew's (New York) Church as Rector, so that in three of the largest churches in that great city and diocese I found myself at home as a visitor, most unexpectedly. I said to Marie one day that I was thoroughly ashamed for having had any fears concerning the atmosphere and circumstances of retirement. She only smiled, for she knew always much more than I did about the probabilities and possibilities.

So, after our first year of "unemployment," we found that we had been busy in Chicago, Vermont, Florida, and New York, and we returned to our dear homes on Grand Isle with grateful hearts. We helped at St. Albans again in the summer of 1930, and in the fall I was invited by Bishop Wing to take charge of the Cathedral in Orlando, Florida, for the whole "season," from October to Easter. This unlooked-for invitation nearly took our breath away, and we accepted for the period that commenced soon after Thanksgiving Day.

Marie had to write out all of the "ownership certificates" and to cut off, with my help, all the interest coupons in our little pile of "securities" from October to May, in order that we might have some income on which to live when away from Grand Isle. Already, by this time, the "paralysis agitans" which eventually caused her death was troubling her, and she had to write slowly and with much effort. I tried to keep her at this writing, bidding her to take plenty of time, for I saw that to give up to this disease in any way was to acknowledge defeat on her part, and this her pluck was unwilling to do. I kept her signing the checks for our running expenses up to within a few days of her death. She simply would not give up, and her determination was splendid. We used to drive to Burlington on this banking business, and the officials of the Merchants National Bank would

generously let us have the use of a whole room where we would work together over the coupons, etc., no matter how long it would take. Marie's walking, too, even at this date (1930), was troubling her, and I would save her every possible step whenever we went to the bank, or at all other times. One exception we agreed to make was that every morning, after breakfast, she would try to take a walk, with me as her "cane." She stoutly refused to use a cane, even until the last walk she ever took. She preferred to take my arm, and I much preferred, of course, that she should so do. Her left leg was very weak and she would often say that she had to "drag it along." In the fall of 1930, however, she was able to walk for a thousand feet or so at once, without stopping to rest.

Well, we packed up our grips for an absence of five or six months in Florida, and we closed up "Twenty Acres," and on the day before Thanksgiving Day we drove to Burlington. For we had determined to drive to Florida in our faithful 1927 "Nash," the Special Six sedan. We saw the need of a car in Winter Park, during our first visit. We went to the Van Ness House, in Burlington, to rest for four or five days, as we both were pretty tired after the work of writing and packing, etc., and we planned to start on our long drive, for which we had made elaborate plans, on Monday after Thanksgiving Day. I preached in St. Paul's Church on Thanksgiving morning. We entertained guests at the "Hotel Vermont" for dinner. The following evening we went to Rock Point and dined with Bishop and Mrs. Booth. But on Saturday I began to feel queerly and on Sunday I was in sudden and great pain, and at 9 P.M. Sunday I was taken by Dr. Benjamin D. Adams to the Mary Fletcher Hospital, in Burlington, and was soon operated on for appendicitis. It was about as unexpected a change of plans as one could imagine!

Marie was in great trouble, for she could walk but with difficulty, and when my sister Edith and her sister Charlotte (Mrs. General L. C. Andrews) came up immediately from New York to help, it was a welcome arrival for us both indeed. Charlotte engaged a room for Marie at the foot of the hospital home at first, and then she persuaded the hospital authorities to admit Marie as a patient taking "the rest cure," and her room was adjoining mine. This was a great comfort to us both, and we were very grateful to Charlotte for this help. Charlotte also introduced us to Mrs. Arthur Provost, Jr., of 102 Adams street, Burlington, where this lady operates a very comfortable sanitarium with only a few residents, and after my four weeks at the Mary Fletcher Hospital we moved to 102 Adams street and stayed there until April. Marie also took some thirty electrical treatments from Dr. George I. Forbes during these four months, and we took a good walk every



morning. We had a delightful winter at Mrs. Provost's, and we became a little acquainted with Burlington people, for with the exception of a few of our older friends from college and teaching days, Burlington was inhabited by a race of strangers, so far as we were concerned. People were very kind to us, especially the Rector of St. Paul's parish, Fr. Vedder Van Dyck, and his inner circles.

During Lent Marie gave, with a little help from me, six remarkable missionary addresses as "the Lent Study Class" programmes for that season. The women of St. Paul's turned out in large numbers, and Marie gave most interesting messages. This was our last work together, in church programmes, and it was also almost the first time that we had ever shared a series of programmes together. It would be difficult for me to try to describe how much I enjoyed it! The women gave Marie a beautiful plant at the close, as an expression of their appreciation and regard. She was much pleased. It cheered her a great deal to find that she had not lost her skill in speaking.

She had other opportunities, too, at Swanton, and at Arlington, Vermont, to make missionary addresses, and the impression she made upon the good women of the Vermont Auxiliary was so strong that they responded royally, and gave her their regard at once. After her death they voted that every district branch of the diocesan Auxiliary should give twenty-five dollars a year to the United Thank Offering in memory of Marie! And one of the chief honors of all my invitations to speak came to me through the kindness of Bishop Samuel B. Booth, of Vermont, when he asked me to address the annual meeting of the Vermont Auxiliary at Rock Point, on May 10, 1933, two months after Marie's death, giving a narrative of her life and work. The large number of women listened most closely for three-quarters of an hour. It was a wonderful theme!

I must not overload this chronicle with too many details, though our nearly four years together after our retirement saw us in many places and gave us widely varied experiences.

At the close of our five months in Burlington, in early 1931, Marie gave an afternoon reception to all the Burlingtonians who had been good enough to call on us and to show us some sympathetic attentions during our hospital and sanitarium residence. There were over fifty guests, and the afternoon at Mrs. Provost's was admirably arranged by Marie so that everybody had a good time. It was a gracious finale to our unexpected stay in my native city, and it was the last social gathering but one in Marie's long and varied career as a hostess.

We then drove in our "Nash" to New York, and had a charming little visit with relatives and friends, taking in the Vermont Diocesan Convention at Brattleboro, on our way back to Grand Isle.



The summer passed rapidly, and in the fall we closed up "Twenty Acres," packed up again for five or six months' absence, and took the train for our beloved Chicago, where we stayed a month at "the Hotel Windermere West," in a very comfortable room. Marie's trouble in walking was steadily increasing, but we managed to get about a great deal, and the conductors on the street cars and busses were so uniformly kind and courteous that I soon began to take their numbers, for Marie was deeply impressed by their consideration. When we reached Florida again I wrote a letter to the Chicago Street Car Company which they published in their magazine, along with many similar letters, thanking these men for their great kindness to a lady struggling with some lameness.

We had a most exhilarating and delightful visit in Chicago that month and our dear people both of The Epiphany and of The Redeemer parishes simply overwhelmed us with invitations of every sort. There were so many that we could not accept them all. We even "went out" to breakfast one morning! That has always been my ideal of superlative hospitality, to be invited to breakfast. We had one more indescribably happy "Christmas with the Martins," and at the church my good friend Fr. White made us both feel more than at home in every way. This final month in Chicago was a real climax of joy for Marie. She spoke of it often during the remaining months of her life. She planned carefully to go to Chicago again and to stay at "The Windermere," in the following December (1932) and when that was impossible, to do so in the one after that (in 1933) but that was not to be. As I think back over that month, December, 1931, it seems to me almost incredible that any people, even good Church people in Chicago, could be as kind and as generous and as hospitable to anybody as they were to Marie and to my unworthy self, during that notable visit. It will always be a fragrant and stimulating memory.

Then we did something we had never done before, in the way of travel. We took the train (Illinois Central) from Chicago to Winter Park, Florida. It was an unusual ride, and we learned some serious lessons about the poverty of some parts of the South.

We had a welcome and winsome time in Winter Park for the following three months. Marie was able to walk once a day between our lodging place, which was a very pleasant suite of three rooms in "The Lincoln Apartments," and our boarding place, which again was "The Whistling Kettle," the distance being about one-third of a mile each way. She could walk for twenty-five or fifty steps at a time, after which she would have to grasp some friendly tree or post unless I was walking with her, and then she would tackle another "stunt" of fifty steps or less. In that way she got a little exercise each morning as she walked

to and from our breakfasts. For the other two meals she had to ride, so we bought a second-hand 1928 "Ford" coupé, which had been largely rebuilt and was sold to us by Winter Park's dealer in used cars, for \$225. It was a very good buy, for the little car had been driven only about 25,000 miles, and was in prime condition, with new paint and linings so that it looked almost new. It would go, too, much faster than Marie wanted to be driven, and we covered some 1,700 miles in our daily drives in and around beautiful Winter Park, during these very enjoyable three months. We had a lovely time with this little machine, and became very fond of it. We even planned to drive to Grand Isle in it, though we finally decided to leave it in Winter Park until our return in the following winter of 1934, should that return prove possible.

We read aloud to each other a great deal, as we had always done, and day after day we would take the car and our book, would drive to some shady spot, and then read till it was time for luncheon or dinner, while the car was parked by the roadside. Once we drove to Daytona Beach (it was in January, 1932), and I had an exhilarating swim in the Atlantic's surf, after which we both had our "tin-types" taken on the famous beach by a wandering photographer. Another day we drove to the little town of Cocoa, where my old friend and former Curate, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Merriman, was in charge of the local parish during the "season." And on Easter Even, Miss Mary L. Leonard, of the Winter Park parish, very kindly made a picnic for us and had her chauffeur drive us, with her and another friend, to the "Bok Tower." That was the last social attention that Marie was ever to receive, and it was a fitting close to the long series of kindnesses of this sort that her many friends showed to her so frequently, all during our life together.

I Celebrated the Holy Eucharist in the Winter Park church every other Sunday at 8 A.M., and preached on the other Sundays at 10:30 A.M., and during Lent I also had a Bible class for women, each week, and shared in the two daily services every morning and afternoon. I played the organ for the Lenten hymns at these services, and once I drove, with Marie, twenty miles each way to a neighboring church to assist the local Rector. This was a sermon on Ash Wednesday evening, at our church in Sanford. Until Lent began there was no Sunday evening service in our Winter Park church, so we usually drove to the 5 P.M. Evensong at the Cathedral in Orlando (four miles), every Sunday afternoon from our arrival just before New Year's Eve, until and including Quinquagesima Sunday. I gave the brief address at one of these services, by the kind invitation of Dean Johnson. I addressed the students of Rollins College one morning, in their out-door

meeting. I held the "Three Hours" service at All Saints', and Celebrated and assisted at the Easter morning Holy Communion in All Saints' Church, which were very largely attended, as was also the Good Friday service. We were invited to dine by our most gracious host and his wife, Col. and Mrs. Briscoe Hindman, at "The Lincoln," on Easter Day, and after the later morning service we had a half-hour or more before the dinner hour, so we took a drive in our little car, to "cool off" a little before going out to dinner.

We chose a route which we had taken a dozen times or more, leading northward to the edge of the town, and then crossing the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad and returning by a westward and southern road to our destination in Winter Park. Suddenly, as we neared the railroad crossing, Marie cried out "Look out! Here comes the train!" The express train from Tampa was bearing down on us, whistling and ringing its bell, and going at least forty or fifty miles an hour. They couldn't stop, and I tried to stop. We were unable to see the approaching locomotive until it was within a few hundred feet of us. I did my best to stop. My engine stalled just as our front wheels rested on one of the rails. I was not able to start the engine again before the locomotive struck us. It threw our car some distance, and threw Marie out of the car. I was pinned down by the overturned windshield, whose unbreakable glass mercifully withstood the blow and did not even crack. Marie was unconscious, her head was bruised with a bad scalp wound. Her left leg was very badly broken with a splintered break just above the knee. My right leg was wounded though nothing was broken. A crowd gathered at once from the train, which stopped immediately, and from the neighborhood. As soon as possible two ambulances came to the rescue, and we were taken, separately, to the Florida Hospital in Orlando, a Seventh Day Adventist Hospital, where we were at once given every attention and shown every kindness.

Thirty-five people called to inquire about us, during the first thirty hours. Never have I dreamed that so much kindness could be shown to two people who had been only six months in the vicinity, all told. I could fill pages with condensed narratives of these remarkable evidences of the goodness of the Winter Park and Orlando people, and of the strong impression which Marie had made upon them even in so short a time of residence.

Her broken leg was a severe problem. The great skill of our surgeons, Drs. B. A. Burks and L. L. Andrews, and the very careful nursing by Miss Parrish, Miss Ricks, and Mrs. Tyndall, as well as by Mrs. Clarke, the supervisor, reinforced by the myriads of prayers from hundreds of friends in many parts of the United States, brought her through the first critical weeks without the necessity of amputation which at first



seemed imminent. And the dreadful danger of pneumonia was also successfully warded off, though for some days her life was hanging by a thread. She was bravery and cheerfulness incarnate, all the time. Her ready laugh and her constant smile impressed even the most casual nurses in the whole hospital. Her friends filled her room with flowers, day after day. And the mail which flooded us from many distant parts was an astonishment even to the hospital office force.

For some weeks she had to remain on her back, unable to move more than an inch or two at a time, day or night, until the numerous splinters of her broken bone should knit even a little. She never complained once, and her spirit was simply magnificent. The Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas was tireless in his visits and ministrations. We had our Holy Eucharist every Sunday morning, thanks to his kindness, and of course I had daily prayers with Marie every morning and evening just as soon as I could leave my own bed, which was in about a fortnight. Even before that I was able to get about in a wheel chair, and I spent most of my time in her room. For two weeks after I was up, I was able to sleep at "The Lincoln," in Winter Park, where our generous landlord, Col. Briscoe Hindman, insisted on giving me a suite as his guest, and my breakfasts also, and then drove me himself every morning to the hospital. Our new and valued friend, B. R. Coleman, of Chicago, who had just bought a beautiful home in Winter Park, drove out to see us every day, and always drove me back to "The Lincoln" at about 9 P.M. every evening of the fortnight after I was "discharged" from my hospital room.

Things went on thus for about three weeks, when my real turn came. I had been feeling quite uncomfortable at finding that Marie had been so severely injured, and was having such great discomfort and at times so much severe pain, while I got off so easily though I was at the wheel as the locomotive struck us. I need not have disturbed myself so much, as the sequel showed. For I took a slight cold about three weeks after Easter Day, and one Friday night I had a really "awful" time. In previous years, as has been stated, I had ridden a bicycle for some seventeen years, all told, and I had contracted a pelvic disturbance from this long experience, which had given me more or less discomfort for nearly twenty-five years. The shock of the locomotive's blow stirred this matter up to the superlative degree, and, to make the story short, I had to undergo a major operation, which was delayed nearly two weeks, and which was followed by a month of continuous and biting pain in my left hand and wrist (they called it "neuritis"), the sum total of which was more acute suffering for weeks, and more daily discomfort for months than I like to think of or to record. My only delight in the midst of it all was that I had more pain than Marie had, which I felt that I



richly deserved. And since ten of the seventeen bicycling years were while I was Epiphany's Rector in Chicago, I felt that I had at last endured some physical distress as an "occupational disease," so that I could at least look some of the Martyrs in the face, should I ever be allowed to meet them in the next world.

The kindnesses showered upon us during all of this hospital time are beyond my powers of description. I have never heard of anything like it, in my limited experience with life. Three Winter Park residents, almost strangers to us, asked us to come to their homes, nurses and all, during our convalescence. Three men came to me with offers of money, as loans, if I needed money. Thanks to Marie's wonderful thrift, we had an ample "emergency fund" in the savings bank, and did not need to trouble even our kindest friends by borrowing.

Three other items of all this kindness stand out in high relief. At "The Lincoln," in Winter Park, where everybody was just packing up, preparing to go home, with the average exchequer probably in just the condition that it usually is at such a time, these extraordinary people took up a purse of some \$150 and sent it to our Burlington bank, in the most gracious and tactful way, so that I do not today know the names of the donors, and yet the bank wrote to us that this sum had been placed to our credit. We think that Col. Briscoe Hindman's generous and most gentlemanly hand was one of the guiding influences in this remarkable gift. We recalled that we did not even know personally some of the good people who must have contributed!

And on May 24th, in our parish house in Chicago, our friends of The Redeemer parish held a "thanksgiving party," which was attended by over two hundred, and which was, as some said, one of the most delightful of social gatherings. There were twenty door prizes, the admission to everything being one dollar. There were bridge tables, and there was a musical programme, and there were refreshments, and there was dancing, all in thanksgiving because we were not killed by the locomotive. And the results sent to us, coupled with two personal checks from parishioners and friends, reached about \$500.

The third instance that also nearly brought tears to our eyes as we realized it came from Grand Isle. It was the "muddy season" at our Island home, when for a fortnight or so the frost was coming out of the ground, and the "going" was most difficult on most of the roads. Yet the generous and devoted women whom we knew got up a "sunshine box," with many presents for Marie, and sent them to the Grand Isle Post Office by the milk trucks, where one of the women packed the box, and they all chipped in to express it to Marie while she lay in the hospital! The Orlando nurses were astonished beyond words, and Marie

and I were hardly able to use our voices as we told about the friends who thought up, collected for, and put through this box!

Well, all things come to an end, and our hospital-time did so too. My left hand and arm were about useless for anything but the lightest effort, so I asked my sister, Miss Edith R. Hopkins, of New York, if she could come down to Winter Park and go with us to Vermont, so that I could have her help in caring for Marie on the train. She very kindly complied, and came down a few days before we started, during which time the Winter Park people entertained her delightfully, after their manner.

The day for our departure finally arrived, Sunday, June 12, 1932, and the ambulance (whose owners had stoutly refused to accept any money for bringing her to the hospital on Easter Day, March 27th), yielded to my earnest wish, and allowed me to pay for the transportation to the railroad station in Winter Park. (The other ambulance man, who brought me to the hospital, likewise refused to send in any bill, though we were entire strangers to both men!) I had engaged state-rooms all the way to Essex Junction, Vermont, and we had to change trains at Jacksonville, Florida, and at Washington, D. C., as the through trains were all taken off after the close of the "season." The railroad men were very kind, all along the journey, for Marie was on her back, and could not move. We had ambulance corps of men at the changing points, and in Washington there was a hospital room in the station which was supplied with every convenience. I slept as best I could on the cots in the various staterooms, and Edith helped me serve Marie with entire efficiency, so we did not have to add to our many bills the expense of a nurse along the homeward journey. I should have noted above that my very able nurses were four men, Messrs. Deerwester, Miller, Villum, and Vondle, besides Messrs. McCabe and Peyton who helped me through my many "treatments," as the very thorough morning baths were called in the lower storey of the sanitarium adjoining the hospital. My extremely skillful surgeon was Dr. Louis Orr, to whom, as to Drs. Burks and Andrews, who helped us both, I owe a debt of indescribable gratitude.

The long journey was over at last, and at 5:55 A.M., five minutes ahead of time, the "Montrealler" rolled into Essex Junction, Vermont, on Tuesday, June 14th, and there we found Mr. Gurney of Burlington with his ambulance, and Mrs. Arthur Provost, Jr., as well, ready to take us both to Mrs. Provost's new sanitarium on Prospect street, in Burlington, eight miles distant, where we stayed for sixteen days, while I managed to get "Wedding Bells Bungalow," on Grand Isle, twenty-four miles from Burlington, ready for Marie. This involved buying two

single beds to replace our double bed in the bungalow, and it also involved several other rearrangements of our dear summer home, as well as the engaging of Mrs. Griswold, of Grand Isle, as our practical nurse. Mrs. Griswold stayed with Marie until the end, and helped us through the summer, fall, and winter very efficiently. She occupied the north wing of our guest house, and I took the other bed in our bungalow's bed-room. I called Mrs. Griswold only when it was absolutely necessary at night, and as the months wore on this was for a time but rarely needed.

We had a lovely summer in the beautiful bungalow which Marie had furnished so artistically so many years before, this being our twenty-ninth consecutive summer on Grand Isle. In the mornings, as for so many years, I usually drove up to "Twenty Acres" (one mile inland), and worked in the gardens and around the house, for my exercise, while Mrs. Griswold took full charge of Marie. After our mid-day dinner, which was served on one of our porches, as were all of our meals (the trays being brought over by Mrs. Griswold and myself from the dining hall in our community house near by), I took charge as amateur nurse, until 8 A.M. the following morning, asking Mrs. Griswold's help only when I could not help Marie alone. I read aloud, and the other members of the "Westerly" clan did likewise, and paid visits daily to Marie as the summer weeks passed rapidly away.

At first we all felt that Marie was gaining, and she bravely tried to take some pulley exercises daily, in an effort to recover some strength and motion in her arms. Her broken leg finally knitted well, though she could not move it because of the paralysis agitans. Her shaking hands were very weak, and after a while we gave up the pulleys and saw that she was not gaining in strength or movements. Her wonderful cheeriness and determined courage never left her, and all the visitors who came to see her marvelled at her splendid spirit. She had several callers from Chicago, Florida, Long Island, and Boston, as well as from Burlington and other points in and beyond Vermont, and I really think that she enjoyed her last summer in beloved "Westerly" in no small degree. Every day we had our Morning and Evening Prayers, and once, when the little daughter of her oldest nephew, Harmon Sheldon Graves, Jr., and Audrey Tower, was baptized "Elizabeth Hart" by myself in our little log chapel, Marie was wheeled to the service, and her picture was taken by the various family kodaks.

Every Sunday I brought her the Reserved Sacrament from our 7:30 A.M. Celebration in the chapel, and she could hear our singing at the other chapel services as she lay on her recliner, usually in our glassed-in north porch. She was very fond of the view of Lake Champlain from our west porch, and in the afternoons, when the winds were



not too strong, we usually moved her recliner out to that porch, and often had our suppers there also. The various members of the family always stopped to speak with her, as they passed that porch going to and from the various bungalows of "Westerly," and her days were rarely too long. I rented a very good victrola and brought down from "Twenty Acres" all of our records, and often we had beautiful music, which she enjoyed very much. Drs. Benjamin Adams and George I. Forbes, from Burlington, came to see her several times during the summer, and gave us what advice was possible, under the circumstances. I myself did not dream that it was to be her last summer with us, but I think that, as September approached, she herself must have had some presentiment that this was the fact. She was very loath to leave, and to go even to the beautiful home at "Twenty Acres" when September came, and we stayed on the shore at "Westerly" until September 22d, which was much later than usual. We were afraid that the cool weather might bring on a bad cold which might easily run into pneumonia, so, though she wanted very much to stay by the lake another week, we got a truck from our neighbors, the Vantines, and lifted her recliner into it, and she took her last drive on Grand Isle, as we slowly climbed the little hills between the lake shore and our little farm at "Twenty Acres." It was a mild afternoon, with sunshine, and she watched the familiar scenes with interest, as we jolted along the country road.

Mr. Gurney, our friend of the ambulance at Essex Junction, very generously loaned us this recliner during all of the nearly six months which followed our arrival at Grand Isle, and refused to take any rent. We greatly appreciated this kindness, and every day Julius Bluto came to assist the nurse and myself as Marie was lifted to the recliner about mid-morning. She stayed there until after supper, when we three lifted her again to her bed. We were able to wheel her around in the bungalow during the summer, and around the main floor of the house at "Twenty Acres" during the fall and winter. She had thus a little variety, though after reaching "Twenty Acres" she never left the house.

Once at "Twenty Acres," the days revolved around a definite routine for us all. My neuritis had been sufficiently conquered by September for me to use my left hand, with care, about as usual, though I may say here that the prickly feelings remained constantly for many months after my severe operation in Florida. I was not able, for the first summer of my Vermont life, to go swimming, or to use my boats, because of this neuritis. This gave me more time to be with Marie, and I am very grateful that it could have been possible.

Our routine at "Twenty Acres" was very simple. I usually rose at 6 A.M. or thereabouts, and attended to the furnace and the battery-charging engine, and "got breakfast." The nurse came down about



8 A.M., and soon afterwards gave Marie her breakfast. While the nurse was at her breakfast I held our daily family prayers by Marie's bedside. I then washed the dishes, went for the ice, the mail, and the milk. Once or twice a week I then started in the "Nash" for a hurried trip to Burlington for shopping, banking, etc., returning in time for my afternoon with Marie, which began at 2 P.M. Other days I spent the rest of the morning in some outdoor exercise, until about 11 A.M. when I reached my typewriter in my "den," for another portion of Marie's biography, and for any other mail that could not wait until later in the day. The afternoons went quickly, with short naps and reading aloud and occasional messages from the radio or the victrola, until supper time at 6 P.M. Mrs. Griswold got our dinners and suppers, and I washed the supper dishes. Mrs. Griswold then "put Marie to bed," and about 7:30 P.M. I went to the room and we had our evening prayers, and then I read aloud to Marie until she went to sleep. I usually "turned in" myself about 9:30 or 10 P.M., for Marie often called me every hour or two during much of the night, and my room was only a few feet from hers. She had not strength enough to pull a small bell, but I always heard her call, even though her voice grew weaker and weaker. We had many letters from our dear friends and kinsfolk, and the days passed quickly. When possible our neighbors called for a few minutes, and some from Burlington found it possible now and then to drive to our door.

Then Christmas came. Marie always made a great deal of Christmas, and I went to her "Christmas trunk" in the barn-room where she had carefully put away, from our Chicago life, the musical Christmas tree, and a lot of decorations. I trimmed up the tree, with help from our willing and versatile friend, Julius Bluto, and I decorated our south porch, where Marie usually spent most of her days on her recliner. Mrs. Griswold helped us with the telephoning, and Marie through her help thus invited fifty of our friends and neighbors to come to "Twenty Acres" for an hour at 3 P.M. on Monday, St. Stephen's Day, December 26, 1933. I bought a lot of oranges in Burlington, and some holiday paper, and Mrs. Griswold, with help from Rosy Bluto, another of our helpers, kindly wrapped all the oranges in the Christmas paper, and piled them near Marie's recliner. She was beautifully dressed for the "party," and lay in her recliner in the inglenook of our living room, while the guests came to greet her and to receive their Christmas oranges from her own trembling hands. She was all smiles, and so very glad to have so many guests. Out of fifty invited, forty-five came, and I took them, as she had carefully planned, by fifteens into the south porch, and there played for them with the musical tree, and recited "The Night Before Christmas," and Mrs. Griswold's boy, Jack, also recited a Christmas

"piece." It was Marie's last "party," and she enjoyed it greatly. It told on her limited strength somewhat, but that could not be helped.

Soon after this, however, she took a definite turn for the worse. Her brilliant mind became a bit clouded at times, and she was not always certain as to where she was. Our reliable and faithful Julius, who as has been said had come to her unfailingly twice a day ever since she returned to Grand Isle to lift her, with the help of the nurse and myself, from the bed to the recliner each morning and to lift her back to the bed after supper each evening, found increasing difficulty on her part in going through the few morning exercises with her arms and hands, which she bravely tried to continue, day after day. The cloud on her wonderful mind gained more and more, as January merged into February, and February into March.

Our Sundays were different from the other days. I always Celebrated the Holy Eucharist in her room, at 7:30 A.M. in full vestments, and at 10:30 or 11 A.M. we either read Matins together or tuned into the Montreal Cathedral service. I usually read her one of the sermons by the Bishop of London. In the afternoons we usually tuned in for the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Concert, which Marie enjoyed as well as I did. After supper we read Evensong together. When her hands became so weak that she could not hold the Prayer Book, I read all the Psalms, but she always responded in the Canticles, which, of course, she knew by heart.

On her last Sunday, which was the First Sunday in Lent, March 5th, she was able to receive at the Celebration, and I reserved the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle of our oratory's Altar, ready for her viaticum, should the end come during the week. I felt that it might come at any time, though our good friend, Dr. Caron, of the Island, said that she might last for some time, as her strength seemed to be holding out fairly well. On Monday, March 6th, she had a very hard day. She was in mental distress all day long, and the effort told heavily on her limited strength. I wired to Chicago for some Holy Oil, for I did not know where to find any in this part of New England. Through the great kindness of my friends, the Rev. Dr. E. J. Randall, and Canon David E. Gibson, of Chicago, the package arrived during the week, but too late for use.

Marie's strength faded rapidly after that ordeal of Monday, and by Wednesday she was unconscious. At 1 o'clock A.M. on Thursday, March 9th, the nurse and I called Dr. Caron by telephone, and he came the six miles almost immediately. He said that Marie's heart was still strong, and that she might last for a day or two, though the end might come at any moment. He remained with us until 2:30. It was too late to administer to her the Reserved Sacrament, for she could not swallow,

and could not understand anything said to her. I offered the final prayers, and then lay down for a little while in my room. At 4 A.M. I went to her room; she was yet breathing. At 5 A.M. I went to her bedside, and her dear spirit had fled! A more peaceful, painless departure could scarcely be imagined. She just ceased breathing, that was all.

March is a severe month in parts of New England, and most of the roads were very difficult, yet nothing that could have been done by kindness and willing ability was omitted by those who helped through the next trying and heavy days. The men at the station sent out all the telegrams immediately, and they also reported all that came to me, without delay. Mr. Gurney and his helpers came the twenty-four miles from Burlington at once, and took charge of her dear body with great care. My sister Edith came immediately from New York, and Marie's sister, Charlotte (Mrs. L. C. Andrews), did likewise from Newtown, Connecticut, and her brother George Graves came from Hartford, Connecticut, so that I had ample help in managing all that had to be done.

A large group of Grand Isle's most substantial people succeeded in getting to our home at 10 A.M. on the day following (Friday, March 10th), and at that hour I Celebrated the Requiem Holy Eucharist in our living room, erecting a small Altar in the very same inglenook where Marie had received her Christmas guests at her last party on St. Stephen's Day. I made an address during this Celebration, telling them an outline of the story of Marie's wonderful life. It was a great comfort to have so many of these strong men and women come to our home for such a purpose at such a time. We made no mistake when we settled among such good people for our final years together at home.

Telegrams for flowers came to Burlington from Chicago with almost overwhelming kindness. St. Paul's Church chancel, Burlington, was beautifully decorated with these masses of flowers, sent from our Redeemer friends and others, and at 11 A.M. on Saturday, March 11th, Bishop S. B. Booth of Vermont, assisted by the Rev. Vedder Van Dyck, Rector of St. Paul's; the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, the Rev. J. S. McKee, and by the other local clergy of the Church, Celebrated Marie's Requiem Holy Eucharist. There was a much larger congregation than I had expected, and the choir of St. Paul's Church sang their parts of the very impressive service, Harrison A. Cooke at the organ, with deep devotion. It began with the "Miserere," and closed with the "Hallelujahs" of the Easter hymns. It was one of the most lofty, devotional, and uplifting services I have ever attended, and I shall always be most grateful for the help of those friends who made it possible. Many who came were moved beyond words at the impressiveness and splendid faith and hope of it all. Our dear Lord surely gave her, as well as us, His



Blessed Presence on that solemn and holy morning. The hymns were "O Paradise," "The Strife is O'er," and "Jesus Lives."

At the same hour, in Chicago, in our beloved Church of The Redeemer, our dear friend, Fr. White, celebrated her Requiem Holy Eucharist, with all the rich and devotional beauty of our parish's worship. Our much loved friend, Robert R. Birch, was at the organ. The full choir was present, as was a complete group of Acolytes. There was a large congregation of our sympathetic and sorrowing friends, gathered from Chicago and her suburbs, far and near.

I have never been able to find words to express my gratefulness for this testimonial of affection and sympathy!

We drove from the church to beautiful Lake View Cemetery, where we laid her body in the vault, as in winter time it is almost impossible to dig a grave. I had all the flowers, except a blossom which I kept myself, sent to the two hospitals in Burlington, for the cemetery could not place flowers in the vault. I had a beautiful letter of thanks from the Sister at the Bishop De Goesbriand Roman Catholic Hospital. The rest of the flowers I sent to the Mary Fletcher Hospital where Marie and I had been so kindly cared for during my first operation in Advent, 1929. The weather was that of a glorious winter day, with the sunlight clear and bright, the mountains across the lake shining with new-fallen snows, and the lake itself resplendent in brilliant white. Uplifting in every way, triumphant in every moment, was this holy burial, a fitting climax to the brave and cheering courage that marked all of her closing months, and to the superb spirit of faith and the noble beauty of ideal which inspired and ruled her stainless life from its beginning to this transition-day of radiant faith and blessed advance. Christ Jesus, our God and Saviour, held us both in His Loving Arms, and strengthened us with might by His Spirit within. And the kindness of our sympathizing friends and kinsfolk will always be a blessed memory.

Our mail brought me over four hundred and fifty letters and telegrams of sympathy, from all over the United States, and my sister Edith very kindly filed them all in a large Book of Remembrance, which reposes still in our home at "Twenty Acres." The papers of Burlington, both the *Free Press* and the *Daily News*, very generously allowed me to fill a whole column with an obituary outline of Marie's life, and I had hundreds of copies of these mimeographed. I sent a copy, with some written lines of gratefulness to everyone who wrote or telegraphed to me a message of sympathy. I was amazed at some of the truly remarkable tributes to Marie's character and influence which these generous and loving friends thus sent to me. She richly deserved them all, but busy people do not always find it possible to write such words. All of these tokens and expressions of love and sympathy and prayers sus-



tained me wonderfully, and I am heartily ashamed that I had ever feared, as I had done deeply for many years, the ordeal of having Marie die. I felt that it was a mercy from God that she went first, instead of having me go first, and I shall always be unspeakably grateful that her last hours were so painless and peaceful.

On Wednesday morning, June 14th, as several of our Westerly kinsfolk had by that time arrived at Grand Isle, we all went to the cemetery, with a number of friends and relatives from Burlington, meeting there at our lot near the beach of Lake Champlain, at 11 o'clock, for the final committal service. This was read by the Rev. James S. McKee, of Rock Point. Marie and I had bought our monument during the summer of 1929, just as soon as we could after retiring from our Chicago life. It is a simple Celtic Cross of white marble, standing about eight feet high, bearing our names and dates, and the inscription, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Not far away is my father's family lot, with its six graves for him and mother, my three sisters, Mary Josephine, Helen Louise, and Elizabeth Fay, and my only brother, Richard Austin. Nearer than these is the grave of Bishop Bissell, who married Marie's aunt, and who confirmed me, and ordained me to the Diaconate. The beach hard by is the one over which I walked so many, many times in my boyhood, walking to and from Burlington, and a mile or so to the west lies Rock Point, my birthplace, with the diocesan school and Bishop's residence that the Church in Vermont received from my grandfather, Bishop Hopkins.

In this beautiful spot lies her dear body, awaiting the glad summons of the Resurrection morn, and in God's own time I hope that mine will rest beside hers. In her blessed memory I took, as she herself suggested that we both might do as a thank offering, the \$1,500 which our generous friends of The Redeemer parish gave to us when we retired, and I placed two stained glass windows in The Redeemer Chapel in Chicago, the work being done by a Chicago firm, Messrs. Giannini and Hilgart. There are eight scenes from our Lord's Life, *viz.*: Our Lord in the Temple; and Blessing Little Children; Teaching and Preaching; and Healing the Sick. These form one of the double windows. The other four pictures are scenes from His Holy Nativity, His Sacred Passion, His Mighty Resurrection, and His Glorious Ascension. The inscription is as follows:

"A. M. D. G.,

and

In Loving Memory of Marie Moulton Graves,

Beloved Wife of John Henry Hopkins.

A. D., 1861-1933.

*Requiescat in Pace.*



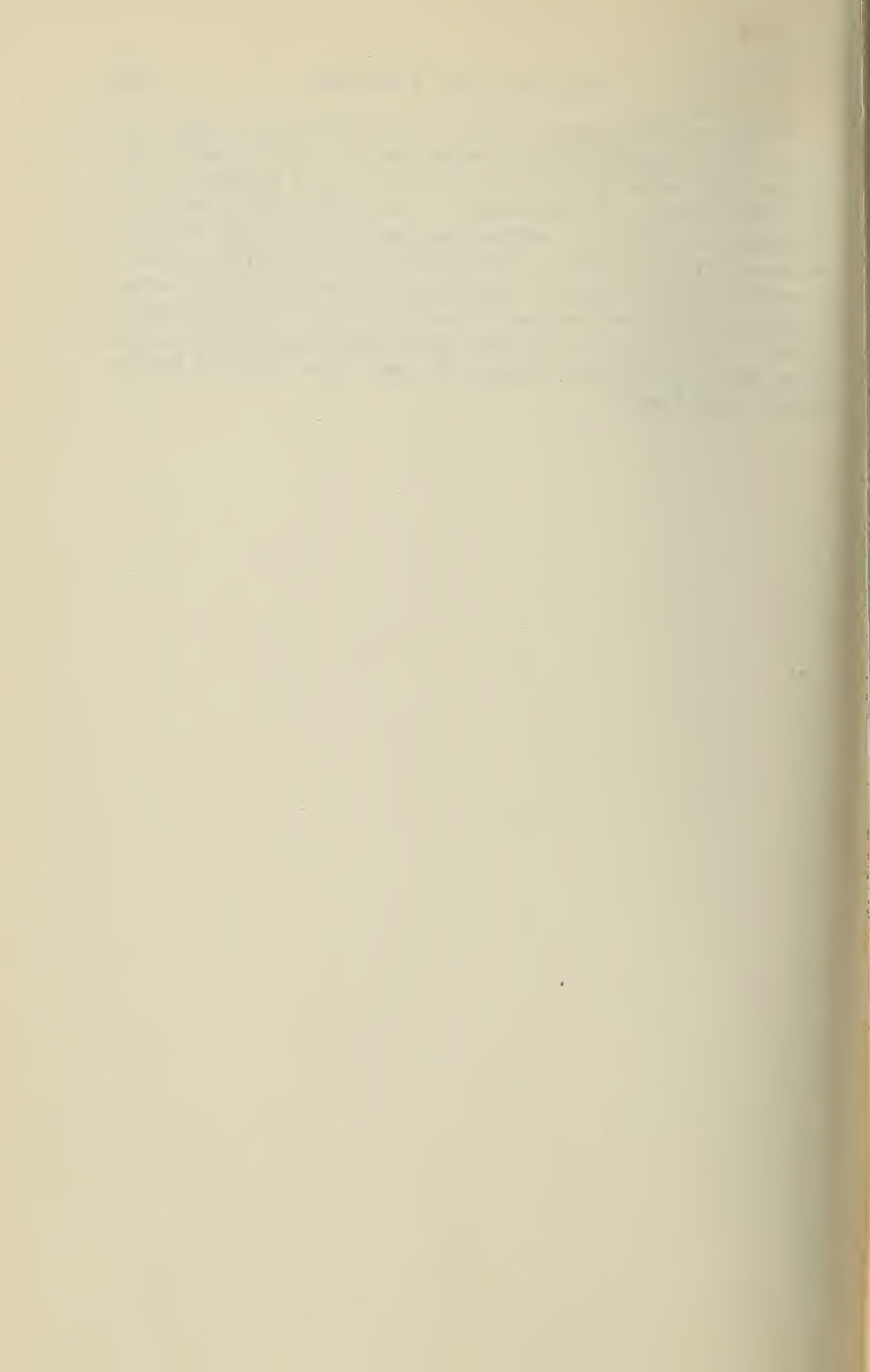
IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF  
THE REDEEMER, CHICAGO

Windows erected to Marie's memory in 1933



These imperfect memoirs of her life and of our life together are written as an humble attempt to express some of the unspeakable gratefulness which wells up in my heart, for the joys and inspiration of her fellowship through the half-century or more since I first beheld her wonderful face. On our wedding ring she had the word "Forever" engraved. May the mercy of God grant me this boon in the world to come! And may any who are willing to read these poor and inadequate pages pray for the rest and peace of her dear soul, and for her continual growth in holiness, love, and service, and for my unworthy self, that this boon may be granted me, through the love of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen!





## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

WE SELECT from Marie's extensive lectures and writings three choice specimens, *viz.*:

(a) Her poem "*To My Chatelaine*," written during the year after my return from California, and before the renewal of our engagement.

(b) Her beautiful verses about the log chapel on Grand Isle. These were attached to photographs of the chapel, which we gave to our Redeemer parishioners as Christmas cards, one year.

(c) Her "day dream" as she calls it, entitled "*Sunset*." This charming little morceau is an example of her poetic style and of her rare command of language. It was written during our life at The Church of The Epiphany, Chicago, about the year 1905.

### TO MY CHATELAINE

#### I

AH, TINY GOLDEN VINAIGRETTE, all studded thick with turquoise blue,  
You bring to mind Italian skies, so like yourself in azure hue.  
And once again o'er Naples' Bay eve's amethystine shadows fall,  
And once again my soul is swayed by music's magic, trancing call.  
We drifted on, and one of us,—that one was I,—can ne'er forget.  
He never knew the truth, and I,—Ah, keep my secret, vinaigrette!

#### II

My little silver tablet there, its pencil tipped with opal's sheen:  
Gay Paris is before us now, with all its maddening, rushing scene.  
We dashed adown the boulevards that afternoon in hot July:  
Life seemed so full of all good things, and o'er us smiled the summer sky.  
For what's to come who cares or knows? And on my breast were  
Jacqueminows.  
Dear little tablet, on your leaves is writ one word with careless grace—:  
The date and place,—that's all *he* cared—but 'twixt those leaves and  
your bright face,—  
This is our secret—lies a rose, the last of all my Jacqueminows.

#### III

This little square of pasteboard blue, this is a Dresden ticket. See?  
When I but speak the magic words the Spring and hope come back to me.  
What! Never knew a Dresden Spring? Ah, then to you I sadly say



'Tis flowers and birds and life and hope all crowded into one brief day.  
 That day passed, not another comes, though you may wait and watch  
 and long,  
 And all your joy in after life is but the echo of that song  
 You heard one day in Dresden. So  
 As now the gentle Springtime breeze, all damp with drops of April rain,  
 Soothes my sad brow, I close my eyes and I'm in Dresden once again!

## IV

This little Cross of marble white,—this is the end. It brings to view  
 A lonely grave in Switzerland in a green vale that once I knew.  
 That's all. You call me flirt? She can but flirt who cares for none.  
 You call me ice? You speak the truth. My heart lies dead beneath that  
 stone.

And yet he never knew it.  
 But you and I,—we know it quite,  
 Although I am so proud, so cold,—my little Cross of marble white.  
 And so my life hangs dangling here, its righteous joy, its biting pain.  
 Hangs dangling idly by my side suspended by a silver chain.  
 You wonder at it? Wonder on. Perhaps you smile at nearer view.  
 I know my life's with roses trimmed,—*my* roses have their spring  
 of rue,  
 But it brings joy as well as pain,—the jingle of my chatelaine!

Written by Marie, 1887.

## THE LADY CHAPEL. WESTERLY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

## I

A LITTLE CHAPEL nestles by the lake.  
 The green fields creep up to its very door.  
 The gentle stars peep o'er the cloister wall,  
 Above the belfry's Cross, birds, wondering, soar.  
 Its bell rings out above the waves' wild song  
 An Angelus, that calls to worship and adore.

## II

The Chapel speaks. It tells of those we love;  
 Pure hearts and true, with us but yester-year,  
 As here we toil and buffet, hope and strive,  
 And grope our way through many a blinding tear.  
 Now they await us there, where dawns the day,  
 That fairer land, where love reigns without fear,  
 God's Countryside!

By Marie M. Hopkins. Written about 1914.

## SUNSET

*"As we journeyed towards the sunset, we came to a stretch of country road fringed by the pointed cedars that guard like sentinels, the rocky shores of Lake Champlain."*—Quotation from the booklet's cover.

## FOREWORD

THESE WORDS OF INTRODUCTION are written in a great city on a raw March day. Yet, so potent is memory's spell, I can fancy it is summer and I am in Wedding Bells Tent, beside the blue waters of Lake Champlain.

The lapping waves are not a stone's throw from our door, and a bird, that has built its nest in a tangle of wild grape-vine, pours forth its little heart in the ecstasy of song. A friendly chipmunk has just darted up the bank, to stand upright on its hind feet, and peer curiously into the tent to see what those two-footed strangers are doing. The breeze is laden with the fragrance of flowers; the spicy breath of the cedars is as balm to tired nerves, and the drowse of summer is over all. So it is within Wedding Bells Tent, as it stands on the sunset shore of the Island of Peace, that I write this day dream, the child of my pen and of my heart.

MARIE M. HOPKINS.

348 ASHLAND BOULEVARD,  
CHICAGO.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "SUNSET"

THREE OF THE busiest women in the busiest of American cities had gathered for the evening in my quiet library, which is not five miles from the Art Institute, as the crow flies. A chill rain pattered on the asphalt pavement outside, and the cheerless sound caused the little circle of friends to draw more closely about the open fire, which was the only light the room afforded.

Flickering tongues of flame played upon the family portraits and the rows of familiar books, and disclosed the faces of the group. They were strong, able women, with the lines of struggle and of success graven deep upon their features, while their hair was streaked with the silver of honorable service. Each had turned her back upon a myriad of duties to come to my library for a rare hour or two of rest. They were loyal to the friendship begun in the college days so many years before.

As we sat in that quiet room, the atmosphere of peace and of affection made tired nerves and tired minds relax, and a silence fell upon the group that seemed but the prelude to one of those intimate disclosures of prospect and of retrospect, which speaks without restraint of what is and what might have been. Even as the first words trembled on

the lips of the company, my thoughts flew swiftly to a distant land, and I settled back in my chair, with a smile on my lips, waiting for the verdict of the sunset upon those confidences, which, I felt, would be freighted with unique value.

For, you must know, every summer I fly away to an island, set like a jewel, in the crystal waters of Lake Champlain. There we erect the canvas walls of our tent home, called *Wedding Bells Tent* because it is the fruit of half a hundred weddings. On the sunset shore of that patriarch of lakes we breathe, every hour of the twenty-four, air so pure that it seems an elixir of life. We watch the sunset each evening, and have built a lookout or balcony for that purpose. It is supported by great cedar logs, built up from the rocks below, and there we sit every evening, with the good-night song of birds in our ears, with the murmur of the waves below us, and watch the wondrous panorama of the dying day.

The beauty of the sunset is never the same two successive evenings, but the message of the sunset is always the same. At that mystic hour, just between daylight and shadow, one can estimate things at their true value. So I have gotten into the habit of judging the big and little happenings of the day, the comings and goings of the country folk, their quaint sayings, or the poetry and fiction of the hour, by the voice of the sunset, which always rings true in this world of faulty human kind.

This will explain why, as we sat in the fire-light of my library, the evening glow of the past summer seemed to be about us, and, as my friends began to speak, I closed my eyes, and was once more on my balcony, jutting over the lake, where I could judge aright concerning the truth of what each one said. For the verdict of the sunset brings exquisite harmony from the discords of apparent cross purposes.

The first to break the silence was our doctor—she who had compelled a reluctant world to admit the value of a woman's skill in medicine. Strangely enough, her words were in a minor key, and breathed a bitter complaint that her life had ever been handicapped by her own ill health. The verdict of the sunset seemed blown into the warm room with the spray of the wild Northland, as it murmured in my ears alone. For it was the very ill health she deplored that, at first, led our doctor to take up the study of medicine, until, engrossed by the grim fascination of fighting diseases, she had become famous in her chosen profession.

The voice of the most scholarly of our trio took up the plaint, and spoke sadly of the hard struggle with poverty that had stunted her childhood days, and had rendered it impossible for her to carry out her chosen plans. But she forgot to say what the sunset whispered to me softly, that the poverty against which she rebelled had made her the friend of the multitude. Far more than the fact of her amazing mental acquirements did her humble birth weigh with that exacting throng.

They felt that she could sympathize with them in their every-day needs because she was not separated from them by the power of caste, and no woman in the great city she calls home has more influence in civic matters than has she.

Our gifted author was the last to speak. Her delicate and sprite-like fancy has made her the friend of every child who loves a world peopled by the wee folk of the imagination. She mourned the lack of family ties, and reminded us with emotion that, when Christmas came, she was forced to adopt a family in order to share with others her good cheer. She omitted, however, to state the kernel of the matter, so the silvery voice of the sunset assured me. That home instinct in her lonely life, starved by necessity, had thrown itself with a great burst of longing into making life beautiful for the whole world of little ones. Her name is now known in every family where there are children.

Thus did the voice of the sunset translate for me the confidences of my friends, who seemed determined to mourn the one cloud that had darkened the sunshine of their lives, forgetting that days of unbroken sunshine are as rare as they are monotonous. Finally, struck by my silence, they turned to me and demanded where my thoughts were wandering. To appease them, I told them the story of the little cloud:

One evening last summer, we were seated on the balcony, waiting for the sunset. For fully a week previous, one evening had vied with another in giving us a series of ravishing color schemes. We had seen such pale tints shimmer over lake and sky, that we had been unable to name the delicate and elusive shades, as they blended in one harmony of color. We had beheld the water so glassy in its calm that the stars were reflected in its mirror-like surface, until they might have been the gems of mermaid constellations. We had watched the mountains shade from amethyst to a dark and steel-like blue, and had grown familiar, as we thought, with every phase of the after-glow, when the broad lake quivers, as the long streaks of pink and lavender and pale apple-green transform it into an enchanted sea of opal fire and mist. Many a time and oft had we seen the evening star slowly set, and the great moon plough her golden way across the silent waters.

But this particular evening, as we sat waiting for the sunset, we seemed doomed to disappointment. The faint-hearted had already given up and gone indoors. A bank of leaden clouds stretched across the Western horizon; the wind blew an angry gale; tiny whitecaps ruffled the water, and we shivered as we waited. Yet we felt that we could not seek our rest until we had learned anew the message of the sunset.

Suddenly there came up the lake a little cloud, scudding before the strong south wind. It was such a dark, cross little cloud, that I made bold to speak to it, and to ask it why it was so discontented. (That is



one of the joys of country life. You can talk to grass and flowers and clouds, in the language of Kipling's "Jungle Books," and you will find them quite as interesting as people.) This little cloud had a long story. It had been born not many days before, of the rainbow-tinted spray that mounts in snowy masses at the foot of Niagara Falls. All good little clouds are moist and warm, and so was this one, who started out in life, all eager to do good, its heart throbbing with the wish really to help the world. Everywhere it had met with disappointment.

No sooner did it obscure the sunlight, than the children in their play, cried "Oh, it is going to rain!" and fled indoors. It found a flower garden, whose fragile blossoms drooped in the heat, but when the warm, moist heart of the cloud sent a shower to refresh the fading plants, although the drops fell in a delicate, lacelike spray, a party of merry-makers near-by grumbled that their "picnic had been spoiled." Finally, in its flight from such ungrateful people, the cloud came to a region devastated by drouth. The crops were ruined; the farmers, in despair; the ground, like ashes beneath one's feet. "Here," thought the cloud, "I can surely do good." But the rain that made the arid place green and fragrant caused a brook to overflow its banks and carry down the stream a rustic bridge, and loud were the complaints of those who forgot the blessing of the shower.

It was in a very angry and sullen mood that the little cloud reached Lake Champlain, and, seeing the bank of dull-gray clouds which threatened to obscure the sunset, it went deliberately over to them, and joined the ranks of the malcontents, feeling that a sunset more or less could not change its opinion of the cruelty and ingratitude of the world.

And so we waited, expectantly, for the sunset, feeling, rather than seeing, the monarch of the day sink behind the mountains. All was dark and gloomy and the color of lead. But, suddenly, just as we were turning away, the afterglow came, and those wondrous rays of light penetrated the dark clouds. Such a wealth of color flamed across the heavens that we leaned forward, breathless, eager not to miss one tint of the glory of that sunset. Hues of vivid orange streamed here and there like strains of martial music. The serried ranks of clouds were driven by the wind into the semblance of huge war chariots in the eternal conflict between right and wrong. Suddenly I saw my friend, the little discontented cloud. It had become a vision rare and strange, shining with a light seldom seen on land or sea. Its heart was touched with molten gold; its dark outline was silhouetted in liquid fire, and I closed my eyes, as I gazed, so intense was the joy of seeing.

When I looked again, the cloud had vanished, had gone like a puff of vapor. It is my private opinion that its heart had burst with gratitude—gratitude that at last it had been able to do some good in the

world. For it had shown to the most grudging soul a fleeting glimpse of the Hereafter—that would surely seem honor enough for one little cloud. And it had also taught the most doubting heart that the sunshine is not all of life's day, for it is the clouds of life that make its sunset glorious.

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